GENEALOGY COLLECTION

M. L.

Gc
929.2
B1512b
1441190

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01151 0853

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018

https://archive.org/details/whennewmexicowas00bail

Copyright, 1946

Published by the Las Cruces Citizen,
Las Cruces New Mexico

Price: $2.00

When New Mexico Was Young

By ***HARRY H. BAILEY:***

His Autobiography

Edited by HOMER E. GRUVER

FOREWORD

As this is my first attempt at writing any kind of biography, I am inclined, as usual, to do the unexpected and commence it from today and run it in reverse. But on second thought, as it is to concern myself principally, I will attempt to turn it out in the conventional form, and of course dedicate it to someone.

I only have one child—a son, who to the best of my information never has been seen in bad company, although he is thirty-five years of age and a Major in the Army.

So here goes: To My Son, Newton.

1441190

CHAPTER I

• SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, I was only three years of age, which, I presume, is an appropriate age to commence an autobiography. My early years' records will be brief.

My first recollections was being waken one night at some sort of party that my parents had evidently taken me, and as was customary at that time, I was parked in a bed with a row of other babies, and when I was awakened I was so angry that I proceded to wake up all the other children that happened to be on my bed. That rumpus I started was so loud and emphatic, that it was deeply impressed in my mind.

Now I will have to skip a year to the next event that deeply dented my mind, and that was going to the train to meet my sister Maggie who had been away somewhere by herself. The most wonderful event she had to relate was that the train had been compelled to stop on account of a hog being on the track. Now, I had never heard of a hog, but knew what a hawk was, and it was long years after that, that the mystery to me how a bird like a hawk could stop a train.

Now I will skip another year—to another never-forgotten event.

That was the time my little sister Myrtle and I were out playing with a small iron stove shovel. Even in those days she always wanted to have her own way, and I always did too. She grabbed the shovel; I was holding on to the handle part, and she was pulling her mightiest. I concluded to let her have her way and let go suddenly, which resulted in the shovel colliding with the sharp edge across the bridge of her nose, cutting a gash to the bone. For many years she had a black streak across her nose caused by the coal dust that was deposited from the shovel.

The next year, I remember much more. My most thrilling experience was going with my brother in a wagon to get a barrel of water from a pond which was done by driving the wagon in the water to about the hub of the wheel, and being filled with a bucket. I got quite brave and climbed out on the wheel and was standing on one of the spokes of the wheel when the team started up and I was suddenly pulled under. I very distinctly remember yet the gallons of water I swallowed before my brother rescued me. My father, who not only was a doctor but a great sportsman, used to take me on behind him when he went out after prairie chickens, which were very plentiful.

We were living at this time close to Cherokee, Kan. I be-

Letter $8.50 1-29-68 Sur 2772 P.O. 4990

came so excited when I saw him kill the first chicken on the wing that I let loose of the bridle of the horse that he had left me to hold and we had to walk home. But that was the last time I ever performed that trick, and we had a great many hunts on old Choctaw, an Indian pony that my father got on one of his many professional trips to the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma). This pony was the pet of the family and remained with us as long as we lived in the state — was jet black, very tough yet gentle. My father often rode him in his practice, and in case of blizzard weather, my father always trusted him to bring him home in storm or darkness, as Kansas in those days had few roads or fences, and horse back riding was generally as the crow flies.

The next event was when us kids were having a sham battle.

As I remember we had my brother cooped up in the barn and we were bombarding him with clods. All the ammunition he could find was a sack of potatoes and I was so unfortunate as to have one strike me in the abdomen—that later my father discovered had caused a hernia. I had 25 years of torture from wearing the terrible old elastic trusses used at that time.

Life in Kansas at that time was real pioneering. Corn meal was at that time the real staff of life. We lived on a farm with plenty of cows and chickens, but I will never forget my regular breakfast of corn bread and buttermilk, and mush and milk for supper. I can stomach corn bread now but have never been able to like butter-milk since.

My mother, who was a Normal graduate, and I imagine the best educated woman in the neighborhood, taught us our ABCs. And it must have been done in a most tactful manner for I do not remember any fusses or revolts in the family. She must have done a pretty good job, for I do not remember of my brother ever going to school, and he was one of the best sellers I ever knew and was an acknowledged authority in New York City as an original advertising expert and composer of circulars pertaining to commercial advertising.

I suppose this calls for an explanation at this time of why I do not show any better signs of education. Well, all I can say is that partially I blame this typewriter, which like myself, is getting old; and natural antipathy during my youth to going to school.

Now, my next year was a most important one for I begin to remember many more important events. Perhaps the most important one of which was the birth of my sister Tude, which occured in Carterville, Mo., in 1877—at which time I was eight years old.

Cartervilie was a lead mining town and my father was the only doctor there, and we consequently were prominent socially, and us kids had a strenuous time maintaining our status.

She got her nick-name from my brother, who happened at that time to have just read one of Dickens' with a character in it by that name. She was named Susan after my mother, but to us always was Tude. Later when

she was old enough to pick her own name she named herself Kathrin, but to us always will be Tude.

I remember one instance of my sister Myrtle taking all of her friends down to the village store and treating the crowd to candy and whatever their fancy demanded, and telling the storekeeper who she was. Of course, she was popular till my father heard of it.

Then I once had a fight, which was not an uncommon thing for me, but this particular one was talked about in the family circle for years. A bunch of us kids were playing in a wagon in front of the blacksmith shop. One of the boys made my sister Myrtle get out of the wagon, and when I got in action, we were immediately surrounded by a bunch of miners who began to bet who was going to lick. As we were very evenly matched and the onlookers were urging us on, I got my adversary up against the seat of the wagon and was getting the best of him and had just exclaimed "damn you squeal!" — when I was shocked to hear my father calling me. At the sound of his voice I knew I was licked worse than the boy I was pummeling, but my backers, who were tough miners, immediately cornered my father and got him out of the field of action, leaving me to complete my job.

I will never forget the wonderful talk my mother gave me explaining why my father did not want me to fight, which I now know was on account of my rupture as any strain at that time was likely to cause a strangulation, which, with the limited knowledge of surgery at that time, was almost always fatal. Her talk was one that I will always remember and I imagine it saved me many serious results in the years that followed.

The next year was one of the most important in my memory, for my father—on account of my mother's health (tuberculosis) — concluded to move to California, where he had two brothers living, my Uncle Newton and Henry.

This was in 1878 and the Union Pacific Railroad was the only route at that time operating to San Francisco. My father took me and we went on ahead to prepare a home for the family that followed us some six months later.

We traveled on what was called an "emigrant" train. We ate out of a lunch basket, sleeping on beds made out of the seats, and furnished our own blankets. We were seven days en route.

CHAPTER II

● I GOT my first lesson in trafficing on this trip to San Francisco.

We used to buy our food from peddlers that came to the train with cakes and pies and other articles of food. A woman came along the train calling attention to her fine coffee cake that just seemed full of raisins. As I had a nickel in my pocket I concluded to snap up one of those bargains. Just as the deal was closed my father saw what I had done and told me I would not like coffee cake. But I was bound to show him how badly fooled he was, and immediately bit into it—to discover much to my disgust that what I thought was raisins was nothing but grains of coffee. I had to pick them out before I could eat it; and then it was only common bread. Ever since that transaction, I have been inclined to taste all exceptional bargains before investing.

I will never forget our stay of a week in San Francisco. One particular place of interest was Wodwards Gardens, which at that time was a famous resort of interest to every one, combing a museum and other amusement features.

At that time the smallest coin recognized was the silver dime that was called a "bit", and was rated at a value of twelve and a half cents—and four of them had the same value as a silver half dollar. I soon learned not to try to pass my nickles on any one, as they were ridiculed and scorned by all shop keepers.

We went from San Francisco to San Diego on a boat by the name of "Ancon." That name was indelibly impressed on my mind from the terrible sea-sickness I experienced on that trip. Never will I forget—when just passing out of the Golden Gate where we encountered our first rough water. My father located me in the bow of the boat seated on a bench. As the vessel rocked one way I leaned over the other way, tightly grasping the bench and believing I was keeping the vessel from turning over. I was working so hard that I was wet with sweat, and was getting deathly sea-sick. He got me to our stateroom and my how I did heave up!

But we had a wonderful motherly matron who knew how to administer to my malady; and I fancy my father had his own mal de mer to care for, as I do not remember any one but this matron caring for me.

On our arrival at San Diego, we stopped at the Horton House. My father finally secured transportation to Julian, 60 miles back in the mountains where my Uncle Newton lived. We traveled with a freight team, for the first day and that night stayed at a place called Mesa Grande, a typical

California Mexican Hacienda. That night at supper I encountered my first chile con carne.

The next important event was the arrival of the rest of the family, with the exception of my brother, who utilized this opportunity to escape my father's control. While he was only 16, he certainly made a most remarkable success from the first stroke of his paddle, when he began to paddle his own canoe.

His first job was working in a printing office. Being active and large for his age he soon landed a job as a brakeman on the R. R. just building into Kansas.

He later came to Los Angeles and was brakeman there for two years till he accumulated capital enough to get into business for himself, and was a brilliant success from that time on.

My father, who never would use pepper of any kind, immediately warned me—but it was too late—I had already sampled it. Later I shocked him by taking a second helping.

Soon as the word got out that there was a Doctor coming, we were offered all kinds of more rapid transportation, and arrived at my Uncle Newt's the second day—where I had my first view and taste of real frontier life. My aunt Myra had been reared in Texas, marrying my Uncle right after the close of the war, coming to California in 1869 by ox train. She had her lye hopper—made her own soap and hominy; carded her wool and knitted the family socks and mittens—as well as putting up the regulation fruits and preserves, hogs-head cheese and sausages. I will never forget the 25 gallons of olives she always prepared, nor how she cultivated my appetitite for them, and our school lunch always included an extra pail of olives.

At this time occurred my most thrilling adventure—and sensation of being a hero.

The second day I was there, before starting to school, this dear old aunt asked me to bring in a load of wood. It was a foggy morning and as I approached the wood pile, I spied a flock a quail that were quite gentle, and I immediately got busy endeavoring to kill a mess of quail by throwing rocks at them. I followed them into the brush, and when I discovered I was not going to kill any, I started back. But I could not see the house on account of the fog, and of course, went in the wrong direction. I traveled nearly all day in almost a beeline direction from the house. As luck would have it, I hit a public road just as an Indian—the first I had ever seen—was coming along. I was so tired, hungry, and scared however, that even an Indian looked good to me. Fortunately he spoke some English and was one of the posse that had been assembled to hunt for me—for as soon as my aunt missed me, she spread the alarm. My father and uncle soon had all the neighborhood out hunting me. I had disappeared so mysteriously that it was supposed I had been abducted for ransom, as my father was a Doctor and was supposed to be rich. Any way my reception home was quite gratifying. And I dominated the school that term.

I was most certainly tickled to see my mother and sisters. I was nine years old then, that being in 1879. We had a home in the mining town of Julian, where I had numerous experiences that are quite vivid in my memory yet. I witnessed the first funeral I ever saw; it was the burial of a little baby. I was very much moved by the weeping of the mother, and shed nearly as many tears as the stricken mother; in fact I was considered an immediate member of the stricken family until my sister Maggie's beau, Al Frary, happened to come along and took me home—where I had another wonderful talk with my mother regarding such events that even today linger with me and are a compelling factor in my beliefs of death and the Great Beyond.

It was here that my sister Myrtle and I went to school and learned the multiplication tables, which my mother framed into a sort of competition, with a prize of some sort to the one that learned each table the best and quickest. Anyway I remember the teacher holding our records up before the class as being the youngest and brightest ones in the arithmetic class.

Quite naturally I could not go through life as a model boy, and had to get into some devilment. About the worst stunt as I remember from my mother's lecture was a licking I got from a Chinaman.

It was quite cold one day, and in company with some other boys we were scouting around the Chinaman's washhouse to see what devilment we could get into (as Chinese in those days were made the butt of many jokes as they were too timid to make it dangerous for us.)

This time we peeked into a knot hole in the Chinaman's kitchen and spotted a pot of soup set under the knot hole to cool. So the boys handed me some horse manure which I proceeded to poke in the knot hole. The Chinaman, evidently seeing what was landing in his soup knew what was up, and suddenly opened his door. As my back was toward him, I was the only one captured. However, he was not very rough on me, but much to my mortification marched me over to my mother where in pidgeon English, with my assistance, the circumstances were made plain to her.

I think my father's favorite motto in life was "Spare the rod and spoil the child"—anyway he most faithfully practiced it. While I cannot say at this time I ever got a lick amiss, I still maintain I have made a better success in raising a boy—by reversing that rule.

San Francisco was a wide-open town.

CHAPTER III

● THAT Spring we moved to the valley close to my uncle Newts. Killing rattlesnakes was that summer's most thrilling experience. Among the snake killing stunts that I remember most distinctly was my mother's nerve—who ordinarily was very timid, and especially abhorred snakes. But when one was spotted, and if my father was not around she would get the garden hoe and between us we always got our snake.

Once, over at my uncle's, a hen cackling under the house started a rattler rattling. We could tell by the tremo of the rattles that it was a big one, so my cousin Harvey—who was my age—and I pried up a six-inch floor board in the center of the living room to try and get at it. As it had ceased rattling, and the space not being wide enough that we could see much, I got bold and put my head in the opening to try and see where the snake had gone. I could hardly get my head in the opening, but by turning it one way, I got it into where I could turn it around. As I turned my head I saw the snake coiled on a beam not a foot from the end of my nose! Needless to say I took my head out without any preliminary turning—but took all the skin off the end of my nose doing so.

Now, we were never allowed to fire my uncle's rifle, but my aunt readily granted the privilege this time: much to her regret— for my cousin, who was ready with it not only shot the snake through several coils, but the bullet richocheted off the beam, came up through the floor, went through a mirror—the family's pride—through the partition into the kitchen pantry, smashed some plates, and landed in a large can of molasses—and was not discovered till a pool of molasses was seen on the floor. But it was the biggest snake of the season—18 rattles—and why it never struck me when my head was so close is one of the mysteries of life.

While I am on the subject of rattlesnakes, will say I never remember a season when I have not killed one and some seasons dozens of them. Many were found in my room, and of course, my many acquaintances and relations have had the same experience. Yet there has never been any one bitten by a rattler; I have talked to people that have been bitten, but never witnessed one.

The next year—1880—my father moved up to Wilmington where my uncle Henry lived. I was getting pretty active now—11 years old. I had a cousin, Lou, who was older than I, but we made a lively team. He gave me my first cigarette; let me shoot his gun; and accidentally taught me to swim.

We were down at the wharf one day when a bunch of town boys

came down to swim. The boys all being raised there were good swimmers, but I was bound not to show ignorance so I stripped off with the rest of the bunch. We were on a large barge, and the tide was going out with a very strong current—which probably saved my life. The boys began diving off the barge and swimming down below to another barge. While I was looking around for a rope to hold on to while I slipped into the water, another boy gave me a strong push. I landed in the water several feet from the side of the barge, but was rapidly carried down towards the next barge. I sank a couple of times, but realized it was a case of sink or swim—so I swam to that barge, caught a rope, climbed out, received a compliment from cousin on my swimming abilities, and actually repeated the performance several times that afternoon.

I met this cousin Lou a few years ago and we certainly had a lot of fun talking over our first goose we killed; the many ducks, and the time we got caught on an island in the slough where the City of Long Beach is now located.

The tide came in while we were gathering clams, and we had a desperate struggle getting out.

I remember at this time a visit made us by my uncle Newton. He had brought my cousin Harvey up, and I had the pleasure of showing him the first locomotive and train he ever saw. I took him down by the whistling post and when he heard the whistle he bolted. I took him down to show him the ocean going vessels, but could not get on the steam tug boat. However, we listened to our first telephone—which was a crude affair—from the drug store to the livery stable. It was considered a great wonder.

We moved to a farm at The Willows, which was close to Long Beach. My father cleared up a forty-acre farm here, and it was here that my father, who had called in another doctor in consultation, discovered that my mother had a form of heart disease that was serious and incurable.

So we moved to Los Angeles. My brother Ed came out, took a position braking on the railroad and my father went back to Kansas, to his practice and to try and replenish the family bank roll. This was in 1880.

We lived at No. 50 First Street, this was at that time one of the best residence sections in the city.

Much happened of account in the family history at this time. My sister Myrtle, while playing on a cart, broke her leg. We attended what might be termed our first real school; the family even tried to be fashionable like our neighbors and kept a keg of beer in the cellar. At this time there were more beer wagons operating in that city than milk wagons, and the doctor had recommended that my mother try it. But unfortunately when the driver deposited the keg in the front hall, early one morning, my sister Maggie concluded to try and sample it by holding mouth over the faucet and opening it. But alas and alack—it spurted out so strongly it blinded her, and she

could not stop it. She tried to roll it out doors down the hall. All doors were open—the keg seemed curious, and had to stop at every door, including my mother's bed room. When it reached my brother's room it was about empty, and he shut it off. That was the only keg of beer to ever enter the house.

The Seventh Day Adventists were holding a revival close by in a large tent, and I used to accompany my mother to their meetings. The minister read from the Bible the prophesies there in about the end of the world being near. As it happened there was a comet quite plain in the skies that he utilized in his arguments, and so convinced me that the world was about to end, that I still to this day hark back to that sensation whenever I read of a murderer being condemned to die. In fact I do not remember of anything that ever caused me as much mental fear and torture, which I foolishly kept to myself. While my mother always sent us to Sunday school, and I was the proud possessor of a Band of Hope pin and sported a blue ribbon as a member of the Young Peoples' Temperance society, I still rated myself as a rank sinner and not ready for the end of the world.

I got a dirty deal at school at this time too. Some boy had made a ridiculous picture of the teacher and was passing it down the line, during school. I really never knew who drew it, but it was caught in my possession and that night my teacher, Mrs. Stackpole, kept me in and tried to make me tell who drew the picture. I told her I did not know, and would not tell if I did, for at that time a tattle tale at school was about the most scorned critter imaginable. So she told me I would have to take the punishment for whoever was the culprit, and she made me bend over a chair while she hit me several times with a rattan cane. It hurt me so that I lost my head and tried to knock her down, and dashed out of the school— and never went back. So next day she sent a note to my mother by my sister, and when my mother called on me for an explanation I told her all the details. After looking at the welts on my body she never sent me back to that school, but took me to the Catholic school where I was entered as a day scholar. The Brother asked my mother if she cared if they made a Catholic out of me, and I imagine she said yes—if they could—for I was immediately given yards of catechism to learn. In fact every infraction of the school laws was punished by so many pages to learn.

This was the toughest bunch of boys I had ever met. I was nicknamed the Protestant Pup—and certainly led a dogs life till I was criticized one day by one of the Brothers for not fighting back at some of the smaller kids who were picking on me.

Right there the world took on a rosy hue for me. As we got out of school for recess there was a race for the swing. I got there first, but a little old Irish kid that had been bulldozing me, dashed up and tried to knock me out of the swing.

I gave him the licking of his

life, and had just got in the swing, when this boy's brother—who was much larger than I—dashed up and knocked me out of the swing without any warning. Fortunately as I fell out of the swing the board went with me and when I got up I had the board in my hands. One lick over the head knocked the bully cold. Of course, there was great excitement, and when the Brother arrived—who had chided me for my meekness a short time before—and heard the details of the row, he was effusive in his compliments to me for taking up for my rights in such an effective way. In the meantime the bully had come to, and the Brother asked him if he had enough—and was assured he was satisfied.

From that time on my place in that school was assured. I had a good many other scraps, but could never get rid of my nickname—there was always a clique around to blame the "Protestant Pup" for any mysterious infractions of the rules.

One time some boy threw a rock that broke the glass in the back of this Brother's buggy as he was driving out of the school yard. The culprit could not be located, so this teacher, when school was in session, went down the line asking every boy there what he knew about it. Several said they saw the "Protestant Pup" in the yard, but only one said he saw me throw the rock. Now it just happened that I had been kept in after school this same evening and this Brother knew it, and finally located the crime on the kid that said he saw me throw the rock.

This called for quite a lecture over the fact the "Protestant Pup" was found to be telling the truth —and the other kids being such liars.

I give this event in detail because it leads up to one of—curious events—13 years after this happening.

I was walking down Spring Street one day. I now was grown and sported quite a pretentious mustache.

Feeling a friendly hand on my shoulder I turned and there was a Catholic Brother, who said: "Excuse me, but are you not the boy that was once at —— school and was nicknamed the Protestant Pup?"

On being assured he was right, he told me how he often thought of me and said he always felt sure I was going to be the president of the U. S., or wind up in the penitentiary. I wish I could see him now.

In 1881 another important event was the first electric light. They were brought to Los Angeles by Cole Brothers Circus: "Daylight After Dark" was the way their posters read, and it sure packed them in. Shortly after that the city discarded the gas street light, by putting up very tall poles every second block on which the first sputtering lights, the old carbon stick type were used.

CHAPTER IV

● ABOUT this time the first telephones were installed, and one of my first jobs was acting as telephone boy for Mr. Hewit, Railroad superintendent. He could not bear the rattling in his ears made by the crude phones used at that time. Los Angeles at that time had about 12,000 inhabitants.

On July 2, 1881 occured an event that changed the entire tenor of my life, which was caused by the assassination of President Garfield. I had a chum that worked in the press room of the Evening Express, and I knew the rear entrance where I could get into see him. There was, of course, a great crowd in front trying to get copies of the paper.

As I have said at this time the "bit" was the smallest coin recognized and was represented by the silver dime. Now among us boys there was another medium of exchange that served us well—and that was empty tow sacks. If in a good condition, they sold for a bit, so I always kept my eye open for all the empty sacks that I could encounter. I had just marketed a couple and had the two bits in my pocket. Being in the rear where the papers were just coming off the press, I invested in two-all my cash capital. Right there began my business career as an independent operator.

I took my two papers around in front and sold them for two bits apiece, repeating the operation while the crowd lasted in front. Then I secured all I could carry and started out as the first news boy ever heard on the streets of Los Angeles.

After the first rush was over I made an agency deal with the circulation manager, and got my papers for half price. I bought an even 100 copies, went down to Wilmington where I took the tug and met the steamer from San Francisco, and sold out—receiving four bits for a great many copies. After the rush was over I remember I had a twenty-dollar gold piece, one ten, and two five, and some small change, a dollar or two in silver.

Now all my life I had never had a store suit. All of my clothes were made from my father's and brothers' old suits. Just before I left for Wilmington I had reported at home to my mother and told her in a way what I was doing, so when I showed up at home and showed her a ten dollar gold piece and announced I wanted a store suit, she readily agreed. We went down to the Jacoby Clothing store (and by the way, only last winter while in Los Angeles, I saw this firm is still in existence, close to where it was at that time.) My mother looked over the stock that ran in my size from $5.00 to $15.00. She selected a $7.00 suit, but I had spotted a blue suit for $13, and a striped one for $12,

and demanded one of them. But my mother protested we could not afford it, but when I showed up another five-dollar gold piece she agreed and used the change to get me a hat, and one of those style shirts that used paper collars, and a box of collars. As I was going barefooted, and did not need new shoes, I was now equipped to move in high society and proceded to do so, because young George Woodworth, whose folks were wealthy, had been beating my time with Nellie Spiker, a First Street Bell, in our social circle.

Next day was Fourth of July, and Los Angeles certainly did celebrate our national day in a glorious manner in those days.

Of course, first thing I did was to intimate to particular friends that I was out to celebrate in a more fit and appropriate manner than any of us had ever done, and I got Nellie Spiker on my arm and marched up to the merry-go-round and called for rides for the crowd, and laid a $20.00 gold piece on the counter. The ticket seller, I fancy, had so much trouble in getting me change, that he reported me to a policeman, and when the ride was over I was cornered and had to give an explanation as to where I got my money. But the policeman remembered my paper stunt and all was well till I got home, when I was promptly searched by my mother and brother to whom someone had evidently reported the splurge I had been making.

They took about fifteen dollars from me, which was later invested to set me up in business as a newsboy, and later as peanut butcher on the three railroad lines—to Santa Anna, Wilmington, and Santa Monica.

My brother took me up town and made a deal with some old crook, I do not remember his name—to secure me ten copies of the San Francisco Chronicle a daily, which I was to sell mornings, and the Express evenings—but hustle as I could it was impossible to see all the Chronicles.

Every day I turned in all the cash and unsold papers to this agent, and at the end of the week, I went around for my share of the profits and was told there was none, as the returned papers more than used up the profit. I knew this was not so, and proceeded to tell him so in rather forceful English. When my brother and mother heard this they concluded I needed some curbing and told me I had to go down and apologize to this nice old man. I was so indignant that we had war right there, but after all forenoon arguing I agreed, and my brother went along to see that I did it in a proper polite manner. I started in with my set speech, but when I looked the old crook in the eye, I could not contain myself, and simply exploded, and the language I used on that old man simply convinced my brother I was being gyped by the old man—and he let it go at that.

CHAPTER V

● I HAD another stunt that was my best money maker.

I sold pressed figs that came in little wooden boxes for two bits. But I would take three boxes, in one of which I had a tiny corner of a bill tore off and so fastened in that it showed like a bill sticking out. I would then pick out my victim show him a five dollar bill, put it in one of the boxes, shuffle them up, and turn the box with the corner of bill showing and offer him his choice of any of the boxes for a dollar. Nine times out of ten when I managed to get the victim to see the box with the apparent corner of the five dollar bill sticking out they would invest.

Although I smoked the vile cigarets that were made in those days, I never did any drinking of hard liquor—although it was offered to me daily. I managed to keep out of the card games, that certainly were popular with travelers at that time, although I sold a popular brand of cards whose markings on the back could be read by the unitiated.

Mr. Hewit, the railroad superintendent, was particularly nice to me, and any time I wanted to take my mother any place on the train all I had to do was to ask him for a pass. Even when I had quit and was taking my mother to San Bernadino where the climate was supposed to be more beneficial, he gave us passes to Colton. He had a daughter Ella, who looked good to me, and a small son Dick. They used to go to Santa Monica Sundays on the regular excursions which at that time used to fill as many as six coaches. He used to hand me a dollar and say: "Here, Harry—you take care of Dick and Ella"—which meant buying them dinner and bathing suits to say nothing of the pink lemonade and pop corn.

I will never forget one of the most mortifying experiences at the beach. One Sunday I took my mother down to convince her that her worrying about my ability to take care of myself in the ocean was needless. I was by this time a fairly good swimmer, and used to go out on the rope that extended out beyond where the breakers broke, and then let go and swim in. On this occasion the surf was very rough, and after seating my mother where she could easily watch me I very valiantly dashed in and proceeded to work myself out on the rope which happened to have a large number further out holding on. Along came a particularly heavy breaker. A big fat woman further out let go her hold and proceeded to clean up the rope with all the people between her and myself. They piled down on top of me and I really believe I drank more ocean water than I did the first time I learned to

swim.

The people on the beach dashed in and began pulling out the arms and legs that seemed bound to bury me in the sand. I managed to stagger out without any assistance—much to my mother's relief—but that was the end of that day's exhibition of my prowess in the water.

It was at this time that I made one of my most cherished friendships with George Peck, the banker at San Pedro and later one of the most prominent millionaires in Los Angeles.

George was a tall, lanky conductor on the Wilmington line. I used to keep him worried for I was always getting on top of the box cars, helping to twist the brakes at the various stops — as that was before the days of air brakes and automatic couplers. We had many experiences that we enjoy talking over now, whenever I visit him in Los Angeles. He always called me "Peanuts."

George used to have to register at Florence where the Santa Ana Line branched off. This he did by getting off the train on the head end. While the engineer slowed down, he would register and catch the last car—a coach.

One time the train was too swift for George and he missed his footing and did not get on, I happened to see him fall, and immediately got out on top and went to setting up the brakes and finally got the train stopped. I will never forget what George told that engineer when he got to him.

As I used to make the superintendent's office my loafing place, and being useful to Mr. Hewit, I once overheard the trainmaster say that he was going to fire George for not registering at Florence on a certain date. Mr. Hewit told him to give George a hearing first—so I hastened over to warn George what was coming. He promptly prepared his case on that trip by turning over an extra page on the register, and registered the train he forgot.

Some twelve years after that time I made my first visit to Los Angeles and one of the first persons I looked up was George. He was president of the only bank there, and when I asked for him they did not want to let me see him. They insisted I send in my card, but I explained I was a personal friend and wanted to surprise him. I was finally admitted. George had his back to me, and was bent over a desk, I walked in and recognized his familiar form, so went up and slapped him on the back and said "Hello George!" He reared back in great indignation at any one becoming so familiar with a bank president.

He had grown a full beard, jet black, and looked to me like a pirate as he roared at me, "Who are you?"

I said, "Bailey is my name."

"Well," he says," I know a dozen Baileys. What do you want?"

"Well," I managed to murmur "you used to call me 'Peanuts'."

That was all the indentification I needed. He took me over on the wharf, clear away from any interruption, and we talked till noon. I probably let the chance of my

lifetime get by me in not accepting some of his offers to get into business, but I thought at that time I was on my way to Australia to establish a branch of my brother's advertising business in New York City, as I will explain later on.

Ten years later when I looked George up I was married and had my wife with me. This time I pulled a similar stunt on him, but had to tell him I was "Peanuts" again to identify myself, and he certainly had a good time telling my wife how many times he saved my life when we railroaded together.

I had another experience I still cherish.

At this time the Southern Pacific was only built to Tucson, Ariz. When Victoria the Apache went on the war path, a train load of soldiers was sent from San Diego to help capture him. I went as peanut butcher on this train as far as Yuma.

I had my boxes of supplies in one end of a baggage car that the soldiers had access to, and I had a good many cases of soda pop that I kept cool with wet sacks. One of the sergeants took a great liking to me. As the soldiers had just been paid in gold, five-dollar gold pieces were the most common coin in circulation, I was soon making change by writing I. O. U's. I had a lot of them out. When I went to investigate my soda pop, I found the soldiers had been helping themselves to it. When I reported it to the sergeant, he called an investigation. He could not locate the guilty ones, so he notified them that each one would be assessed one dollar to make up for my shortage, and I was to deduct it from their I. O. U.'s I held, and any other shortages would be treated likewise—which seemed to be agreeable to all parties. In fact, when we arrived at Yuma where I could get change, I had several, I. O. U's out that I never was called on to cash. I cleared over $150 on this trip.

At that time the railroad was only finished to Tucson. I do not know where the troops detrained, but I heard of them being in several fights and when they returned I was at the train to meet them—especially my friend, the sergeant who had written me a couple of times. I was referred to the captain who remembered me well, and he told me about the sergeant's death just before they started back. He was killed in some sort of an accident.

My brother and mother were acting as my joint finance directors and that took some of the snap out of the game for me. I now realize what a fortunate thing it was for me that they managed to get my activities in hand.

We moved from Los Angeles for my mother's health, but her improvement was not satisfactory, so we returned to our first location, down at my uncle Newt's in San Diego County.

CHAPTER VI

● MY father had returned, and brought my cousin Ora Boring, who was the most efficient school teacher I had ever met. She taught the valley school, and her reputation as a teacher soon landed her at Palo Alto (Stanford University) where she remained for some forty years, active and prominent in her profession.

My mother passed away in the latter part of 1882, and her body now lies in the family burying ground, set aside by my uncle. It contains many of our relatives.

Her death was a terrible loss to us—in fact, our first experience in a loss of that nature. Fortunately my sister Maggie, about 18, was competent to carry on in my mother's place. From that date until the time of her death, she never relaxed in her efforts to be a mother to us—a span of approximately 63 years—and no family could be more indebted to a mother, than ours.

I consider my greatest blessing in this life, was having a mother and sister like mine.

Shortly after my mother's death, occured another calamity—the burning of our home, which of course is well remembered and often related in our family circle.

Our home was a large rambling wooden house; in the back yard was an immense oak tree with over a hundred-foot spread. It partially covered the roof of our home, and a smoke house on the opposite side. My father, whose hobby was curing buckskins for making gloves, and my sister Maggie's skill in making and decorating gloves, had created quite a demand.

On this particular morning, Dad had hung up several skins to be smoked, and instructed me to keep a fire smoldering under them, while he was away at my uncle's I had thrown some chunks on the fire, and was wiping the dishes for my sister Myrtle, we being the only ones home. I went out to see how the fire was, and was horrified to find I had thrown a pine knot on the first and it had blazed up and set the smoke house on fire. I dashed to the house, grabbed up her dishpan full of dishes and water, and hurriedly threw them on the fire, but it was too late. As the fire reached the roof, it set the dead leaves of the oak tree on fire, and the wind being towards the house, in a jiffy a shower of blazing leaves were falling on the shingle roof.

As the roof was fairly flat I grabbed a blanket, wet it and climbed up the rough stone fire place, and endeavored to sweep the small fire brands off, but the heat and smoke blinded me, and when I made a desperate swipe that threw me off balance I somehow put my foot in the chimney and off I went—but landed on my back with no serious injury.

I knew now the house was doomed and resolved to go for help.

My cousin had a fractious Indian pony that I was gentling for her. It was in the corral, with a 60-foot picket rope, with the picket pin still attached. I grabbed the rope, and mounted the pony without taking time to gather up the rope. As it was the first time to be ridden bareback it dashed out along the side of the barn, but the picket-pin caught in the gate. When the rope did not break the inevitable happened—that pony's hind end swung around and I went sailing up in the air. Fortunately, on my descent, I stuck out my hand that reached to the eave of the barn, which caused me to land on my feet.

By this time the fire had attracted my father and uncle who barely arrived in time to get out a few clothes. I remember my cousin's big trunk—that took two men to bring it in—so at a great risk I grabbed it, wondering if I could move it. To my surprise, I handled it nicely—thrilled at the super-strength excitment furnished, until later I discovered the trunk was empty, and all its contents went up in smoke.

My cousin Ora wanted me to live with her and go to school, but I objected for my brother was in business in Kansas City, and I had visions of being a junior partner.

So my sister Maggie rounded up the family and for some reason we lived in Santa Ana, Cal., for a while.

I had some great experiences while living in Santa Ana—most important of which was my first love affair—with my teacher, Miss Salley Finlay. She certainly was a good-hearted old maid; kept me in after school so often for numerous infractions of the school laws, always putting her arm around me explaining how she liked me and how it hurt her feelings to have to punish me, etc., until I became so fond of her that I really became the model boy of the school!

That summer I got my chum to start out with me to make a stake for the Fourth of July celebration by hoeing corn. Now, I knew my teacher's father had a big corn field, but was careful to keep the fact from my chum. We kept going from farm to farm, getting a few day's work, but I would not stay long at any of them and finally located Mr. Finlay's farm. He sure had a big, weedy field of corn. Miss Sally had already given me a glad reception, and the vision of getting to eat some of her cooking appealed to me so strongly that the old man, instead of hiring us for fifty cents a day and board, agreed to give us seven dollars to hoe the field, and we had to have it done by Sunday as Monday was the Fourth. So, without looking at the size or other end of the field I closed the contract—and ever since have considered Cupid something of a double crosser. For we lit into that field at day light knowing we had to speed up to complete the contract, but by noon knew we were sunk. We had decided to jump our contract without saying anything, but had to go to the house

to get our coats. However, the sound of Miss Sally's voice, and the smell of dinner, was too strong. At dinner she had to tell her folks what an ideal student I was, how I once got in a fight for sticking up for her, etc. Well, I was sunk right there. My chum went back and stayed with me that afternoon, but realizing we could never complete the job as per contract, he was bound to go.

I was in desperation; I wanted to stay so bad that I finally made a deal with my chum to pay him fifty cents a day out of my own pocket. We actually stayed two days longer, till I was worked clear down; I was so sore that even Miss Sally didn't look or sound so very enticing any more.

When the old man came out and bawled us out for not cutting all of the weeds—we had been cutting some, and covering others with the cut ones in desperation to complete the contract—I asked him what he was willing to pay us for what we had done. He promptly imformed us we had not earned our board—and we departed sadder but wiser. I will never forget digging up the two half dollars I had promised my chum for staying the extra two days. But I had my lesson—it came early in life and lingers with me still.

Another experience while living there was working for an old man with a very large grain field, herding wild geese off the fields. There were thousands of geese in those days, and it was my duty, mornings and evenings, to get in the center of the field on a pony and an old Sharps rifle. As soon as a flock lit I started after them lickety-split firing that old gun, for the other field had watchmen too—and soon as a flock found an unguarded field the geese literally swarmed in and where ever they lit they cleaned up the grain completely.

I only worked on this job during Christmas vacation. This was the last school I ever attended, except attending a 3 months course in business college after I was grown. It was not my last love affair—but I never was more sincerely in love, and the lesson had everlasting benefits for me.

My father, who was back in Kansas, sent for us and my sister Margurite. I had to round up her brood, and we went back to Kansas City, where my brother was in business operating a restaurant. We soon discovered that we were not natural restaurant people, and went into bankruptcy. I got a run out of Kansas City as a newsboy; ran to Davenport, Ia., and Denver, Colo. That was the winter of 1883.

Denver was in its hey-dey at this time, Tabor Opera house was just finished; was the talk of the land—"finest Opry house West of the Mississippi." I got my first sight of two-gun men, gambling, gold dustin' buck-skin bags, etc.

Saw a hold-up one night. I was walking in the middle of the street, as I had been warned to do; saw the robbers with the victim's hands in the air. Needless to say I did not stop to investigate.

In 1884, my uncle Cy and family moved to the Mesilla Valley. He was accompanied by my father, as he was badly afflicted with imflamatory rheumatism and

asthma.

They were both doctors, and had been partners in practice in Kansas.

My father began to scheme to get his children down there with him; his line of argument with me was the unexcelled hunting, and I want to say he did not misrepresent it one bit. My sister Maggie was promised easy wealth teaching school.

We fell for the lure and arrived at the old town of Mesilla that fall.

My brother Ed remained in Kansas City, where he inaugurated the first dining car service for the Hanibal & St. Jo Railway.

We arrive in New Mexico in 1884.

CHAPTER VII

● OUR first year of life in New Mexico was filled with many experiences, getting acclimated and used to the customs of the country.

My sister secured her school all right, but the entire county did not even own a single school house outside of Las Cruces. There were no school directors, but the county superintendent had the entire control. He got a vacant store room in Mesilla, a few benches, and opened a three-months session, with my sister in charge. She spoke no Spanish and the children spoke no English —so they had lots of fun.

My uncle bought a farm down at Chamberino, and we all moved down there.

I was initiated into a real farmers life, which even today remains in my memory as the most miserable year of my life. I was only 15 years old, wore an instrument of torture called a truss, and was put out into the field with the regular hired hand brought from Kansas, and expected to keep up my end of the work with him.

As I have said the hunting was fine, but hustling ammunition was fierce. There were certainly plenty of geese, ducks and quail—so many in fact, that I was only allowed to hunt on Sundays.

In the meantime I was learning some of the Spanish language and customs; how to handle horses; and how to cross the Rio Grande which at that time did not have a single bridge across it in the county. As it had plenty of water in it as a rule, getting across took expert handling if one was to effect a crossing successfully, and I soon posed as an expert.

While on the subject I will relate my river experiences and get that subject out of the way. When we were moving from Mesilla to Chamberino, the hired hand Nelson, who was as big a green horn as myself, and very fond of booze, were taking a wagon load of furniture down with a big mule team.

I got my first lesson regarding quicksand.

We had watched another wagon cross ahead of us so knew how deep the water was, but just as we were nearly across we stopped to let the team drink, and in a minute we were stuck in the quicksand. Result: we had to unhitch the team, unload the wagon, and fortunately a Mexican came along who showed us then what to do.

We did not get out till way after dark, we were tired, wet and cold, and one of the mules had got loose. In the dark we could not find any dry wood, so the Mexican showed us we could burn perfectly green brush if we kept enough fire going, but it kept one of us firing all night to

keep from freezing. Soon as it was light enough we located the loose mule and continued on our trip hungry and wiser.

Not long after this we were returning with the same team for another load, and at the same ford. The river was now very much higher, and no one was attempting to cross it except fools like us.

Nelson insisted that we could get on the mules and prospect a ford, so we took off our pants and shoes, and each mounted a bareback mule. Nels had a bridle on his mule, and I had a long rope with a noose over my mules nose. The river was about a half mile wide, but by zig-zagging up and down the channel we managed to reach within fifty feet of the far bank. I did not like the looks of the channel here, as it had big waves on it, but Nels insisted that big waves was a sign of shallow water, and urged his mule into it, she went in over her head but came up and swam on across. I was giving Nels the laugh, when my mule slipped off into the same current. This did not worry me much as I was a pretty good swimmer, but had a lot to learn about river currents. When my mule came up I found out he could not swim. He just went down stream turning over like a log. At first I tried to stick by him, but his kicking feet were too much for me, and I thought I would easily swim to the bank where Nels was running along the bank calling to me. But instead of trying to reach the bank by swimming down stream angling, I endeavored to reach it by swimming directly across, which was impossible in such strong current. Nels kept calling and pointing, and that rattled me too. In the meantime the further down stream we went the deeper it got as the channel narrowed. I was all in and just about to give up, when I spotted the mule down below me landed on a sand bar—on the same side of the river that the wagon was. Being down stream I managed to reach him and get hold of the rope. I was so out of wind it took me a long while to get on his back again.

I just could not get that mule to move a step, and finally had to get off and by going ahead of him succeeded in leading him back to the wagon. In the meantime Nels had in the excitement let his mule go, and as it was nearly sunset and cold, was trying to get back on my side and to his clothes. As he could not swim, and had no mule, his next move was to get a long pole and break the lock of a big old ferry boat that the Mexicans used to pole across the river with.

When Nels broke the chain a limb on the pole he was using hit his knee cap and skinned his leg all the way to his ankle, but this was a life and death affair with him so he lost no time in launching the boat, and gave one of the most comical exhibitions I ever saw of a man manipulating a boat. He kept trying to use the pole on the lower side of the boat and of course soon as the pole touched the bottom, the boat would land against it and nearly knock the pole out of his hand or turn the boat over. This also

set the boat turning around and around, but I kept following him down stream on the mule and finally about a mile below I managed to throw him the rope and pull him ashore.

We both mounted the mule and beat it for the wagon where our dry clothes were. It was now dark, nothing to eat, no blankets —but fortunately an ax was handy and we knew how to make green brush burn.

After some deliberation we agreed to match to see who would ride the bareback mule 20 miles back to the farm for another animal to hitch up to the wagon.

I was elected to make the trip back to the farm. I left Nels at about nine that night and was back by 10 the next morning with a horse to hitch up with the mule to get the wagon back.

But Nels had encountered some Mexicans with a supply of wine. They had put on one grand drunk, and next morning spotting the mule he had lost across the river looking for its mate he had given a Mexican a dollar to swim the river and bring the mule over. Just as I arrived they had hitched up the mules and were going to cross the river—swim or sink—I found arguing of no avail so agreed to go with them if we lashed the wagon box to the running gear, which we finally did with a couple of dry cottonwood logs to help with the buoyancy.

We drove in. The river had risen since our experience the day before and we stepped off into swimming water almost from the start. On account of one mule not being much of a swimmer, every time we struck swimming water we were carried down current, but when we struck shallower water we would drive up the river, and by this means finally worked across. It was a real job—and only a drunk man or greenhorn would have undertaken it. But I was learning something about crossing the river.

My next experience was about a month later—Dec. 23, 1885.

My sister Maggie, tiring of our pioneering existence, had concluded to marry—what, at that time, looked like a promising prospect. At least it sounded so, listening to his line of talk. While this marriage could not be termed a blooming success, it was a most important event in our family circle, and I more or less felt the family honor at stake.

She was going to marry Joe Graham, who was a freight clerk for the railroad, and had secured a pass for her to Kansas City. The wedding was all arranged for Christmas day. We were living down at Chamberino at that time, where she was all packed up ready to go soon as the pass showed up.

At that time we got our mail at Anthony, and I had made daily trips there looking for the pass. Finally when it did not come on the last day we had figured she could wait, we concluded the pass had been sent to our former address at Mesilla, and the only possible way it could be procured in time for her marriage on Christmas day was for me to ride up to Mesilla

that night and get the ticket out of the post-office, which we now knew had been sent there instead of to Anthony as we had expected. It was at the supper table after dark when we made this decision.

As the regular passenger train she traveled on arrived at Las Cruces just after sunup, it meant I had to get into Mesilla, wake up the postmaster, get the letter with the ticket and meet the train at Las Cruces.

Fortunately, I had one of the best river horses I ever rode; could swim like a duck in the river, I had tried him often enough to know. My sister sweetened the proposition for me by promising me a new shot gun for making the ride. I had one of the heavy blizzard overcoats my father had used in Kansas, and although it was bitter cold weather I fared all right until I reached the bank of the river five miles from Mesilla. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and the river was making a terrible roaring noise.

It was pitch dark, and trying to storm. I was sixteen years old, and it was my first night I had ever been out alone, so naturally was a little nervous arriving at the ford. I got off and made a fire, as I did not want to arrive too early, and had figured at first peep of dawn I could cross the river and by hard riding make the proper connections. But soon as I lit a fire the coyotes began to howl—and there were plenty of them around in those days—and it soon sounded like a thousand. When they showed up in the circular light of the fire, I concluded I would rather be in the river, and mounted my horse. I had a piece of rope tied around my coat as sort of a belt, but figured if I got thrown off my horse in the deep water it would handicap me. I untied it and unbuttoned the coat figuring on shucking it if worse came to worse. My horse stepped off into swimming water first step—in fact went clean under. I got wet to my armpits, and the coat tail floating nearly carried me out of the saddle. It was so dark I had no idea how far down the river we had drifted, for we kept swimming channels and when it was not too deep I tried to head up stream. Finally we got into where it was still water, and the mud was so soft I thought sure my horse had struck quicksand, but I finally felt tornillo brush in my face and knew we made it.

The brush was so thick and thorny I finally had to get off and feel my way and lead the horse. My overcoat was so wet and heavy I thought I surely never would get out of that river bottom.

It was a good thing I was about two hours ahead of my schedule, for when I did locate the road and high ground it was getting day light.

I made a rapid ride to Mesilla and as I approached the town, was wondering where I could locate a fire to keep from freezing, and was overjoyed at seeing smoke coming from the chimney of my chum Ed Burt's home.

The rest was easy—and the marriage was effected on schedule.

CHAPTER VIII

● ANOTHER trip across the river I will never forget was several years later when I was down at La Mesa one Sunday in mid-summer when the river was at flood stage. I was riding my pet saddle horse I had raised, and he sure loved to swim in the river. To make my talk good as what a wonderful swimming horse I had, I swam him across at the Mesquite crossing before a crowd. As I rode up to the depot, the agent came dashing out with a telegram, telling me to hurry to the foot-hills road and head off Will Tuttle who had just shot Frank Smith, and was headed for El Paso.

I said, "Sure thing—but if I can meet Tuttle, it will be to give him a fresh horse"—for he was one of my special friends.

I knew there was bad blood between them over Will's sweetie, Connie Small, who later married him.

I did not meet Will, but later mis-directed a posse that was after him, so in later years we used to celebrate and talk over old times—when Will had the largest paint store in the southwest. I spent thousands of dollars with him, for needless to say I got rock bottom prices there, for all the building we did in El Paso.

Another crossing that Ed Herons talked about whenever he met me, was one time Myrtle and I were going down to La Mesa to a dance. Ed was operating a ferryboat so I arranged with him to take the saddles, Myrtle, and my good clothes in the boat and I would swim the horses over.

I was riding a long-legged ex army horse that I was sure, on account of his long legs, was a good river animal. So I elected to ride him, and swim Myrtle's pony who was small but could swim like a duck.

The river was quite deep right against the bank, and was swift and muddy. So we blindfolded the pony first, led it close to the river bank, and gave her a shove into the river. Soon as she hit the river the blindfold came off and she swam across.

I then mounted my ex-calvary mount and ranged him close to the bank with a blind-fold on, and Ed gave us a swift running push that landed us well out in the current. I had on a large Mexican hat, with leather thong under my chin, and a 40-foot rope with a noose over the horse's nose.

Soon as we hit the river we went clear under, and the current catching my hat nearly pulled my head off. In the struggle to get rid of my hat, I let go of the rope, one end of which fortunately floated ashore where Ed finally got hold of it and pulled us to the bank. That was another animal that could

not swim—just went floundering down stream, head out of the water one instant and his tail the next, and I was grabbing at what ever was in sight.

My brother Ed, cousin May, and I once made a canvas canoe trip from Mesilla to Chamberino — had a lot of fun, but no thrilling experiences but my brother often mentioned it.

We had so many experiences in crossing the river in our buggies and wagons that were disagreeable—and funny sometimes —that I could write a volume on the subject.

But to get back to life on the farm. Now that my sister Maggie was gone, Myrtle, who was two years my junior, had to assume the duties of mother to the family. While she was only 15, to this day when I think back of the life we were compelled to live, I marvel at the wonderful success she had managing the family affairs—for Tude was only six years of age. But the family was always out on time, and meals certainly were enjoyed — with one exception, and that was chill day. We all had the chills and fever, but we got so used to them that we could figure ahead just what day and hour our chill would hit us, and always planned our activities accordingly. We lived the first summer in a

I still remember it as the most unpleasant spring in my life. The girls got so run down physically from the chills that my father sent them back to Kansas City to live with my married sister, and my father and I batched. We finally moved up to old Chamberino, and lived in a real house.

It was an old store, with comfortable living rooms. The old store room was used for bailies (dances) every Saturday night, and we had a busy time policing these dances, as the crew from Baggs ranch—all American gun toting type—naturally tried to cop the senoritas from their native caballeros.

In those days native wine was passed around in a water bucket for every one's indulgence, and around one o'clock war generally broke out, and guns pulled.

The native constable could not make an arrest of any of the Americans without starting general shooting—so we were kept busy using diplomacy to prevent blood shedding.

CHAPTER IX

● WE opened the first public school ever operated on the west side of the river. My father was a normal graduate, so Fred Lohman, the county superintendent of schools, requested him to take the school for a four-months term, for all the money alloted for the west side of the river.

As my father was so busy treating the sick, I did most of the teaching. We never had over a dozen scholars—among them was the wife of Chas. Switzer, who was ambitious to learn to speak English. My, what a thrill it was for me, as there was two charming girls of real Castilian blood named Castineda, who desired to learn English—as much as I wanted to learn Spanish. The youngest one, about fourteen years of age, I have always and still maintain was the most beautiful girl in all the land, and my first infatuation will always linger bright in my mind.

She is now a widow in Las Cruces, her name is Mrs. Jose Gonzales—widow of one of Las Cruces' most prominent politician and citizen.

We are still good friends, and visit often—especially when her sister visits here. Her brother Ike was a valiant deputy sheriff, as I will relate later on. Her mother and my father were good friends. We taught the two girls to play whist. Rafelita and I were always partners against her sister Carolina and my father—and we did not get beat either—too often.

However our love affair was too evident to our parents, and we were ordered to lower our sights. This eventually led to a separation between my father and I, as will be related later on.

When my son was of my age at that time, he came to me to assist in writing his love letters, and carrying out feverish plots and plans.

I always remembered my affair with Rafelita, and heartily cooperated with him in all his affairs of the heart.

I am sure he is grateful for my advice—as he has a fine wife and two sons, who are my chief pride and joy today.

While we lived at Chamberino, I made some real history as a nimrod, with my 16-lb. muzzle loader shot gun. The barrels were 36 inches long and I always got my bird if they crossed my sight.

The superintendent of the Santa Fe Railroad, once parked his private car at Anthony and called on us for a hunt, having heard of my ability, and my father's culinary skill.

I always kept seven mallard or canvas-back ducks, dressed and hung up in our store room. Dad cooked himself one every day, always selecting the duck 7 days old—nice and rotten, I used to say.

I took Mr. Dyer, the superintendent and his secretary up above town about a half mile where the road paralleled the main ditch. As the ditch was as deep as a man's head, we would watch for a flock of geese coming in to feed on the alfalfa fields in the afternoons. Soon as we spotted a flock coming in, we had time to get under them, and the first shot bunched them — and right over our heads.

The rest was easy. In a half hour we had all the dead geese we could pack, and when we reached home Dad had three of his ripe duck roasted and stuffed to "the kings taste."

Mr. Dyer was so pleased he readily accepted Dad's invite to stay all night. I promised him a real duck hunt the next day, so he sent his team back to Anthony with orders to return next afternoon. We killed around 50 ducks the next day, which with the geese we had killed made a buckboard load—and a most valued friend.

Every Christmas he sent Dad a round trip pass to Kansas City, as well as passes for the girls when they came back. That was just a sample of the many hunting parties we often entertained—most of them doctors from El Paso.

One experience still talked about in the family was the time my kid cousin (P. H. Bailey) was about eight years of age. He came up to stay all night with me, while Dad was away. The morning was very windy so we went after quail for dinner. On our way home, we saw a large flock of geese that had collected on the windward side of a long stack of alfalfa.

It was too good a chance for a slaughter to pass up—but Pearl's chill was due in 15 minutes, so he had to beat it to the house. (Having a chill was a routine affair, but no fun to have it out doors.)

So I hastily took my ram-rod and pulled the wads from loads of quail shot, and put a handful of B-B shot in each barrel, and got the hay stack between me and the geese.

When I stepped around the end of the stack, I was startled, as I was so close to them that I could have kicked the nearest goose. The whole flock rose in the air—I hastily raised my small cannon, and let go with both barrels. There were dozens of dead and wounded geese the full length of the stack.

As it was a very cold wind my face was partly numbed by the cold. I threw my gun down, and went to gathering up wounded geese—never thinking all the blood covering my hands was coming from my nose, which began to hurt.

When I placed my hand on it. I was horrified to find it mashed all over my face.

Right there I lost all interest in the geese. When I reached the house and Pearl saw what had happed, he nearly had a fit, which did not encourage me any. As he was in the middle of his chill, I hurried down to my Uncle Cy's, who was also a doctor.

After a lot of manipulation—without anesthetics—and by hold-

ing my nose and filling it with air, he got it in fair shape.

It was broken a couple of times later, but it finally got in fair condition—enough to poke in other people's business.

I never did find out how many geese I killed, but was told every family in Chamberino had goose on the table next day.

Another shooting experience was the time the St. Louis gun club came to El Paso for a pigeon shoot.

As I had never seen a pigeon shooting match—and had no particulars as to how they were conducted, I took my muzzle loader, powder flask, and shot pouch, and arrived at the match a little late.

I was much flustered to see Dr. Vilas (another hunting pal) and his two charming daughters there, and to have Smith dash up, and in a loud stage whisper, say: "For heavens sake hide that blunderbus and stuff your shirt tail in; you are to shoot my breach loader."

I did not cover myself with glory, but I did better than some of the others. And I caused quite a fuss over the killing of a pigeon that fell on the roof of a small building that marked the bounds. If it was to be allowed, the match would be a tie.

I never did hear what the final score was. Although that was some sixty years ago, I called on the widow of Doctor Herbert Stevenson recently to ask her—as she was one of Mr. Vilas' daughters present that day—but she did not remember the results either.

Now to get back to life in Chamberino.

My broken nose was the subject for joshing from all sides. Rafaleta was the only one that showed any sympathy.

The hole made by the hammer of my gun refused to heal—I imagine on account of my blood being in poor condition from chills—and it was an embarassing place to bandage.

For a change, my father sent met up to visit the Foster family at Mesilla, who were great friends of ours back in Kansas. I spent an interesting month with them. Mrs. Foster's sister May was a pretty girl about my age, full of fun.

My father had provided me with an ounce of iron quinine, and strychnine, which was to be put in a quart bottle of wine and taken after meals. This medicine called for a lot joking, but as I gained weight, and my nose healed, they concluded it was a marvelous remedy.

The morning I left, Mrs. Foster remarked she wished I would give her the balance in the bottle, which I promised to do—with a farewell swig. When I took that swig, I felt something like a piece of string in my mouth, and on investigation found it was a mouse's tail. Looking in the bottle—sure enough—there were the bones of the mouse.

I had evidently drank the mouse in small doses. Then the question was whether it was the mouse or the medicine that was the marvelous remedy.

Anyway, Mrs. Foster changed her mind about wanting the medicine.

CHAPTER X

● THE division superintendent of the Santa Fe Railroad who had heard of my hunting once came down and had his special car left at Anthony while he and some friends spent a couple of days hunting with me. They had such a good time that it led to my father being able to get passes whenever he asked for them to go back East since he served as sort of an immigration agent for the company. It also indirectly in later years led to my taking up railroading—and I got a job braking out of San Marcial.

Now I had been working hard on the farm after returning from my vacation at Mesilla, without receiving a cent of salary. My father and uncle had some sort of a partnership agreement in which we were to have half interest in a vineyard which we had planted and attended to. As I had been putting in more time on the main farm than on the vineyard tract—the hired man Nelson having quit—I called for some sort of an understanding. I was getting ready in my own mind to get married.

So after a consultation between my father and uncle it was agreed I was to have a salary of $150 a year. As they explained it, Nelson "a big strong hired man only got $200 a year."

Right there I blew up, and told them I could make as much in a week as they proposed to pay me in a month—and not work nearly as hard. They ridiculed the idea, and I got so mad I put on my hat and walked off without even taking any clothes.

There was an old man named Armstrong who was a trapper and hunter. We were great friends, and since I could kill more ducks and geese than he could he had often suggested that I go in partnership with him. So I went down to Sam's camp to go in with him.

Sam was using a seine at that time to catch fish in the river, and used a net to catch quail. As both of these operations called for two persons, he was glad to have me. We seined about a 100 pounds of fish that afternoon, and Sam took them to El Paso, and left me in charge of the camp.

He went on the train and was to come back next morning on the train with a bill of grub. I hitched up his old horse to the buggy and went to meet him at Anthony, but he did not return for two days, and then all he brought was a drunk and bottle of whiskey.

That cooled my desire for being a professional hunter—especially as I had a chill, and camp life lost all appeal to me.

I knew Mr. Baggs came up to his ranch every Saturday, so I made it a point to be there when he arrived. He immediately gave me a job herding the cows.

Thirty-five dollars a month with room and board—what a snap!

Nothing to do all day but ride a nice saddle horse, drive the

cattle out on the plains in the morning and back at night. All the responsibility I had was to count them in and out. What a snap!

In the meantime my father and uncle had been hunting for me, and they finally located me. My father came up and tried to argue me into coming back, but I was not at all inclined that way. I had other plans.

I was getting ready to get married.

✤ ✤

Mr. Baggs was a very wealthy old Montana sheep man. He had purchased a 400-acre farm which he was developing into a stock farm, and kept about a dozen Anglos at work all the time besides a large gang of Mexicans. He also had a large livery stable in El Paso, and sold a great many fine horses in Mexico. He had built the large brick store building at Chamberino about a mile from the ranch house.

He had two nephews that he was very fond of—one was in charge of the farm. His name was Harry Baggs, and the other one was his main bookkeeper in El Paso and his name was Nick Stearn. There was a sharp rivalry between them for the old man's favors.

The gang he had working and boarding at the farm house was as choice a crowd of criminals and bad gunmen as I ever met. Most of them worked with a gun holstered on them—some with two guns. Hardly a week went by when the sheriff was not down getting some of these men under various criminal charges.

Mr. Baggs was an old bachelor; rough, but kind hearted. He kept a herd of sheep on the place and every Saturday night when he came up to the ranch he would butcher a mutton for the week's fresh meat supply. I used to assist him, and I will never forget how he always put his butcher-knife in his mouth whenever it became necessary for him to use both hands. He offered to give me lessons, and asked if I would not like to learn to be an expert skinner. I told him yes—if it were not necessary to hold the butcher knife with my teeth. He remarked it would be wasting time trying to make a butcher out of me.

I have gotten a little ahead of my story in not mentioning that during the previous summer's high water the old town of Chamberino had been washed away. The only building left standing was the brick store. My friend, the young Englishman, had gone and Mr. Baggs had hired an old-timer to run the store.

Now, in those days they kept a barrel of wine and a barrel of whiskey in the store. As there was no nickels in circulation, a drink cost ten cents—had your choice from either barrel, and drew your own drink in a tin cup. So it was very easy for most any one to get drunk, if they could raise a dime. And of course every Saturday night most of the men employed at the ranch got drunk. Mr. Baggs paid good salaries—from forty to eighty dollars a month. He had some expert jockeys and trainers that drew the high salaries. These

jockeys and trainers were not as a rule gunmen, but were very careful to cultivate the friendship of the gunmen for as a rule it was this crowd against all the Mexicans—who as a class resented their arrogant ways at the regular Saturday night dances since they had to depend on the Mexican girls as dancing partners. There was many shooting affrays and much bad blood between both elements, with wild rumors out, as to plots and plans of both parties cleaning up on the other.

One Saturday night as I drove my herd into the corral, I saw Mr. Baggs, who had just driven in, surrounded by a bunch of Mexicans. He called for me to come over and interpret for him. I found out that the store was shut up and they could not buy any provisions. Mr. Baggs then explained to me that on his way up to the ranch he had come by the store and found the old storekeeper drunk so he fired him, locked up the store, and came on to the ranch. He said I would have to go back to El Paso to get another store manager. I explained the Mexicans had no food to last over Sunday, so he told me to get in the buckboard with him, and we took a load of Mexicans and went to the store to provide them a few staples. We stayed till ten o'clock before we had dispatched the bunch. As we had not had any supper, Mr. Baggs suggested our going to the farmhouse for something to eat. But I called his attention to the fact that they knew there would be no one in the store and might break in and rob it—and that if he desired, I would get something out of stock to eat and stay all night. He thought that a fine suggestion.

This I did and next morning early Mr. Baggs came over and told me he had sent a Mexican out with my herd and that he and I would run the store that day, as Sunday was always the best day of the week.

The American employees had not showed up Saturday night on account of Mr. Baggs' presence, but they could not resist any longer than Sunday and showed up in force, bound to make up for lost time. As I knew what was coming off, I hid the tin cup and substituted a small glass for the whiskey, and a larger one for the wine—and I kept them behind the counter. This stunt pleased Mr. Baggs—especially so when some of the men got pretty full and called for the small glass—and I told them they were drunk enough, and could have no more.

This got me in bad with some of them, but made a hit with Mr. Baggs and his foreman, as the gang were all in shape Monday morning to go to work.

CHAPTER XI

● MR. BAGGS was so pleased that he made me a proposition to stay in the store at fifty dollars a month salary and board.

This sounded almost too good to be true. I was only 17, and Mr. Baggs told me he was afraid I could not get along with his gang of toughs, but was willing to give me a trial. I very foolishly got an idea that I had to pack a gun to stand this gang off with, and bought me a fine English-made six shooter that was not only double acting but had a long and short barrel, so it could be converted into a pocket or scabbard size by screwing in the barrel desired. Several of the gunmen became very desirous of owning it, and I often loaned it.

I became quite a good shot with it, but now realize I was just quick enough to be too slow if I had ever tried to use it on any of those desperados.

What really saved my bacon was a friendship that had grown up between one of the best gunmen of the crowd known as Long John. As John was as madly in love with my girl's older sister—as I was with Rafaelita — and I had to do most of his interpretating, it behove him to keep me in good health. Since I commanded the whiskey barrel, that give me another vantage point. John was always on the job Saturday nights and Sundays, and when he spoke to that gang they always obeyed. When he could not be there, he delegated an even more expert gun-man that himself — George Bean, a small fellow, but a wonderful shot. Twice he had shot the guns out of men's hands that he did not want to kill, knowing they were drunk. My main trouble with George was to keep him sober. He sure liked his liquor straight, and the more he drank the more expert he was with the gun. I don't think I ever saw him miss a tin can thrown in the air and many times he would hit 2 or 3 thrown up at the same time.

I had a good many thrilling moments while running the store. When the town was washed away, the river left a pool right in front of the front porch about 100 yards long and fifty feet wide that was ten feet deep in the middle. During the summer I used to dive off in it for a morning swim. This pool ended in a large shallow lake that extended for a half mile, and was a great place for pelicans, ducks and geese in the winter time.

I had a .44 Winchester and a .45-.60 government rifle that I did lots of shooting with. As I did not have much to do in the middle of the day—and there was a case of .45-.60 shells (1000) mixed up in our freight that was never ordered and I felt it was a gift for me to shoot away—I soon had a reputation as a rifle shot. This pleased Mr. Baggs as he was a great gun-man himself, but he sure gave me two calling downs over needlessly killing anything.

One morning he came after me to go with him to do some inter-

preting. When I locked up the store I picked up my .44 Winchester, and as I sat down beside him in the buckboard I saw a black cat sitting on an old adobe wall over a 100 yards away. I asked him to wait a minute and I cut down on that cat, and killed it. I don't think he thought I could hit it, and when I did he bawled me out for it. So I then told him why I disliked that cat.

I had been repeatedly warned about being robbed, as the store was a half mile from the nearest house, and there was a bad Mexican character who was suspected of commiting several robberies. He had only recently been released from the penitentiary. So I never kept the store open night or even lit a light so any one could take a shot a me. I slept on a cot that I dragged around in the main store room so no one could even locate where I was sleeping. I always kept my Winchester handy.

One night I was awakened by made by breaking one of the front made b ybreaking one of the front windows, so I raised up and fired three shots—every one of which was just the right height if a man had been standing there. I stayed awake all night, but when daylight came I found I had been mistaken—for that cat had got up on a shelf and knocked off a lamp chimney and when it crashed I thought it was a window glass. But I showed the three bullet holes in the glass to all the Mexicans and told them I shot at a burglar.

So that story mollified Mr. Baggs, till I up and shot a dove off a post while the team was moving. I thought that quite an expert exhibition — I expected a compliment instead of another bawling out, which I got for taking a life.

Another time, I nearly caught a robber.

I always went to the ranch house for supper and breakfast. One night as I came from supper, just at sundown, I found a mean looking Mexican waiting for me. He said he had to have some medicine. I told him I never opened up after dark, but he kept trailing after me till I approached the store building. I kept telling him to keep away as he tried to approach me, as I was apprehensive of being knifed or hit over the head with a club.

I finally pulled my gun I was carrying in my pocket, and told him not to get within ten feet of me. He agreed if I would promise to bring him out some quinine.

There were a lot of bad hombres in Mesilla Valley in those days.

CHAPTER XII

● WHEN I finally went in the store to get this Mexican his quinine I saw the rear door had been broken open, and I knew this Mexican was in the plot to see that I did not catch the robbers. His stunt was to watch me. I was so mad I promptly ran back where he was and made him throw up his hands and walk to the mentioned Mexican's house about a half mile away.

I called this Mexican out, and had him tie my prisoner's hands with a wire to a post and then sent him to the ranch for help while I returned to the store. I had several hundred dollars hid there and did not want to give the robbers time to search for it. Of course these two Mexicans were in cahoots, as I found out afterwards. I cautiously approached the store—it was very dark—and after waiting I expect for an hour for some of the boys to come, I got up nerve enough to enter, but was afraid to strike a light as some of the robbers might still be in hiding trying to get me in order to force me to tell where the cash was hidden. About two o'clock in the morning, a couple of the boys showed up. The Mexican had delivered my message to them but told them a cock and bull story about the prisoner overpowering him and escaping. Long John sure looked good to me and I made him stay all night.

I was glad to know the robbers had not found my money, and had only taken a little grub and some shoes. I evidently had nearly caught them, as I found one shoe and some tobacco they had dropped just outside the door.

Mr. Baggs allowed me to close the store Sunday noon. In the summer Sunday was generally spent swimming in the river. One Sunday three of us decided to do some exploring where the river had over-flowed into some improved farms. We left our clothes locked up in the store, dived into the pool in front of the store and went down this channel where it connected with another one, and then into the main channel, it was sure a lot of fun going down stream. We did not realize how far we had gone, till we saw the roof of a well-know farm house about five miles from the store. As we did not have any excuse of a bathing suit on, we could not go over to the main road and walk back or catch a ride. It was a very hot day and we had to wade in the mud and fight the current all the way back. We found some old sacks in an abandoned home that we covered our shoulders with, but the calves of our legs got an awful blistering. As we kept wading in water it washed the mud off our bodies where we had plastered it for sun protection.

While I was still having the chills and fever, this was the first time I gave up and took to my bed with nearly a week of suffering from the sun-burn on that trip. I peeled two pieces of

1441190

skin off the calf of my leg larger than a playing card. These I took and trimmed the size of a card marked them like the five of diamonds and five of hearts, and showed them around as being from a deck of cards made from human skin by the Apaches from skin taken from some of their white victims.

Another well-remembered experience was: One morning just after having a chill I was out on the front porch sunning. As a rule I always kept my Winchester handy for any game that came in sight, but I guess I was too sick this morning. I was sitting on a bench dozing, when I suddenly awoke and saw two real Apache Indians emerge from behind some bushes that hid the main road to the store. I was paralyzed with surprise at first, and reached for my Winchester. As they were not 100 yards away, and expecting every instant they would commence shooting at me, but not feeling my gun in its accustomed place, I jumped into the store and got it—determined to die fighting. I threw in a shell and ran to the door, determined to kill one in any event. Just as I threw my gun down on them I saw some U. S. soldiers behind them. I was so surprised and relieved that I could hardly explain the circumstances to the Captain in charge. These Apaches were scouts for the soldiers, who had been after Geronimo—who was supposed to be out on the plains somewhere between us and Deming. The Captain promptly issued orders not to allow the scouts to lead the troop any more while in the valley, for they sure nearly lost one that morning.

The soldiers had come in for a rest. There was over 100 of them, and I certainly did a lot of business with them. Had to send a rush order for another barrel of whiskey.

Another funny incident happened while the soldiers were there. They camped at the Casad Flour Mill about a half mile away. One morning an immense flock of sandhill cranes were circulating overhead. I got out my gun and took a few shots at them. I saw one come tumbling down. I knew I had hit one, but they were so far away I never expected to hear from it—but finally here came a soldier who asked me if it was me who had been shooting at that flock of cranes. On receiving my assurance of the fact, he went to his horse and got a crane that weighed 22 pounds, with its head partly shot away, and told me he was sitting out on the mill platform on a sack of wheat, when this crane come whizzing out of the air like a cannon ball and hit the other end of the sack and burst it wide open! And that Mr. Casad wanted pay for the grain lost!

I sent them over a bottle of whiskey to settle the bill.

CHAPTER XIII

● IT WAS WHILE working in the store that I had my ear drum injured. One day one of the boys was cutting up in my room and grabbed down a government carbine from over the head of my bed. I had a pair of them crossed and I expect they had been taken down, examined, and snapped a hundred times, so of course this fellow never dreamed it was loaded.

He exclaimed he was going to blow my head off—pointed the gun in my face, and for some reason moved it to one side when he pulled the trigger.

That was 45 years ago, and my ears are still ringing from the concussion of that shot.

Another incident: Ike Castenéda, brother of my sweetheart, one of the nerviest deputy sheriffs I ever knew, was down trying to get the drop on a certain bad man that worked on the ranch. Ike asked me to get them down to the store, but not to let them know his identity. Now, I did not know Ike had any idea of trying to arrest them single-handed. In those days most everyone was ready for a game of poker, and the three of them were soon back in my room engaged in a three-handed game. I kept boxes with sand in them for spittoons, and had one at each end of the table. When I shut up the store and went back to my room they had their six-guns laying on the table at their right hand. I saw there was some nervousness, and for a joke I pulled my own gun when no one was looking and fired it into one of the boxes.

Believe me, I never pulled another stunt like that! In an instant each man had his gun, and there came very near being a killing right there. I found out later if they had suspected Ike of being an officer he would have been shot, as one of these men wounded two El Paso officers that tried to put him under arrest.

The only time I ever wore a gun in order to be in a class like the rest of the gang, was when I went to a bailey or dance, where a certain clique of bad Mexican gunmen were supposed to be present.

One time I found out it was a plan of the Las Cruces sheriff's office to arrest one of the Americans and it was hoped to get him drunk and away from his pals. Anyway, soon after they got to passing the wine around—which was done in a bucket with a dipper—the time was thought right to pull their stunt. A number of shots were fired. I was standing in the door when the action started. A big fat Mexican grabbed me and fell on me and took my gun away from me.

He was a friend of mine—and I learned a valuable lesson. That was the last time I ever packed a gun to a dance.

* * *

By now I was quite popular with Mr. Baggs. The store never had done so well, and it had given him little worry. My next stunt sure made a hit with him.

His nephew who ran the farm for him had filed on 160 acres of adjoining land. He always paid all the help with regular form orders on the store, and I deducted any bills due the store and paid the balance off in cash.

I noticed there was an increase in the number of Mexicans and asked them where they were working, and found a number of them were working on the nephew's land. I did not know whether this was proper or not, but took pains to keep a separate account of them. As Mr. Baggs did not come that week, I had over two weeks' of pay roll for his inspection. When I explained about the gang that was working on the nephew's place he was furious, but warned me not to say a word. So we let the nephew have his way till Mr. Baggs had the goods on him to the tune of over a thousand dollars. He came out from El Paso with a new foreman and fired the nephew on the spot.

This happened at about three o'clock one afternoon, and when I went to supper, this nephew had it figured that I was to blame for his downfall.

So in company with one of his gunmen pets, he rounded me up down in the blacksmith shop, stuck a .45 under my nose and dared me to pull my gun.

That was the only time in my life I had looked into the muzzle of a six-shooter taking a cussing. But it did not last long, for my friend George Bean showed up just then with a gun in each hand, and what he handed those two would-be gunmen was a plenty. I got brave then and wanted to make the nephew shoot it out on equal terms, but he was too busy getting away.

This made such a hit with Mr. Baggs that he took me to El Paso with him just before Christmas—took me to the gun store and told them to give me any gun I wanted and to send him the bill. It did not take me long to pick the gun I wanted — an Ithaca 10-gauge, like the one I had shot in the pigeon shoot with the St. Louis gun club. This was the first breech loader I ever owned.

Mr. Baggs remarked to me that if I had a little more education I would make a valuable man for him, and if I would go to Denver where he was well acquainted, he would pay for my tuition through a business college.

I told him I was having the chills and fever so bad I would have to go somewhere to break them, and that if he would make his offer good at Kansas City—where I had a brother and sister —I would go there, to which he agreed.

I got a pass to Kansas City, and Mr. Baggs paid Spaulding Business College $40 for me to a term there. That was the extent of my education—90 days—but I got a bookkeepers diploma. Mr. Baggs sent me money later to come back and go to work for him, but I delayed till I was thoroughly rid of the malaria.

The week I left there, Mr. Baggs suddenly died from an emergency bladder operation. As I had my ticket bought, I came on back anyway, and joined with my father and Myrtle and Tudie in making a home in the old Court House at Mesilla.

CHAPTER XIV

● NOW to back up a little and insert a little side history.

When I got to making that salary with Mr. Baggs, I became a person of some importance in the family council. Ready cash was scarce in those days. Dad had to have some to send to the girls. My uncle had to have credit at the store — which was against Mr. Baggs' orders to allow anyone credit. I paid for it—since my uncle suggested I owed him a doctor bill for treating my sunburn, broken nose, etc.

My girl had moved to Las Cruces and I was too bashful to go up there courting her. Besides, I had met an American girl who looked just as good and met with my father's approval.

Her name was Ivah Mead. Our families were ever afterwards great friends, and many meals and fine visits have I had at their house.

This was in 1888. I was so bashful and girl-shy I did most of my admiring at a distance. I had never even tried to dance in a Mexican dance. I don't think there ever was a more bashful kid in all the valley, and it seemed my main effort in life at that time was keeping the fact secret. But I occasionally had to drive my sisters to parties and gatherings, but never once did I take any part in even playing the games, to say nothing of dancing.

My father had used my money for me and I did not have an extensive wardrobe. I do remember my new wide-brim hat; that everyone accused me of buying to ape the cow-boy style, and that was a most mortifying thing to me —although I had aspired as a boy to be a broncho rider and later ended up as a pretty good rider.

I was 20 years old before I ever attempted to dance. I had taken my sisters to a dance and about three o'clock in the morning I had suggested to the girls it was about time to go home. But Sue Mead—one of the belles in those days—ridiculed the idea of going home so early and told me that if I would get out and dance I would not be so anxious to go home so early. She insisted on me trying to dance with her, but I covered my bashfulness with a stall. She got personal then with a remark that I "looked smart enough to learn to dance—even if I couldn't."

So I got mad; made my sisters come on home and when we got home Myrtle gave me a lesson how to schottish in our kitchen—at about four o'clock in the morning. I learned it so easily I was almost tickled to death. I immediately haunted the Mexican dances, where I never missed a schottish. Then my sisters taught me how to waltz and the rest came easy. Before the year was over I was one of the best dancers in the crowd.

I also had made a study of calling Quadrilles, and was for years the favorite promptor in Las Cruces and all surrounding localities. This was quite fortunate for me, for in those days the real big balls cost five dollars a couple; but I

was not charged anything for admission because I did the calling.

* * *

In 1887 my father and I moved into the old Court House at Mesilla — after Mr. Baggs died. We were preparing to make a new start at Mesilla.

My father had been raised as a carpenter and he was a good one, having served in the war as a ships carpenter on a dispatch boat on the Mississippi river.

Right after the war he had gone to Peoria, Ill., to normal school; there he met my mother and they were married after they had finished normal. He then attended Medical school in Philadelphia accompanied by my Uncle Cy, and they located in Kansas, where I was born.

While my father was a most successful doctor, he hated practicing medicine worse than anything, and only practiced his profession when he had to—to keep from going hungry.

His real hobby and love was horticulture, and he succeeded in enthusing me in that line. But we had to work at carpentering to make the start, so we started a carpenter shop in the old court house — had plenty of room for both shop and living quarters. The old jail which once held Billy the Kid was used for a coal and feed house.

There was not a screen door or window when we first went to Mesilla, and we did a land-office business the first year making screens. We used mosquito bar at first, till one of the merchants in Las Cruces succeeded in getting in a shipment of screen wire. We built a packing house in Las Cruces that spring, and we walked the two-and-a-half miles to and from work daily, and batched.

It was at this time I met my chum Frank Wood. His father, the Judge, was a very fine, educated, suave man; and his wife—Frank's stepmother—had quite an income.

Frank Wood and I became inseparable chums.

We were 18 years old.

We formed a baseball team; all players were Mexicans except us two. I was always the catcher, and Frank played first base. We played all the surrounding towns and El Paso occasionally, where we made quite a hit, as we had two players who wore full beards, and a wonderful pitcher. In those days no one but the catcher wore a mitt, and I had a real one—made it myself—it was as roomy as any used today, and was the real reason for my success as a catcher, as no catcher anywhere had a mitt as large as mine.

As Frank's father supplied him liberally with money, Frank immediately bought himself an Ithica gun like mine, and all our lives it was a continual contest as to who had the best gun, or saddle or horse.

We hunted, and played base ball; danced, and went with the girls as a pair.

I think we got our most amusement by playing tricks on someone—mostly the Mexicans. I could write a whole volume on our doings. The constable kept a posse for two years trying to catch us, but the nearest he ever came to it was when he caught Eugene Manlove Rhodes and Humbolt Casad.

They nearly beat Gene to death.

The posse had run us down one day. Frank, Hun and I knew better than to resist, but stubborn Gene got out and waded into them.

Anastacio Barela, nephew of the sheriff, fired a shot at Gene that hit his forehead at the hair line, but fortunately went over his head, under the skin. This stimulated Gene into real action. He grabbed a big fat constable around the waist in an effort to get the constable's gun—but the constable went over on his back pinning Gene's hand under him, while the gang beat Gene over the head with their guns until he was unconscious.

Then they brought him to my father for medical attention. Fortunately I was in bed (an excellent alibi), but I had to assist my father in bandadging Gene's head—which had bumps on it which resembled horns. In fact, I never saw any kind of head as bunged up! And just thinking what I escaped tickled me so much I had to laugh. Which made Gene so mad he wanted to lick me then and there!

But he had to sleep with me, and before the sedative my father gave him took effect I had made my peace with him.

Another time my father had gone down to Chamberino for a visit and Frank came to stay all night with me. About two o'clock we thought we saw the posse scattering for home, so took our six-shooters and went over by the church and rang the bell with bullets. We figured the posse would of course, think we were on horseback as usual, and not look for us to go down the road of the main ditch, which only had a foot path on its bank.

Just as we got within about 30 yards of the ditch bank we heard a call to halt, and looking around saw the posse coming. There was about a quarter moon shining—barely light enough to see to run, but enough for accurate shooting.

We started for the ditch bank on the jump. The posse was not certain it was us until we began to run, then they began shooting at us. Soon we hit the canal bank—it was lined with houses and was crooked—so the posse could not see us well. However when the posse reached the canal bank their bullets hit the adobe walls and went on singing—and that bullet singing sure made us step lively! I was in the lead, and after running a couple of hundred yards and not hearing any more shots I stopped to look around and could not see anything of Frank.

I was afraid he had been hit or captured, and was just starting to do some scouting back to look for him when I was spied by an old Mexican who had heard the shots. He made a grab at me but I just pushed him into the canal. He lustily called for help and I knew the gang would be after me. I had to cross about a 100-yard open space through heavy sand and I proceeded to cross that at such a rapid rate that I was clear out of wind. I threw myself on the ground so I would not be seen to recover my wind —right alongside a little old chicken shed not over four feet high. Before I knew it the man

I had thrown in the ditch had the posse right on my trail, so I just opened the chicken house door and crawled in under the roost, which was not over two feet from the ground, and pulled the door shut. The posse came up, called to the owner of the chickens if he had seen anything of me, and held a council of war sitting on top of the chicken coop. Of course, being so close, I heard every word. They were wondering if it was Harry or Frank, and what had become of the other one; they were mystified why they had not killed us, and were sure we were both wounded. In fact one of them said he saw lots of blood on the path.

Of course, I thought it was Frank who was wounded, as I had felt no bullets, and was thinking perhaps he had fallen in the canal and was drowned.

The posse finally decided which ever one of it was they had chased that far was miles away by then, so they decided to take the back track and look for traces of the wounded ones. Soon as it was safe I got out, and took a circuitous route home. We had a rear entrance—by climbing up on the roof of the jail we could get in the inner court. This was only known to Frank and I, as the posse had a way of waiting at the front door for us to return, so of course that was the way I entered, hoping against hope to find Frank there. But he was not in sight, so I crawled into bed and laid there till daylight, wondering what to do.

It was just getting a little light when I heard a scratching on the door. I knew it was one of our signals and hurried to open it and there was Frank—safe and sound. We fell into each other's arms and had a real gabfest.

Frank's story was that when the bullets got to singing he thought I was running too slow, for he swears a bullet passed so close he felt the wind. So he just up and jumped that main canal —16 feet—and only got one foot wet! He made for Sherfys yard, in which there was a bloodhound that was supposed to be fierce as a lion. But a little thing like a bloodhound looked good to Frank just then, so he jumped the wall close to the out-door toilet, and before the dog spotted him he was in the out-building with the door pulled shut. After he felt it was safe he got over the wall and took practically the same route back to my room that I had taken, but he was about two minutes later than I. He spotted me on the jail roof and thought it was one of the posse—so he beat it for home, and slept in his own bed.

We got some breakfast and then went over to the postoffice where some of the posse could see us, and in a way, gave them the "horse laugh" — but reformed along that line for some time to come.

CHAPTER XV

WHILE I am on the subject of my chum, will tell of some more of our stunts.

A couple of years after this experience just related, a young fellow named Crosby, whose father had been Mrs. Wood's minister back East, came out to make his home with the Woods. He was such a green horn and sissy that Frank had no use for him, but Crosby got himself a horse and saddle, and insisted on trailing along after us. Frank got the impression that his mother put him up to it, so that she could get a report on Frank's doings—and that did not set well with Frank. So we concluded to put him to the "fire test" and take him in on on of our stunts.

We had not given the posse much to worry about for over a year now, and expected to catch them napping.

We had by this time secured land and had built a nice home of our own. The old court house where we had lived was used as a public hall, and the convent school was giving a graduating exercise there.

Now, the old court house was on one corner of the plaza. We knew the roofs of all the buildings as well as the street for the entire length of the block. They were all one-story buildings, and the roof of each one was a few feet higher or lower than the next one. At the next corner of the block was the home of Roman Bermudez, which was a little higher and more prominent, and must have been about 12 feet above the street.

Our plan was to go to the rear of the Bermudez home where there were some low buildings and walls that we could climb up on easily and gain the roofs mentioned; go over them to the roof of the old court house, and at a proper time drop a string of old sardine cans down the stove pipe that would land on the stage —then run the length of the block over the roofs and when we reached the Bermudez roof, go over the sheds on to the low wall to where our horses were tied.

We explained the proposition to Crosby and he protested he was game, so we took him along. Each of us had a string of five cans, all joined together with a string. We drew lots to see who dropped his cans last, and that was Crosby.

The night was fairly dark, and at about nine o'clock they put on a tableau of a group of girls all around the edge of the stage, leaving the center open for the cans to light on.

We concluded to let them go. Frank dropped his string first, and beat it for the horses. I did likewise with mine, but waited long enough to see that Crosby was dropping his.

Now, of course we had impressed it on Crosby that we had spotted the posse armed to the teeth on guard out in front. He knew of our previous experience, and that they would shoot, and how they had beat up Gene Rhodes when he fell in their

hands, and so on.

The roof of the court house was some two feet higher than the adjoining one. Although it was dark I knew it well enough to jump down when I came to it, but poor Crosby was so excited he just ran off, and of course spilled himself all over the lower roof; then at the next roof we had to step up, but Crosby hit it full tilt. That was where I left him.

Frank and I got on our horses went over to call on our girls so as to have an alibi—wondering what had happened to Crosby.

About midnight we went to Frank's home, sneaked up to Crosby's room, and while Frank hid in a closet I struck a match and found Crosby asleep in bed. I lit the lamp and shook him and told him to hurry and dress; to get the shotgun and some buck shot, as Frank was captured by the posse and we would have to shoot it out with them and rescue Frank.

I must say I really believe the fellow was game—he grabbed his trousers and started to pull them on over his night shirt, and was so excited that it was too funny for Frank, who was peeping. He snickered out loud. Then in came the Judge and his wife in their nighties holding a lamp. That was just too funny for us—for Crosby could not get it clear in his mind how Frank had got there so soon, and he kept pulling on his pants and telling the Judge we had to go after the posse — which of course was all Greek to the Judge until we explained it. Then he had to sit down and join in the laugh, but the Mrs. was just as mad as the Judge was tickled—and I had to beat it for home.

Crosby's explanation later was that when he came to the Bermudez roof, instead of turning to his right, he kept on and ran off the roof landing in the street. It was a 12-foot fall, but fortunately sandy. When he came to, the family was pouring water over him. He explained his horse had bucked him off.

✤ ✤

Another Crosby anecdote: A couple of years after the foregoing incident I was railroading in Mexico, running a train out of Chihuahua. I had a Negro and Mexican brakeman. We lived in the caboose and the Negro did the cooking. One day I went to the butcher shop to get some meat, and there was a woman behind the counter with a baby in her arms that was just scaling from a case of small-pox.

I remarked to the Negro that I had brought them a dose of smallpox—and sure enough, in a few days they were both taken down with it. Now one of the first symptoms is backache and fever, and I immediately felt those symptoms, and grabbed the first train for home. My father was county health officer and I had helped him inspect and put up yellow flags for hundreds of cases; in fact, I had courted contracting it, as my father was an expert in treating it, and I was afraid I might contract it away from home some time, as I apparently had now.

I arrived home about ten o'clock, called to my father, and told him I was home with a dose of small-pox, and I did not want

to expose to the rest of the family.

So my father put me to bed, gave me an examination, and told me I only had a bilious attack. Next morning I was feeling fine.

My sister Tudie had as a week-end guest May DeMier, the prettiest girl in all the Valley, and Crosby was nuts over her. When Frank came in we all had a lot of fun joking about the small-pox scare, and then May remarked about having a date with Crosby at nine. We concluded to put him to the test.

We nailed up a yellow flag over the door of my room, and I went to bed and had a small-pox mask put on my face. When Crosby arrived, he saw the flag, and asked the reason. May, standing in the door, told him I was home with a dose of black small-pox —the most virulent form known. Crosby was inclined to shy off, but May's urging was too much for him. Of course, Frank and my sisters were hid and listening to it all. May and Crosby were in the adjoining room. Finally, when they seemed to be having a good time, I called for water so May excused herself to give me the drink. Crosby asked her if she was not afraid to come to my room, but May assured him she had had it, and that really it was not much of a sickness except the type I had that always marked one up so. I again called May and she went in and told Crosby I wanted to see him badly. She actually talked him into coming into my room. I held out my hand and made him shake it telling him I did not expect to live through the case, and so on.

Frank then beat it for home and told his father I was home with a case of smallpox, and that Crosby came in my room and actually shook hands with me. So when Crosby got back to the Judge's he sure got a hot reception!

They had prepared a wash tub of poultry-house disinfectant in an out-building, and the Judge had one of his Mexicans that had small-pox take Crosby in the house, put him in that tub and sterilize him thoroughly; put on entire change of clothes, and was just getting ready to burn the clothes he had taken off when May, Frank, my sisters and I showed and told the joke. Again, Mrs. Woods failed to see anything funny about it.

I could relate many other Crosby anecdotes, but space does not permit. I have too much to write about Frank—for if there ever was a prince he was one. We were inseparable chums, and to the day of his death we had never had a single harsh word between us. What was mine was his, and vice-versa. Even to our sweethearts, in a way—although theorietically, he gypped me out of mine and married her. But that is a later story.

This friendship covered a period of nearly ten years, to the time of his death. His father was blamed by some, for what may have seemed high-financing deals. But I never heard a breath of any criticism against Frank's character in any manner, shape or form. He was as square as they made them, and as nervy a man as I ever met.

CHAPTER XVI

● AN example of Frank's nerve was when he single-handed captured one of the most desperate and noted horse thieves in the country.

It was July 3, 1890. Frank and I had gone down to El Paso to prepare to celebrate the Fourth of July, and as was customary at that time had gone to the livery stable and engaged and paid for a team and buggy to take our girls out.

With all plans complete for a gala day, it was sadly upset by a telegram from my father that Dick — my pet saddle colt — and Kitty, my pet sorrel buggy mare, with my fifty dollar saddle had been stolen that night.

At that time there was a well organized band of horse thieves operating on both sides of the line. Those stolen on this side were run into Mexico, and vice-versa.

We felt sure the thief would head for Mexico, and set out to head him off. We went to the livery stable after saddle horses but all we could get was the plugs that had been reserved for the buggy that day. So we put saddles on them and rode down to the sherriff's office, where we did not receive much encouragement. But by offering a reward of fifty dollars, we secured the services of George Herald and Dick Blacker, two of the most renowned Texas Rangers in the city at that time. They were to go with Frank out on the plains, about where Ft. Bliss is now located—but this was long before there were any buildings of any kind out there. In fact, this side of Mt. Franklin had a very bad reputation—a U. S. deputy had been killed not long before in a canyon, (which had been named for this Deputy Fusselman)—and was reputed to be a fortified resort for this horse-thief gang. The officers of the law were very leery about venturing near it.

After getting Frank and his party off I went over to Juarez, where I was well known to the chief of police. He not only loaned me his silver-plated Winchester—given him by the Governor of the state—but sent one of his best officers with me and we went up the river to look for the thief.

We went up the river about opposite the Southern-Pacific bridge, and located on the side of a hill overlooking the valley, which was covered with a heavy growth of brush and was supposed to be the favorite resort for horse thieves.

It was a very hot day, and at about two o'clock we were rewarded by seeing a man emerge from the brush, riding a sorrel and leading a black horse—colors of my horses. Of course, we were confident they were my horses. He rode directly toward us, and when he struck the slope of a hill which was sandy, with a scattered growth of mesquite bushes, he selected an open space with a nice shady bush in the center, and headed for it and dismounted—unbuckled his gun and hung it on the horn of his saddle.

We were watching him through

glasses, so the officer directed me to make a sneak around to his right and approach as close as I could without being seen. When I was located he was to get the bush between him and the thief and walk directly up on him. If there was any slip-up or any of the thief's pals showed up I was to open fire from my side.

That darned silver-plated rifle shone like a diamond in the sunshine, and I had to wrap a sack around it, but being so expert on sneaking up on game, I made an approach that any Indian would have been proud of. Soon as I was located, the officer walked up on the thief as planned. I was within 100 yards and could see all operations plainly. As the officer stepped from around behind the bush, the thief went under the horse, and came up with the horse between them, but with his gun on the other side. That was my clue to go to shooting—the only chance I ever had in my life to shoot a thief.

As I went to sight along the rifle barrel, I suddenly became blind!

I did not realize at first what had happened and expecting every second to hear shooting. I sat down, took my handkerchief and wiped my eyes and still could see nothing. The officer was calling to me to come in. I was just about ready to call for help myself when I began to see a little, and started for the men. By the time I reached them I was seeing fairly well. (Doctors tell me that in the excitement I was blinded by persperation getting in my eyes.)

Come to find out, it was not my horses or saddle, but was evidently a stolen outfit, so we took the fellow's gun and marched him back to the sandhills where our horses were.

Just then along came an old Mexican with a load of wood, so we took our prisoner and tied him to the load of wood with bailing wire, and the horses on behind the wagon, and sent him on into Juarez to the Chief of Police.

I was informed afterwards that this man got loose and overpowered the driver, took the horse and escaped. That story always sounded fishy to me. I always will believe that thief and that officer were related or at least good friends.

I returned to El Paso tired and blue, sure that I would never hear of my horses and went to the Court House to see if they had any reports from Frank—and was I overjoyed to find that Frank had not only captured the thief, but had recovered both horses and the saddle.

It seems Frank and the officers had just got in front of the Fosselman canyon when they spied a man with horses like mine. Frank called to the officers that he had spotted the thief.

As the officers had good horses, they out-distanced Frank on his old livery nag. The thief, seeing them coming right at him, turned the horse loose he was leading, and headed for this canyon. In doing so they went in such a direction that Frank had a chance to head them off, but his horse was too slow so he dropped in behind. He was surprised to hear the officers calling to him not to

follow the thief. But by this time the thief had reached such rough ground he was dismounting and going afoot. That was where Frank specialized, so he just kept on going after that thief, even further on his horse than the thief had ridden. Frank finally jumped off his horse and was gaining on the thief, who ran around a big boulder, pulled his pistol and faced around ready to shoot Frank. Luckily Frank ran around the other side and caught the thief from behind, who readily threw up his hands. Frank had to march him over a half mile where the officers were; they were afraid to even enter the canyon.

But they had the nerve to holler for the $50 reward; so I split it, and paid them $25.

The horse thief association got very busy; they had good lawyers, and used every means to keep me from prosecuting the thief, whose name was Antonio Abeta. Their lawyers managed to stay off his trial for over a year, sending me many threatening letters. Some six months or more later, some of his gang did come to our place and shot the mare Kitty through the shoulder, and I was compelled to kill her. They threatened to kill me, and burn our house, and steal all our stock, but I called their bluff, and Mr. Antonio Abeta got five years in the penitentiary. Although I always kept my eye open for him after his five years were up, I never saw him again. I think the little affair that the horse thief association pulled off a little later on, put a fear in his heart that kept him clear out of New Mexico.

Mr. Fleck, a close friend of mine and a prominent stockman, had a horse stolen and the suspect was a brother of this Antonio. We knew he had headed down the river so made as fast time as possible. Close to Montoya we saw fresh signs of the horse as Mr. Fleck knew it by the peculiar horse shoe it had on. We came to where a trail led into the valley in heavy willow brush. None of us cared to hunt thieves in such close quarters, so Mr. Fleck went in alone. We soon heard a shot, and pretty soon here came Mr. Fleck with his horse and saddle. On being asked if he saw the thief, he said, "Yes, I caught him in swimming." That was all he ever told us, but I later heard from a Mexican source that he was buried by the priest.

One more story about Frank: We were going to Las Cruces one afternoon horseback, and just as we got to the railroad crossing, we were met by Deputy Sheriffs John Casey and Anastacio Barela, who informed us that the chain gang who was working on the road had shot two of the guards and escaped.

We were impaneled in the posse. I was given a Colt .41 with only two cartridges in it, and Frank was given a nickel-plated pistol. We headed back to the alfalfa and grain field in front of the Demier home. There was a big ditch running through this field that crossed the public road we were on. It was supposed the prisoners were hid in the weeds of this ditch bank. When the posse got off their horses to cross

the fence and surround this ditch, we were informed there were two Negroes in the bunch who were supposed to have the two six-shooters taken from the guards—to especially look out for them as they were doomed men and would probably kill anyone as they had killed the guards.

There was a reward of $200 for every prisoner caught. There was about a dozen in the posse, and at the point where they dismounted on the highway, it was about 100 yards to where this ditch crossed the road.

As I only had two shells in my gun, and had no particular desire to jump a desperate Negro, I suggested I should hold the horses while the rest made the capture. As I looked down the road the idea struck me that bridge would be a good place for the prisoners to hide under, so I tried a bluff that worked. I pointed my gun at the bridge, and called in both Spanish and English: "Come out from under that bridge; I see you!"

Sure enough, here came a Mexican with his hands up. This act made me quite popular, and was congratulated on making the capture single-handed and not having to divide the reward with any one. In the meantime it was found out from this prisoner that the rest of the prisoners had gone on down this ditch where it emptied into an old river bed, grown over by tall tules and cat tails.

John Casey called to me to come on with him. I was riding my pet colt—a high spirited animal. We led the bunch to the river bed on a narrow trail, and when we reached the edge of the tules, John told me to go on across and he would search his side for clues. I told John to go on across himself, and I would do the searching on this side.

"Well," he remarked, "if you are afraid, come on and we will go across together." So we went across as fast as our horses could go, and then turned to our right and scouted along the edge for a distance where there was an open space, and then I crossed back to the other side of the slough.

In the meantime most of the posse had come up and were scouting in all directions. Old man Demier had come along afoot with his shot gun, and crossed the slough at the same place Casey and I had crossed it.

As the tules were much taller here than anywhere else I had an idea they would be more likely to be hiding there, and had started back. Then I saw Demier up on the bank, hollering that he had found them—and was pointing his shot gun like he had them with their hands up. So I turned my horse in his direction and started through the tules as fast as the horse could go.

Suddenly my horse stopped stiff-legged, and I came very nearly going over his head. He had run right up on the two Negroes, who had tried to bury themselves out of sight under the grass. When I saw them I felt sure I was going to be killed, for I was clear out of my saddle seat, and could not get my gun in action. But before I could do anything the Negroes called, "Don't shoot!" and by the time I had regained my seat both Negroes had

their hands up and I marched them out.

It looked like I had made $400 more, but immediately Demier put in his claim; said he had spied one of the Negros' feet sticking out of the grass.

To make a long story short, we never received a cent of reward. Old Mariano Barela, the sheriff at that time, was a regular czar in the county and never even paid his legitimate bills—let alone one he had never personally authorized.

CHAPTER XVII

FRANKS Wood's father and my father were just about as chummy as Frank and I.

One year when my father went back to Kansas City to take a post-graduate course in medicine, my father asked the Judge to keep an eye on us.

We lived just across the road from the Judge's place. We had forty acres, mostly in fruit, and a nice comfortable home. Just Tudie and Myrtle were at home, and they attended school at the College.

Frank and I were very busy with our baseball, hunting, and dancing activities, and were supposed to be engaged to the Litsey sisters.

Things were running smoothly until we had a big ball game with La Mesa. Rivalry had been strong for over a year, and this game was to be the real test and was talked about for over a month before it came off. When it was finally played this Sunday, we had our horses and saddles and all the money we could raise bet on the results. Even Old Man Mead who lived in La Mesa bet ten dollars on us—and when we won there was much excitement and celebration.

Forry White, who had bet on us, invited us out to his house. Forry's wine was noted all over the valley, so when we left Forry's we each had a quart bottle of his famous Muscat wine in our saddle bags. That wine, sure had a wallop in every swallow.

I had never known Frank to taste liquor of any kind, but we were feeling so jubilant over winning the game that Frank imbibed. As we were horseback we took the shortest route home, which meant crossing the river at Vado.

Now, there was always sharp rivalry between us, as to who had the fastest and best saddle horse. We came to a homesteaders cabin up close to Mesquite, who we knew, and concluded to make him a visit. We rode up to his front door and called, but he was not home. But to make sure Frank rode up to the window of four small panes of glass. He hit one with his fist, and it broke. I guess that made him mad, for he just pushed his fist through the other three.

It was then I began to suspect Frank was slightly intoxicated. I tried to ride up along-side of him, but he told me my horse could never pass his horse and we were off on a mad race—about 15 miles from home. There is no use talking—we both had wonderful saddle horses. Those horses ran the whole distance.

I was more much shocked when we came to the railroad crossing on our way home. Frank kept on going—I knew he was headed for the Litsey girls home. We actually dashed in there on Sunday evening when the family was about to have evening worship. Our horses were covered with foam, and of course the girls were excited. Frank never said a word but beat it for the parlor, laid down on the sofa,

and began to vomit before I could even get a vessel. I knew what was coming, and to save the parlor carpet I used Frank's hat for a receptacle, till the girls brought a bucket.

In the meantime old man Litsey had found the two wine bottles in our saddle pockets and the "fat was in the fire."

I was not allowed to make any explanations. I was blamed for leading Frank astray. So I got mad and left—and that was the last time I was ever in the Litsey home.

I, however, had my eye on a fairer and more attractive girl, who had just returned home from the convent—Alice Griggs. Her mother was of pure Castillian extraction, was a widow and considered one of the wealthiest and most prominent families in the entire valley.

She had a sister, Mrs. Woodworth, who lived with her, and also was a widow—with quite a charming daughter. The family lived in typical formal Spanish manner; both girls were betrothed to young fellows they had never spent an hour alone with—but were very devout Catholics.

I had made the screens for the doors and windows of the home. But the girls were away at school, and the only time I had ever seen them was fleeting glances as they whirled by in the family carriage.

So at the time of my blow-up at the Litseys, I was like a lost soul, for Frank could not decide between his girl or me. I would not go back any more, so Frank tried to carry water on both shoulders, and managed pretty well at that.

About this time my father was called to see Mrs. Griggs who had a chill and he asked me to deliver some medicine at her house. I deliberately delayed till after supper, when I shaved and dressed in my best clothes. When I knocked at the door a servant came to answer my knock; I told her I wanted to see Mrs. Griggs, was informed she was ill, and what did I want?

I explained I had some medicine to deliver with some special directions. She tried to shut the door in my face to call one of the girls, but I slipped my foot in the way, and deliberately pushed the door open, and stepped inside the hall. The servant was surprised and hurried to find some other member of the family, which just happened to be Alice herself. I introduced myself and delivered some lengthy directions about the medicine, made some very sympathetic remarks about sickness in the family; the weather, and if the girls ever got lonesome, etc.

But I didn't make much headway; did not even get an invite to sit down. I asked her if she knew how to play whist, which was just as essential at that time to polite society as bridge is now. This got the desired results. She did not know how to play it, and wanted to learn, so with out any more formality, I told her I would come over the next evening at 8:00 and give her a lesson—and departed before she could demure.

I found out afterwards I had exploded a bomb in the family

circle. Mrs. Griggs issued orders I was not to be permitted to enter until I had been properly introduced and vouched for—and besides two young ladies already betrothed had no business receiving other company. But on second thought if I was barred it might give my father offense, and he was the family physician. With their health in his hands, and no telling what might happen if he got mad at them. So they were to let me in that night, and were to tell me not to come back any more.

Well, to make a long story short I was admitted and went back many more times. Neither one of the girls married the boys they were engaged to, and Mrs. Griggs grew as dear to me as any aunt I ever had—and I really believe that in later years when the family had suffered financial reverses, she depended on me more than any of her sons.

I certainly to this day cherish the memory of her and her many good deeds, and the many, many happy times I enjoyed at her home afterwards.

Mrs. Griggs had two other daughters—one older, Kate; and one younger than Alice—and if anything, even more beautiful. Certainly a charming family.

Grace died from typhoid fever at a time when my father was back East, and I am sure if he had been there it would never have happened.

The family was very devout Catholics, and quite naturally the idea was advanced I might marry one of the girls—and hence I must be converted to their faith.

I think that was the one great disappointment of Mrs. Griggs' life that I would not join their church.

As a matter of fact, Frank and I were in extremely bad standing with the old priest because of the tricks we had been playing around town. He was an old Frenchman, ruled his church in a hardboiled manner, and had a hard reputation himself.

It did not take me very long till I had Mrs. Griggs' confidence, and she permitted Alice to go to some of our dances and parties, always with me as her escort. Alice was not only a beautiful girl, but was highly educated and a fine musician, with a wonderful voice. So she added much to the adornment of our social set, which was a real live one.

We sported a dancing club, whist club, and tennis club.

This was a new kind of life to Alice and of course, she enjoyed it—naturally, being the belle.

I have to give all of this prelude as it leads up to Frank's one crowning act of all our experiences.

He was loyal to the Litsey girl for about a year, and during this time I had established myself pretty well in the Griggs family. I had never mentioned the subject of marriage to Alice—that was a subject to be considered in the dim future when I had made my pile and perhaps joined her church, but we used to have our little spats and jealousies, as I was just about as popular at the dances as she was — being considered an exceptionaly good dancer, as well as doing all the calling.

One night we had a dance over

at Frank's house, while my father was back at Kansas City. The Judge was around keeping his eyes and ears open. Frank had his Leona Litsey there, and I took Alice. I danced a little too much with one of the girls and Alice bawled me out for it. We had a few words that the Judge overheard, but patched our fuss up and everything was lovely the rest of the evening.

The next day the Judge called me out and told me my father had asked him to "keep an eye on me." He said: "Look here my boy; I overheard what Alice said to you last night. I am afraid you are getting in deep complications there. Just remember this —she is not only a 'cross-breed' but a Catholic, and you could never marry her."

I assured the judge marriage was a subject we had never discussed.

And to think that in less than six months after this his son Frank was married to her! It all came about in this way:

I used to live beyond my means on the farm, so I had to go off and work for a while and make a stake to buy some good clothes for myself and sister—perhaps a new buggy, saddle or gun. Any way it kept my front up, and I could trot in the best class there was.

I had an application with the Mexican Central Railway for a job as conductor and one day got a telegram to report at Juarez. I had a date with Alice that night to take her to a convent show, so I asked Frank to go over and tell her I was suddenly called away without having time to see her—and that I had sent him to take her to the show. I had it planned that if she accepted the date, I would write and bawl her out for not being true to me, and Frank was to keep me posted.

Well he did all right. About the second letter I had from him, he confided to me she was the most wonderful girl in the world, and the next one announced his engagement—and the next one, the particulars of the marriage.

They were married in 1892. I was away most of the time that year, and until the spring of 1895.

My father, Myrtle, and I had gone out to the mining town of Nogal, New Mexico where the Judge was operating a gold mine called the "American Mining Co."

I was the chief carpenter, Dad was the doctor, and Myrtle was the housekeeper and photographer. I will tell about this trip later.

There was a very heavy snowfall. Everyone said it was impossible to drive a team, as it was deeper than the axle of the buggy, but Dad and I knew if we could get out of the mountains on the flats we could make it. So bright and early we started out. We only knew the road in a general way, and about the first thing we did was to flounder into an arroyo, so the only thing to do was for me to go ahead on foot. The snow was so soft and deep that about all I could do was to wallow in it. Fortunately it was down a steep grade and the further we got the shallower it got.

Fortunately we had a buggy with storm curtains and my pet

team. That night we made Three Rivers, about 30 miles. But next day we got home by traveling 75 miles. That was the kind of a team I had.

We found Frank's house had been quarantined. He had died of scarlet fever he had contracted in nursing one of his children.

That was another time Alice was glad to see me, as I was the first friend to call since Frank's death. Needless to say we extended her every assistance possible. I had lost my dearest and best friend. His getting married had not in any way marred our friendship; we had battled together in too many scrapes. Space does not allow my accounting all of them. He never wavered or failed me once. I still have some of his letters written me while I was in Kansas City, and they sound as if I could hear his voice giving me all the particulars of that hunting trip he had to take without me being along, and what a failure it was.

At the Silver Mine at Viahumada, Mexico

In 1907, Harry H. Bailey operated a silver mine at Viahumada, Mexico. This aged and faded photograph shows his wife, Harriet Newton Bailey (with face shaded by large hat) on left; Mr. Bailey; the Mexican boy who was his daughter Maurine's moso; and Maurine, holding the water carrier. The old Mexican in the right margin is unidentified.

CHAPTER XVIII

● WELL, to get back to the main line again now that I have told the story about Frank Woods.

The real ruler of Dona Ana county at this time was Mariano Barela, who wasn't only the Sheriff, but dictator of the Republican party, and of course about the richest man in the county. He was very fat, and was suffering from fatty degeneration of the heart—but he thought my father the greatest doctor in the world.

He owned 42 acres of very fine land that adjoined the town of Mesilla. He made my father a proposition: that if we would plant it out in an orchard, and cultivate it for a five years, at the expiration of that time he would deed us one half of it.

So we started in, and soon had a nice little nursery business going—the first one ever started in the Valley. My father became so absorbed in the nursery work he would not attend any sick people except if it was an emergency.

It was at this time he was appointed quarantine officer, as he had had small pox. I used to go with him to interpret, and many times we would put up a dozen flags and vaccinate nearly fifty in a day.

I certainly had some great experiences, going around with him. He had one patient die who had lain out all day in the sun drunk; flies had got into his nose, and when we went to see him the maggots had reached his brain.

Another unusual case: the Mexicans had a custom of lining up in front of the church with old muzzle loading muskets, and about every ten minutes all fire a salute at the same time. It was supposed to drive the Devil away, and prevent the high river from flooding the valley. One time one of the guns was not going off but the owner did not know it, as they were firing in volleys. He put in more powder each time, but finally this gun did go off and kicked its owner over, and bruised his shoulder so badly that it mortified. About an hour before he died they sent for my father.

Another pitiful case was a little boy about three years of age, the year the river washed Chamberino away. A great many of the people lost all they had and had to move to the foot-hills and camp. This family had very little to eat, and this child had eaten raw corn until its abdomen was swollen like a balloon. It died while we were there.

And with baby cases I had so much experience, that I contemplated hanging out my shingle as a mid-wife!

After we had at last secured us a home and prospects of an eventual farm in five years after we had complied with our contract with Barela, life took on a different aspect. Our nursery business had as alluring prospects for us as Radium Springs ever had. My two sisters were with us and attending the Ag. College —which we had taken an important part in getting located in the

valley—but it sure called for hard work on the outside getting money to fix up the place, build the home and furnish it.

I worked on the construction at the college as a carpenter — ten hours a day, at two dollars a day. But as I had a pretty good knack of getting in solid with the boss, my wages were raised to two and a half—the highest paid carpenter only received $3.00 a day at that time.

The boss liked to go to dances, and as he was old and bald-headed, I used my influence to make him have a good time with our crowd, and he reciprocated. In fact he fell for the wiles of May DeMier (who baited Crosby to the small pox test as I have related), and I utilized my influence and good will to secure the contract to shingle the roof of one of the large buildings. I got it at a good price, for the old fashioned way was nailing two rows of shingles at a time to a line, and putting two nails to the shingle. The day I started on my contract, a professional shingler with the modern shingler's hatchet that had a gauge on it, came along and showed me a few tricks of the trade and I took him in partnership. With his method we used no line, and instead of putting two nails in each shingle, we laid down two shingles and put one nail in it. We averaged better than six dollars a day each. I've never passed that building in the last thirty years without glancing at the roof to see if it had bolwn off, but it seems to be as good today as the day we laid it.

Well, this stunt put a little extra cash in the treasury and I proceeded to take my first important step in a social way, by investing in a very fancy two-wheel cart built for two. I had always been compelled to take my girl out on horse back, or in a two-seated spring wagon. I had a good driving mare, and that put me in front social standing in our crowd.

There was never a week but that we did not have a dance somewhere, which, combined with our tennis, and whist clubs, and hunting trips—well, I always said and still believe there was never a millionaire's family that got any more joy out of life than we did at this time.

In the summer the baseball team kept us busy, as we occasionally played El Paso and Deming. In the winter it was at least one hunting trip to the mountains, and in none of these lines was I a laggard. I even indulged in an occasional horse race, which of course had to have money bet on it. But I nearly got myself in bad with old man Barela, the sheriff, when I once used a ringer on him to clean up for me and my friends over a hundred dollars.

This was a favorite trick of Barela's but it went hard with him to be beaten at his own game. This was the way I worked it:

While I was running the store for Baggs, a Mexican showed up from Silver City with a race horse that cleaned up every thing around there. So the trainers at the ranch concluded to put up a job on the Mexicans and race Senator, the stallion used by Mr. Baggs for breeding race horses.

Senator at one time had been the fastest mile horse in the U. S., but was wind broken, and only valuable for breeding purposes. He had cost the old man a fortune; he kept a special jockey with him all the time.

We figured Senator had enough wind to last a quarter-mile, and would have no trouble in outrunning a Mexican pony that far. Accordingly, without telling the Mexicans what horse we proposed to run—except it was a local horse—the race was arranged and the Mexicans bet all they had. We Americans, thinking we had a cinch, did likewise. There was over a thousand dollars up on that race—I had forty up myself. The Mexicans looked sick when we trotted Senator out, but it was too late to kick.

The race was run and Senator lost, as the pony was half way over the course before Senator ever got under way. Knowing what a wonder this pony was, I got its owner to come up to our place and ride him in covered with mud and cockle burrs in his mane and tail and go to work like a peon for us. When Barela pulled his next race this Mexican showed up on the pony, and wanted to race it. He was scorned at but I agreed to bet twenty dollars on him and that got some attention. We put our race over, and made a nice clean up. I got my forty dollars back I had lost on this pony, but old man Barela certainly had it in for me ever after that.

It was two years later when I captured the chain-gang prisoners I have told about, so it was a cinch he would never have paid me that reward. In fact, if he had lived I do not believe we ever would have got title to our part of the place without an expensive lawsuit, but he died the year our time was up and his executors complied with our contract.

CHAPTER XIX

● IN 1892 finances got low with the family, and I utilized my acquaintance with the superintendent of the Santa Fe railroad —Mr. Mudge, who later became president of the Santa Fe. He had visited us once while at Chamberino on a duck hunt, and knowing several railroad men (among them George Burgess, a fireman, who became and is still one of my warmest friends), I was promised a job braking out of San Marcial.

I did not stick with it so very long, but certainly had plenty of action while there—that was the year of so much high water. I did not have money enough to finance myself long, but expected George Burgess to stand for my board bill till pay day.

I will never forget the night I got Frank Woods to drive me to Cruces to wait for the regular freight train that came up some time before midnight. Frank dumped me and my big old valise out to wait for that train. I had no idea who was the conductor, but hoped to find some of the crew I knew. But such was not my luck—and I had to go to the conductor and put up a real talk. At that time it was the unwritten law among railroad men to use every means to keep beginners from breaking into the ranks of the regulars, thus making it harder for them to secure jobs.

I met that conductor a few years ago downtown, and he made me go out to his home and meet his wife while we talked over old times. His name is Fred Griffith, and he is now a baggageman, as he has grown so deaf he can no longer hold a conductor's job.

Well, that night old Fred was bound to keep one greenhorn out of the regular's ranks—but he says he never heard a talk like the one I put up, and he told me to climb on and ride. Then and there we became fast friends.

When I arrived at San Marcial I reported to the train master, and as Mr. Mudge had issued orders to put me on, I was duly enrolled.

That night the river washed the track out between there and Albuquerque and El Paso, tying up all traffic both ways. George Burgess was caught at Albuquerque, and I did not know a person to go to for help in the town—and only had a dollar in my pocket. Fortunately, I located George's room and got his landlady to let me occupy it till he got in and I tried living on two meals a day. That was the first time I really learned what true pangs of hunger was like.

I walked down in the yards one day where a bridge gang was being organized. It was just before supper, and the odors which came from the boarding car goaded me to desperation. I located the foreman, and was promptly enrolled as a bridge carpenter, and given an order on the boarding car. We left that night for a washed-out bridge, and if I do say it myself, I sure made good with that gang of huskies—and soon got the bridge completed and the line to Albuquerque open.

When George showed up, of course all was well. In the meantime, the first day I was there, I got nervous, and for the first and only time in my life I wrote my folks for money. I wrote my sister Maggie at Silver City and my brother Ed at Kansas City. Needless to say both promptly responded, but as no mails were coming through it was a week before I received it.

I could write a whole volume about my experiences at San Marcial, but will mention just a few of the high points.

Being such a good dancer and caller, with George's introduction, I immediately became very popular with the dancing crowd—most of whom were railroad employees—and I made many friends who are around here yet.

Whiskey at that time was not taboo even with trainmen, and very few trips were made when the engineer or conductor was not half-drunk. I never drank, and this was quite an item in my favor, although often being ridiculed. But the conductors realized the benefits of being assured one sober man in the crew, and were inclined to appreciate me.

But I had to prove my mettle. On my first trip I caught a regular old son-of-a-gun, named Harry. When he found out I was a green horn making my first trip, he set out to ruin me—which was usually done by making the novice make a coupling (we used old link and pins at that time.) By bringing the cars together at a fast clip—as you had to raise the link with your hands and let it go as it entered the other drawhead in time to save your fingers—it took some expert handling, and usually caused the novice to lose some fingers—and his job.

He had told the engineer, John DeHart, what was up, but did not mention my name. The engineers did not like this treatment much, but of course had to respond to the signals given them.

The first time we had to back into a side track there were some cars already there, and this conductor told me to make a coupling of the caboose on those cars. Then he signaled to the engineer to come back at a fast clip. I knew all about this stunt—in fact, I could make couplings and catch a train going as fast as the best of them. I had provided myself with a short stick, which I kept out of sight. When I made this coupling I used the stick, but they came together so hard it broke the drawbar, and the conductor had to make out a report. He was giving the signals and of course was responsible. But he reported I had given the signals and I was to blame. At the investigation the engineer backed me up and the conductor got a 30-day layoff. But my reputation was being established.

My next conductor, Pat Savage (who I understand is a bum around here now) tried to get me left at Rincon. Going out of Rincon, the trains take a run to climb the heavy grade to the top of the mesa. As we were leaving he had me go over to the engine with him to deliver orders, and told the engineer to get out fast as he could; that we would catch the caboose, which had special handholts to enable the trainmen

to get on while going at a rapid clip. Now, refrigerator cars have certain handholts; when one is familiar with them, they are about as easy to get on as the caboose holt.

When the train started, I started back at a rapid pace to catch the caboose, but Savage kept up with me. I had a hunch he was putting up a job on me by getting in my way and would try to get me left. I knew it would never do for me to get on the caboose before him. I also knew a refrigerator car was next to the caboose, and I caught it O. K. But old Pat got left and I had to stop the train and back up for him—much to his mortification and my glory.

These stunts gave me my standing, and I was accepted by the conductors as an exceptionally clever kid. As a matter of fact, I had had my training in railroading when I was a peanut butcher —and being so active I was more competent than the average brakeman.

My next conductor, George Star, was a prince—we got along fine. We had as head brakeman, a little old weazened old timer boozehound name Bean.

One time we were dead-headed to El Paso around by Deming, as the line was washed out at that time close to Radium Springs. While waiting in El Paso to take a train out—we were informed it would be several days — Bean nosed around among his old cronies and got us a job taking the place of a couple of switchmen in the S. P. yards.

It was something of a booze party. Old Bean was full, and was killed stepping up on the foot-board of a switch engine about in front of the Angelus Hotel. We did not know it, but my conductor Star was killed nearly the same time while riding out to the Smelter on the front of a switch engine that struck a split switch. This got on my nerves a little, but I dead-headed back to San Marcial and was sent out with another prince of a conductor—George Thomas. The head brakeman of our crew was a friend of mine—Johnny Ott. Johnny's mother was Spanish and he spoke the language like a native. His folks were quite prominent in Silver City. One of his sisters was a good friend of mine —we had attended many dances together. I was out to make and save money and so was Johnny. We teamed fine—we carried Mexicans in the box cars, at so much per head. When in Albuquerque we combed the town for Mexican passengers to El Paso or Deming, which ever place we were going—and being able to speak the language, we did a good, safe business. But this combination was broken one day when Johnny was drowned while swimming in the river.

While with Thomas we were sent to Magdalena for a train of stock. This was a dangerous grade — and an experienced brakeman who was familiar with the grade was sent with us as a pilot. Many trains had gotten away and had been wrecked.

We were supposed to hold them by hand brakes. There were three brakemen and each one had five cars to manipulate. There was a sag where we were sup-

posed to release our brakes in crossing. The pilot, who was in the middle, was to signal us at that time. It was quite dark and I guess the pilot lost his bearings, for when I got the signal to let off my brakes, the engineer began whistling for brakes. I promptly set up the brakes on my five cars, but we did not seem to slacken our great speed. I soon saw the other two brakemen coming for the back end. They had the engineer and fireman with them. The engine was in back motion; the whistle was tied down. We all made for the caboose. The pilot wanted to cut the caboose loose, but Thomas was just drunk enough to be obstinate and refused. We huddled on the back platform ready to jump when we heard the crash, but fortunately the switch crew at Socorro heard our whistle and knew what was happening and had the switches lined up for the main line. We stopped a couple of miles beyond Socorro—every oil box was ablaze from the friction of the brakes. We had quite a time throwing sand, carrying water and getting the fire out. Then we had to wait until the fireman got the coal thrown back, as it had rattled down against the fire box. Then we resumed our trip, no one hurt; and only the pilot got fired.

I once had a close call in losing my job because of flirting with a girl. We were making a flying switch, in which I rode a box car into the side track back of the depot. Just across the track the agent lived, and I had danced with his sister—and had a promise of taking her to the next dance. She knew I was in, and I wanted to talk to her. So when I came coasting in on this car at about twenty miles an hour she was out looking for me. I was to spot the car at the far end of the depot and thought the track was clear, but I soon found out there was a flat car of rails standing behind the depot. I only had the one car, and I wanted to demonstrate my ability as a brakeman, so I had not set my brake up. When I saw her, of course I had to wave. As I noticed her frantic pointing, I caught sight of that flat car. I had just got hold of the brake when they came together with a crash—and I scooted the whole length of that car's roof—which was full of nails sticking up—and they nearly tore all my clothes off. Fortunately my mind cleared quickly. I knew I would have to have an excuse.

I got off the car, and as luck would have it, succeeded in unscrewing the nut from the end of the brake chain and threw it away. When the conductor arrived I was moaning and cussing the car inspectors for sending out a car with a defective brake — and happened to have a girl witness to prove I was desperately twisting on the brake when the crash came.

Another thrilling experience occurred one time when we were just starting down the steep grade into Rincon. We were supposed to hold them down this grade by hand brakes, and the rule was to get out on top at Gramma, the top of the grade. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and there was a drizzling rain. Next to our caboose we had a car of threshing

machinery, and one of the stacker spouts stuck up in the air close to the top of the next box car. I had noticed this and I thought I could jump from this spout to the top of the box car, but had not tried it. I was sitting at the side door of the caboose with my lantern between my legs looking for the switch at Gramma, when I knew I would have to get out on top. I guess I must have dozed off, for I was awakened by the engineer whistling for brakes. Thomas, as usual, had too many drinks, and was in his bunk—so I jumped up and climbed over the car of machinery. Somehow in the dark I found myself climbing up that spout that reached so close to the next car. When I got there we were going so fast, I did not have the nerve to try and jump over, and concluded to drop down and climb up the ladder of the next car. Thinking I could swing down from his spout of the thresher, and get my feet on the wheel of the brake, I swung down—and hanged if I could feel any thing with my feet. As it was drizzling and my gloves were wet, I knew there was nothing to do but let go and take chances of grabbing something or falling between the cars.

I let go—and sat down on top the brake wheel I had not been able to reach with my feet! Then I set my brakes, and no one in that crew was any the wiser of that experience.

Here's another railroading experience that old Ed Piper, the engineer, used to like to tell my wife about:

His fireman—named Struck—and I were cutting up on the engine. While on the side track we had raided a garden and got a lot of tomatoes. We had started a little battle, throwing them at each other, while on the engine—and I had hit him right in the face with a big ripe one. I started to run back to the train. Just as I reached for the brakewheel of the next car, in stepping from the tender of the engine, the coupling broke, releasing the engine. As the engine went out from under me, I got a hold of the brake and one foot landed on the car. But Piper thought sure that I had gone down between the car and engine, and he tells quite a dramatic account of his emotions at the time.

One more experience and think that will suffice and explain my reason for my quitting and going home for a change.

We were stalled on a hill with a long train, and Thomas, my conductor, sent me back to flag a train following us, and bring up their engine to help us over the hill. Fortunately, I hurried back and barely caught the train. As it came around the hill, the engineer evidently was not looking and did not see my signals. But a brakeman saw them, and stopped the train. This brought on an argument, as the engineer was in bad for not seeing my signal, but pretended to have seen them, and "was fooling with me."

This engine was the first of a type of very large engines that had been sent over to our division. Thomas was giving a friend a ride, and they both were drinking; this friend was asleep in my bunk. We only had a box car converted into a caboose, but had

a door cut in the end. I coupled the engine on, and when we were at the top of the hill Thomas called me to cut her loose—but I could not pull the pin. He then called to me to get on top, signal the engineer to stop—and when he quit pushing he thought he could pull the pin.

But when the engine was reversed, it broke the train in two. This automatically set the air brakes. Thomas then called to slack the engine ahead. Just at the instant the brakes had set, this heavy engine just crushed our caboose into kindling wood. Fortunately the roof—instead of crushing—was pushed right up in the air. As I was on my knees looking down at Thomas, the first thing I knew I was getting a puff of hot air in my face as the smoke stack came under me. I was thrown clear over the next box car, landing on the roof of the second one. It was drizzling rain, and the rain hitting me in the face brought me to. I had lost my lantern, and at first I did not know where I was—but the hissing of the engine brought me back to my senses. I got down and went back where the engineer was trying to back his engine out of the wreckage—which he finally succeeded in doing.

I expected to see Thomas mashed all over the front of the engine, but he had miraculously been pushed in to the space under the head of the boiler—due to the fact he was bending over at the time trying to pull the pin. I reached up and got hold of his foot and pulled him out on the pilot—or cow catcher. He was mumbling, and at first I did not think him seriously hurt, but soon saw his head was badly cut and profusely bleeding. We were on the bank of the Rio Grande and he immediately wanted to jump in the river. I grabbed him and we had a terrible struggle until he lost consciousness, then I laid him out on the river bank.

The engineer had not given me a bit of assistance, and by this time the engineer of our own train had come back. Of course they stuck by each other, and began to try and fix the blame on me—even going back to the incident when I had flagged him. An argument as to who was in authority then arose. I insisted that the rest of our train be pulled over to the next siding, where we were to meet the passenger. But my engineer insisted if I wanted to assume that authority, for me to give him the signal and for me to go over throw the switch and flag the passenger—which I finally did. Johny Nelms was the passenger conductor and a good friend of mine. I was covered with blood from my struggle with Thomas, and when a doctor was located in the Pullman, I had to submit to an examination to see where I was hurt. But the doctor said I was O. K.

The passenger train was run as close as possible to Thomas, he was put in the baggage car, and was in the hospital six months.

This gave me my fill of that bunch. As I had quite a little money saved up which I wanted to spend around home, I went home and stayed until I went to Mexico.

CHAPTER XX

● I BOUGHT some fancy harness and bright red paint for the cart —and started in to have a good time. As I have said, we were well fixed by now. Each of the girls had good horses and saddles —there were no better riders or dancers in the valley. For instance I had a black colt that was quite a runner. Every night when school at the college was out, there was a race down to the end of the lane—about a mile—to see who had the fastest horse. Tudie was not winning any of the races, so I let her ride Dickwell. She won the race that night—everything on the road he passed—for he ran away with her—all the way home, for three miles. When he arrived at the gate, which was closed, he just jumped it. She was not thrown, but did not insist on riding him any more.

I was getting to be quite an expert rider—at least I thought so. I had Billy Martin, a prototype of Billy-the-Kid, for an instructor. He was considered the most expert rider and shot in the valley, and had one notch on his gun. He was about my age, and we were great chums for a short while. I finally bought a beautiful sorrel mare, from Broncho Sue's herd, noted for their stamina and wildness. We threw her, put on a saddle, and Billy rode her a couple of times. By this time we could saddle her without throwing her, and Billy thought I could ride her. I only tried it once—she threw me so hard I never again tried to ride a bronch.

About this time Eugene Manlove Rhodes came down out of the mountains to get a whiff of civilization, and an eye full of girls—as well as an earful of chatter. He heard of me being thrown, so kindly offered to ride the mare for me, being careful that a number of girls heard him. Next morning we saddled her up, and in order that Gene might be amply rewarded for all his trouble, we took her over in the lane between the Casad and Griggs home where several of the reigning beauties lived. After they had all been notified that Gene was about to mount, and they were perched around on the fences, we helped Gene get on.

But the show was so short it was hardly worth looking at. On the first jump, she threw Gene clear over the fence into the Griggs yard—and he positively refused to do any more entertaining.

Life on the farm was a continuous round of hard work, lots of fun, and very little money—same as now, the dough was always around the corner. We were rich, but could not realize it. We have all agreed that we never have enjoyed life more than during this period.

I wish I could take time to relate particulars of the parties, hunting trips, dances and little banquets we used to have. I used to work all day, and just before sunset would saddle my horse and go out and get a goose, or a mess of quail. One time—the day before Thanksgiving—I was saddling up

while Frank Wood sat on his horse waiting for me. Myrtle asked me where I was going and I told her "for a goose for Thanksgiving dinner." Now, we had never heard of geese in the valley that early. We really were after quail. We were way out on the foot hills across the river, when we saw an immense flock of geese coming—very high. As they came over Frank, he let them have both barrels, but that only bunched them up a little. By the time they got over me—well, I had buckshot in my gun, and sure enough we had goose for Thanksgiving. That was one of Frank's favorite anecdotes.

Another favorite story of Frank's was about one very windy day when we spotted six geese sitting in pairs in a grain stubble. Now, geese will let you approach quite close the first time they see you, if you approach them in a different guise or manner. As the wind was right, we drove as close as I wanted too. They were sitting in pairs, close together, with their heads under their wings—except one old lookout, but he paid no attention to us. We were so close that I took the goose shot out of my gun, and put in No. 4 duck shot. Frank thought he did the same, but made a mistake and put in quail shot. The plan was each to shoot the pair on his side, and when the other pair got up I was to take the one on the right, and Frank the one that went to the left—expecting to kill all six. So I told Frank to shoot when ready. He was between me and the geese—and we shot black powder in those days which made lots of smoke. When he shot, I also let go and killed my pair, but was surprised to see more than two in the air. One went flying quite low to the right and I killed it too. Come to find out, due to the smoke, Frank had not killed any.

Now I have kept off the subject of girls, afraid if I ever started on them I would never get back to my main theme. But one party we had is still fresh in my mind. My father was away somewhere, and I got a note from Will Skidmore for a round-up of the girls, as he and some boys were coming over for a little dance and would bring refreshments. All I had to do was rustle the music and girls—that was easy. They brought a small keg of beer—the first most of the girls had ever seen. We put the keg in the kitchen, with a small foot tub under the faucet to catch the drip. We had a glass pitcher which Myrtle had poured boiling water in one day, and the bottom had fallen out. We were all having a jolly time when Will came out to get a glass of beer.

We told him there were no glasses; to put his mouth over the faucet. Just then Will spotted this pitcher, and remarked that was just his size—and started to fill it. Of course the beer ran right through the bottomless pitcher but Will did not notice—and the more we laughed, the funnier he thought he was—till he discovered what was happening. We got so hilarious over this that some of the girls told Myrtle we were getting "full" just as she loomed up on the scene. Will had picked up the foot-tub and was going to drink out of it when Myrtle

yelled; "that is a foot-tub!" Will told her if she washed her footsies in it, that would only improve the flavor—and drank it. Myrtle was sure then, from such actions, that we were all full, but how to tell was the question. Some one suggested she make each fellow walk a crack in the floor, which every one did—and a scandal was averted.

One of the famous dancing places was the old Baggs store, where I had once worked. It was a splendid large room with a good floor, and was vacant all the time. It was 25 miles from Mesilla. Some times we went horseback, but later when I got a Columbus buggy I went in the buggy—used to make the drive in three hours. There are a good many grandmas still living in the valley who still remember going to these dances with me—as I had what was the last word in those days in elegant comfortable transportation.

A Columbus buggy in those days cost $140 — and was the equivalent of a Lincoln now — while Montgomery Ward buggies were in the "Ford class" — they cost around $75.

Mine had a storm curtain which shut the front in tight, with a slit in the center for the lines, and a little glass window in the back. When it was very cold I had a large double blanket that I spread half out over the seat and when we were seated, the other half was pulled up for a lap robe. As we danced till nearly day-light and were dog-tired, we just cuddled up, hit the team a slap and napped all the way home—usually getting in Mesilla at a little after sun up—in time for breakfast and to start to work on time. Saturday night dances did not last past midnight—as there was a general prejudice against dancing on Sunday—but we could sleep late next day.

My father never allowed us to neglect work on account of going to dances, but we were used to missing a night of sleep, and it did not bother us much That was the rule with all our crowd, with the exception of Frank, whose parents allowed him to do just about as he pleased. I have often thought of how being the only boy in the family spoiled the making of many a good man.

CHAPTER XXI

● GUESS I am getting along in my story where I will have to introduce the subject of girls. My how I hate to tackle this subject! I know I can never do it justice—and find enough space to give all the details which is called for—for their charms and virtues were legion. And most of them are now grandmas still around here.

As I have told, my first infatuation for the little Spanish-American girl Rafaelita (who still lives in Las Cruces) was quite a jolt to me from which I did not make a quick recovery. Then there was two or three other Mexican senoritas that held my fancy, till one real beautiful American girl, Ivah Mead, arrived at La Mesa. I heard recently she is now a grandma and lives in Albuquerque.

Her father was a lawyer, and they came from St. Louis—were quite aristocratic—and gave our circle a little upper crust; which, I know now was a good thing for us. Our fathers were great friends, so we did a great deal of visiting. I finally got over my bashfulness enough to venture to teach Ivah to ride horseback. But Ivah never did get over her bashfulness, awkardness, and habit of blushing easily—which did not detract from her charms. I had known her for over a year before I ever attempted to learn to dance—and to my dying day I will never forget how my heart palpitated the first time I ever tried to dance with her. I never had put my arm around an American girl before—and really came very near fainting—but we got along fine ever afterwards.

I never teased her because of her many awkward breaks—as was bound to happen from time to time. In helping her mount her horse for example it was customary to take the girl's foot in one's hand to give them a boost to their side saddles. Of course, now and then in her nervousness she would try to jump too quickly and my hand would slip off her foot.

One time the pony jumped and she landed across her saddle on her stomach and while I held her plunging pony's bridle with one hand I tried to grab one of her feet with the other. And another time, when we were riding in the back seat of a double rig, she thought she would show her ability in getting out when we stopped, so she put her foot on the hind wheel and just jumped right at me. Of course I held out my hands, but as she was no feather-weight. I went over on my back and she on top of me.

Another embarassing experience was once when I popped in to see her when she was ironing. Now, if I had one failing that worried me, it was having my shirt tail getting out and hearing about it from the girls. I had planned on seeing Ivah, and had put on a clean white shirt. As it was a very hot day, I was in my shirt sleeves—so when I went out where Ivah was ironing, her cousin Sue and Mate Heron were talking and cutting up. I sat on one corner of the table where her

unironed clothes were. I kept noticing the girls glancing at me and giggling—and at once was confirmed of the suspicion that my shirt was sticking out. So whenever the opportunity offered, I would slip my hand back and take a poke. It seemed I would never get it all in, but finally all felt smooth in my rear and I left as gracefully as I could (I imagine blushing as brightly as Ivah ever did in her life). But I was horrified when I came to investigate what made my saddle seat so uncomfortable—to find that I had purloined a pair of Ivah's panties, which I had mistaken for my shirt tail.

Then there were innumerable other girls, but they were fleeting fancies till I met what I always termed my Irish Rose—Molly Sullivan. The first time I danced with her it was a case of mutual admiration—and just why it never terminated in matrimony is not just real clear to my mind yet—for we certainly were satisfied with each other and had our loyality for each other tested many times. But I guess her foster mother and the fates had just decided otherwise. Her mother was a very devoted Catholic, and as later in my experience with Alice Griggs, I could not be induced to join.

When Mollie and I would get too thick her mother would manage to cause some kind of a rift, and being such a popular girl, I naturally had plenty of rivals, chief of whom was the late Claude Thompson.

One memorable time Molly's mother had restricted her attending dances with any one but Claude. That made me mad, and we got to bantering back and forth. I finally got word that her mother had even prohibited her from dancing with me—and I promptly made a bet with one of the busy-bodies that Molly would not refuse to dance with me. This led to our crowd dividing into two factions, headed by Claude and myself.

Finally, to settle the question, we arranged for a grand ball at the Baggs store, and the day of the ball I got word that Claude had said if I did dance with Molly he would fill me full of lead. To give color to his threat, he went to Royal Jackman who at that time was agent at Anthony and quite fond of my cousin May (whom he eventually married)—and asked Mr. Jackman for the loan of his sixshooter, as he was expecting trouble with me that night. Of course this warning reached me promptly over our "grapevine telegraph service," as did the word from Claude's chum, Gene DeMier, who was my sisters Tudie's steady at that time. He naturally, like Mr. Jackman, felt he was doing the Bailey faction a favor in spreading the warning of what was to happen to me if I danced with Molly that night. Needless to say I had my gang there—with extra reinforcements in the way of Clarence Rhodes, Frank Heron, and several other tried and true gunmen. As I was the manager of the dance and did all the calling, I laid my plans accordingly. I asked Molly for the next waltz quadrille, and as we had not been seen dancing together for the last two dances, of course there was quite a buzz when we

walked out on the floor. I deliberately took our place in the same set that Claude was to dance in. As I was not promptly shot, I began to breathe more easily, and as I called the changes I took pains to see that any changes where Claude had an opportunity to dance with Molly were made very short, but were unduly extended when it came my turn to dance with her. Molly and I got such a kick out of being together again that she agreed to go to the next dance with me —which was to be at Earlham (present Vado.)

But I got a note from her at the last minute that her mother forbade, and that she was going with Claude. As I was over at my Cousin May's, she agreed to go with me.

It was quite a ball—but I was miffed at Molly and would not dance with her. It was always customary to have a supper at midnight and was an unwritten rule that one danced the first dance after refreshments with their partners, so when May came to me and told me that Molly was hurt over my not dancing with her and that she wanted to talk to me, I went to her right after we had eaten and suggested that we go outside where no one could see us and talk it out.

It was a pitch-dark night and we went outside at a side door where there was a loading platform with steps, went down to the middle of the steps and sat down, and were very busy coming to an understanding when the music started up for the regulation waltz. Now, of course, my cousin was my partner, and I dared not face her wrath for such a breach of etiquet as not being present to dance with her. But it was a more serious affair with Molly, and I kept urging her to stay a minute longer when we heard Claude come to the door and inquire if any one had seen Molly.

One of the boys said he had seen us go out the door. As we were within ten feet of them, we kept very quiet, which was a mistake—because what we heard, I dare not put on paper. It was sufficiently shocking to prevent us from going back to the dance at all—and that was why Molly never married Claude.

It was quite cold, so we went over to the little store, woke the proprietor, and made a fire. We sat there till the dance was over. Claude and May had just about agreed to go home together, thinking Molly and I had gone. Poor Molly was mortally afraid of her mother, and knew if any such thing happened she would loose her happy home. I was in no financial condition to offer her another one, so when Claude and May located us, we swapped partners and everything was lovely.

I think without doubt that the two most and best remembered individuals who sparked our social outlook during these days, was Kate Doughty from Minnesota, and Elias Day—better known as Nubby—a nickname that followed him from the East.

He was a university man, a tip-top baseball player, and all-around athlete. He taught us the higher ethics of sport, and made good ball players out of Frank Amador and myself. Nubby caused me to form a base ball

club, which was named the Mesilla Stars, and we made history, too. Frank Wood and I were the battery, all the rest being natives we trained.

Our short stop, Abram Gamboa, had a long black beard, and was the toughest mortal I ever saw—a ball had pass through to get by him. Our farm foreman, Lloy Lucero, did not hit the ball so very often, but when he did it usually was a home run.

We played Deming and El Paso, but mostly with La Mesa, as they had an all-American team, mostly from the broom factory which was operated there in those days.

We always were willing to bet our pile on our team, and all teams were scouting for expert players, so of course "ringers" had to be expected. Disguising our ringers was my specialty.

One notable game still discussed was the time I put over an expert husky pitcher from the Kansas League. He was in the Valley for lung trouble, and was a patient of my father. It was nip and tuck with the La Mesa team, and a final game to decide the series had been set. I knew they had new players from abroad, as they insisted on doubling the stakes, but our forfeit money was up, and I just had to do something. The pitcher from Kansas consented to help us.

So I took Mr. Mead, who owned a store in La Mesa, into my confidence and he gave our pitcher a job in his store, from which vantage point he secured valuable information as to our rival's plans. I had spent several hours of practice with Frank—our new pitcher's name—and we had our signals down pat, as I was the catcher.

Just before the game started, I bet my horse, saddle and watch, and when Mr. Mead slipped me a ten-dollar bill to bet for him, I felt that cinched the game.

Of course we won, but it was a terrific struggle which wrecked the La Mesa ball team for good. Later, Las Cruces maintained a professional team, on which Nubby played all the time, and Frank Amador and I played occasionally, when they were short-handed.

Kate Doughty was a Normal graduate, and an expert musician. She sparked modern dress and social customs for the girls, and kept her hand in training us rural swains. As I had the only Columbus buggy, which had a storm curtain that fastened to the top, with a slit in the middle which the lines passed through — with a pair of heavy laprobes, and a spanking team, I always got her nod when the dance was to be held down in the Chamberino old brick store building, which I once operated for Mr. Baggs.

Hope this chapter will give an inkling of what life was like in those days. I have barely touched the high spots regarding myself without telling much about my sisters who were having similar good times.

My sister Myrtle had to be the mother of the family, as she took over when my sister Maggie was married. She was 14 then, and was thoroughly qualified.

CHAPTER XXII

IN 1892 I was railroading in Mexico. I was a freight conductor, running out of Chihuahua. When I first entered the service, I did a two weeks apprentice learning the road as a brakeman.

A very close friend, Al Dascomb, with whom I had railroaded while with the Santa Fe, was my conductor and trainer. I was really a more competent railroader than Al, from the mechanical point—and being able to speak Spanish, made me a valued associate, as Al did not speak their language.

At this time, any competent railroad man in this country could secure employment in Mexico—in fact when they applied for a job, they were not asked what their names were in the United States.

This created a boon for the chronic boozers, and I seldom made a trip when the engineer—or conductor—were both sober; in fact that was why Al was down there.

In all our outings he had never seen me even tipsy. On account of the thieving peons, all cars put on a side track were stripped of their airhose, links and pins, which had to be carried to the caboose. The order was reversed whenever we picked up cars, so naturally we operated our trains with only a minimum of air brakes—just too much trouble to screw on the hose. The track was rickety; same for all equipment.

At this time it was every freight conductors ambition to last until he was made a passenger conductor, where the pickings averaged a thousand dollars a month. So railroading in Mexico in those days was one continued round of unusual experiences. Something happened on every trip which I still remember—although it happened more than 55 years ago.

My first thrill will serve as a sample to give my readers an idea of how the game was played.

Al and I had been to a swell ball in the American club. We had been called to go out at 2 a. m. Al, having me along, knew it was safe for him to hit it up, which he did. I managed to get him into the caboose about 1 a. m. I then got our way bills, registered out, found the engineer half sober, gave him the high-ball, and we were off. This was my second trip south, and I remembered that about fifty miles south, we went down a steep grade that passed through a canyon, where the track had been washed out, and a rickety by-pass had been laid. As we only had six cars connected for air, I knew we had to hold the train by hand brakes.

I was functioning as both conductor and rear brakeman—while Al snoozed in his bunk. I felt my responsibility, and accordingly I opened the side door and sat with my lantern between my legs, looking for the switch at the top of grade where I was to get out on top and twist brakes.

I guess my busy night was to blame—anyway, I was suddenly aroused by the whistle for brakes.

The caboose was full of dust, and telegraph poles looked like teeth in a fine comb. I yelled to Al that we were running away, and dashed out to set brakes.

We had six cars of rails next to the caboose, and four boxcars next to the engine, on which we had screwed air hose. I soon found that the swift pace had caused the rails to shift which blocked most of my brakes. Just as I reached the last car, here came the engineer and negro head brakeman.

The engineer said he had the engine in back motion, but it was a cinch we would pile up when we hit the shoo-fly. The only thing to do was to pull the pin on the caboose, and slowly coast down. This we proceeded to do and Al was sobered up to the extent of remarking "it is O. K."

As we coasted along looking for our wreck, we were surprised to hit the shoo-fly and found no train piled up, but finally caught up with it a few miles further on. But what a mess it was! All boxes where brakes were set were blazing; we extainguished the fires by throwing sand on them. When we reached the engine the fireman had his rosary out and was giving fervent thanks to Providence for his salvation. The coal was piled up against the fire box, and the engineer had quite a time getting things in shape to resume the trip.

At Ortiz, a prominent stop, Al who had gone back to bed, and told me to go up and register. Just as I reached the station I met the train-master who was out scouting for trouble. He asked me where Al was, and I told him he was busy in the caboose and would be along shortly. Then he started towards the caboose. We all had agreed not to mention the runaway, but I know it was a precarious situation. I went around the engine and dashed for the caboose on the opposite side of the train, beating the train-master, and called to Al that he was coming, and ducked. Al just had time to pull on a coat and step off the caboose and met the train-master—and that was that.

I have already related my small pox experience which occurred a month or so later.

My rough railroad life was interrupted by a letter from my brother in New York, who, in his early days had been a brakeman, and objected to my following in his foot steps along that line. He baited me with an alluring proposition to go to Kansas City, and attend to closing out several interests he had there, and then later join him in New York.

I jumped at the offer, and after a heart-to-heart talk with Al, it was agreed we would each report to the other every six months, compare records to find out who during the next few years was the most prosperous. Will close the subject by stating I only had one letter from Al—the company caught him before he had been a passenger conductor a month.

CHAPTER XXIII

● LIFE in Kansas City was fine. I met an old time Kansas friend named Lucas—he published a magazine named "Thresherman's Press." I loafed around his office a lot, and one day he showed me some ridiculous cuts, labeled "Scenes in Old Mexico." Lucas remarked, "What a waste—if I just had some descriptive material, I could use them, and make a splurge in my paper."

He suggested I try and write something along that line he could use.

That was my maiden effort as a writer. It must have been pretty good for I was enrolled as a staff writer, and kept it up even while in New York.

While I was in Kansas City, I joined the Sons of Veterans. This was my first experience in a secret society, and I was thrilled by the experience as there were always lots of jokes and tricks being played.

One of the favorites was when a new member was initiated and he thought it was all through, the presiding officer would name a couple of huskies to escort the new member to the center of the floor, where he was compelled to make a speech. Acute embarrasment and a poor speech made the best entertainment. For several meetings I had escaped and thought I was safe, but one meeting, when I was laughing at a poor devil who nearly chewed his tongue off trying to say something, here came the committee to escort me to the floor. The presiding officer remarked, "We will now hear from a new member from New Mexico and see what kind of lingo they use."

Now, I had prepared a speech in my mind sometime before, but when I got to the center of that hall and looked at that crowd I lost my head. I got off the first introductory sentence, but after that I could not think of a word. When the crowd began to giggle, I got an idea—and cut loose with a string of Spanish. I was not a fluent Spanish speaker, but could cuss in that language, and knowing there was no one there who could understand me, I proceded to give them all a real first-class Spanish cussing.

As I gained confidence, I emphasized my talk with gestures in a way that made a hit—in fact after that they nick-named me "Mex."

Later, on my return from New York when I stopped in Kansas City for a few days to visit with this gang, they pulled a special card party at the hall in my honor. It was agreed that I was to be the prize winner and pull that same speech stunt for the benefit of the ladies. That sounded all right to me, and was all primed for the part I was to play—till I met a most charming young lady who had been raised in Chihuahua. We had a lot of mutual acquaintances there, and of course she spoke Spanish fluently. I knew my trick was blowed. However they would not let me back out—so I took her into my confidence and made my

speech.

But on account of having to leave out the cuss words I was self conscious and the words refused to flow smoothly from my tongue.

While in Kansas City, through Lucas' influence, I got a position doing some "spotting" on a rich man's wife. It paid five dollars a day and my hours were from six in the evening till midnight. There were two of us on the job.

The man who had the earlier shift and I finally agreed the lady was innocent of any wrong-doing —in fact we felt sorry for her. The more we spied on her, trailing her during trips from home, we, in a way, fell in love with her ourselves. So we called on her together, and "spilled the beans."

Her husband was a wealthy old cuss, who was buncoing the public with his lost manhood cures, using a museum display of horrible cases, which was free to the public —especially boys. He was making plenty of money.

As we had a thirty-day contract, on advice of his wife, we continued to turn in our daily reports which she kindly made out for us. This was extra handy money because my brother had written and asked my three sisters to come on from El Paso, meet me in Kansas City, and he would meet us all in Chicago for a two weeks' visit to the World Fair—all at his expense. None of them knew about my $150 pin money.

Now I had visited the World Fair in New Orleans 1883 while running on the road as a news butcher. It was my first glimpse of the lush life of the Southern people. The creoles and colored people, and their eats, made more of a hit with me than the fair itself.

About the same time I had attended a similar affair in Denver in celebration of the opening of the Tabor Opera house—the grandest affair of that nature west of the Mississippi.

Naturally, the eats, drinks, citizens and customs were not similar to New Orleans. I had acquired a sort of a mania for fairs and expositions—which I still have. My record reads all of them—one in St. Louis, three in San Francisco, one in San Diego, one in Portland, and one in Seattle.

So I was well primed for this grandest of all world's fairs in Chicago. My, my, what a royal good time we had! When my brother was not indulging the girls, I was slipping a ten-spot off my roll for an extra splurge.

We saw the girls off for home, with bags bulging with souveniers and pictures, many which are still being fondly shown and described. I accompanied my brother to New York, where, as my brother put it, he was going to get the cactus out of my clothes, the straws out of my hair, and some civilization training, which would disqualify me in New Mexico society.

We went by Niagara Falls, and spent two days doing the routine tourist trips. One of the stunts was visiting the cave of the winds, which was quite a strenous one, and was the first time in my life that I really believe my brother ever fell back on me for support. This trip required a heavy waterproof suit; all had to join hands, and were particularly warned let-

ting go of a hand might prove fatal, the guide selecting the most frail member to be sure of no weak links in the chain, and we were off.

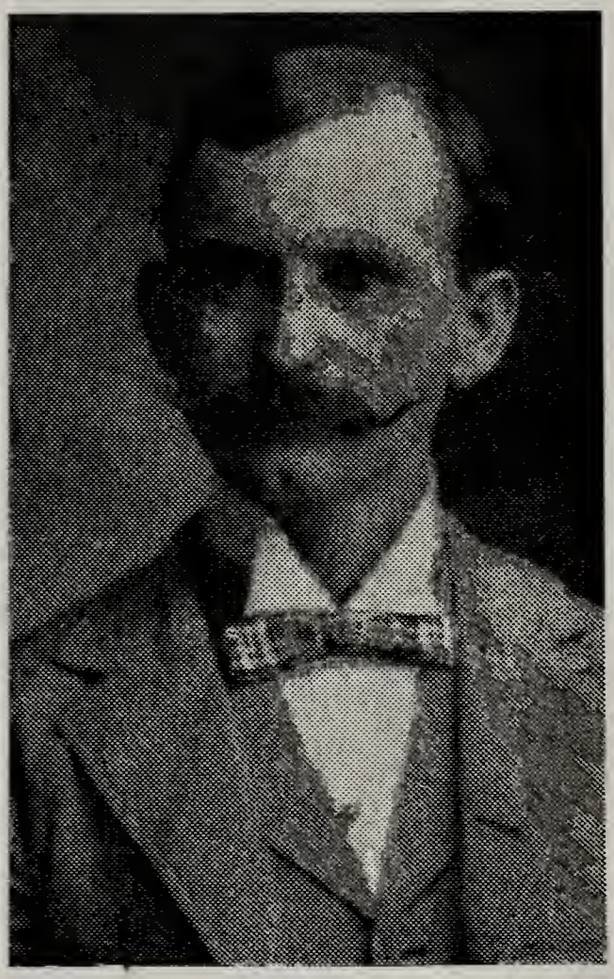
The first few steps were through what we imagined was just a mist, but to my surprise that water seemed like a thousand devils trying to tear our clothes off. Then we emerged into a cave, with the falls on one side—a sight never to be forgotten. On the return, my brother knowing what we had to go through, emphasized that I hold his hand—and not depend on his holding mine. Altho I was heavier and huskier than he, it was the first time he had ever acknowledged I was superior to him in any way except dancing.

My brother was the brainiest man I ever knew—a fine mix in any company, a splendid dresser, and eloquent talker, as many old timers even today will testify—especially El Paso bankers.

At that time, diamonds were popular. My brother was prosperous; he never had less than ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, and proceded to decorate me with them. I had a two-carat stud, a slightly larger ring, and a diamond locket on my watch chain, which was provided with a slide so that I could wear my watch in my upper vest pocket, the other end of the chain fastened in the other upper vest pocket—with safety hook to prevent my watch, which was a very beautiful one, from being stolen. The locket was in the middle—just below my stud.

I have some photographs which still make me smile; and it makes me smile just to think what styles were in those days.

People could see me coming a long way off!



—Engraving by M. Vaskov, Las Cruces Engravers

Taken in El Paso, Texas, in 1900, the above is a likeness of Harry Bailey at the age of 21. The diamond stud which his brother gave him previously in New York City is plainly discernable, stuck in his shirt just above the left lapel of his vest. It was about at this time that he started speculating in real estate in El Paso.

CHAPTER XXIV

● "PRINTER'S INK" a magazine devoted to advertising, once gave my brother a write-up which said he was the most original advertising genius who ever came to New York City.

He employed about 15 girls in his various advertising departments. It was my job to open the mail and to speed the outgoing mail, which often amounted to ten thousand letters. As a rule I did not get all the mail in the office till after nine o'clock at night, but after that, all I had to do was to see New York's night life.

I drew a dollar a day as spending money. We lived at the corner of 27th and 6th avenue which was close to the center of the bright lights. If I turned east I got down into the cheaper section of the city where I could get into a dance hall for ten cents; if I went west the prices advanced from 25 to one dollar, the further west I went, the higher the price and the better the class of patrons.

My brother and I had living quarters in connection with the offices, and as we often had some wealthy clients call on us, we had a nice combination parlor-reception office. While at the Chicago Fair, my brother bought the first self-playing piano that ever came to this country. It was made in Paris and it certainly brought us many curious callers who wanted to hear it. As my brother could not dance, he always told the guests he kept a regular dancer for their accommodation, and I would be ordered into operation. If I do say so, we made a good combination when it came to entertaining.

One time he had just closed a contract for the distribution of a million pieces of advertising for the Lorillord Tobacco Co. Mr. Lorillard had personally closed the contract, and he was so interested in the self-playing piano that one night, when he had some friends visiting, he phoned us they wanted to listen to the piano. There were three ladies and a gentlemen in the party. Mrs. Lorillard remarked it perfect music for dancing, and I was ordered to demonstrate the fact with a waltz, and say! she could waltz as well as Molly!

After a few dances my brother and I were invited to go slumming with them. They had a detective to show us the opium joints and dives, and it was four o'clock in the morning before we started home. In one joint I nearly got in bad. It was a dance hall with perfect music, and I remarked to Mrs. Lorillard that I thought we could even dance to that music. She remarked, "Let's try"—and we had so much fun dancing and listening to the life history of some of the girls, that the rest of the crowd had to send the detective to get us away.

I was like a castaway on an island in a way. I could not find any congenial young fellows to run around with, so I played the "lone wolf"—except when one of the girls who worked in the office

invited me out. The father of this girl was the engineer on Jay Gould's private yacht. She took me out to visit her father and I got an eyeful viewing that yacht.

I spent one day watching the Lipton's yacht race; saw a football game between Yale and Harvard; saw Coney Island in the spring; climbed to the top of the Statue of Liberty; and put in all my spare time in the day time walking the water front, visiting the ships from foreign lands. I watched the transformation of a vessel named El Sid, which had a torpedo tube installed for the purpose of war—the first torpedo tube ever used for that purpose. That was during the revolution in Brazil.

I had a busy time, and was well known at the dancing schools where I introduced the Mexican Polka. They called it the Texas Polka, and called me "Tex." I used to go to the cheap schools all week, but Saturday nights I went to the fifty-cent or dollar ones and met a fine class of girls. One night at the dollar school I got up a case with a little Irish girl, whose father was a prominent "ward boss." It was just before New Years, and the great rage in those days was making New Year calls. Two weeks before the new year, the girls began handing me their cards which bore their home address.

New Year's morning I got out about a hundred cards, and sorted them out into the section of the city I was acquainted with. I did not remember a single girl's name but that made no difference so long as I had her card. Each place I called at was holding open house, serving eggnog and cake—of which I partook sparingly as I knew I had a number of calls ahead of me to make. About four o'clock, the next card led to a swell home, and I was greeted at the door by this little Irish girl.

Evidently I was a favorite of hers, for she took me to the back parlor, introduced me to all the family. Then they invited me to go with them to attend the Tammany ball in Madison Square Gardens. This was too good a show to overlook—and that ended my New Year's calls.

I spent the evening with them, and we all went to the ball together. I had heard much of those grand affairs—always understood that only the elite, influential politicians were admitted—and of course was thrilled and curious, but not nervous. I remember thinking how grateful I was to my brother for decorating me out, so I could shine in that kind of company, and wondered what proof I could take back to convince him of the fact. I had on my tuxedo, and had polished my diamonds, and felt right at home in that crowd all in full dress. I was a little nervous when we arrived at the ball, for I only had a ten dollar bill left, and was apprehensive I might be called on to match dollars with some of the wealthier sports.

There were several thousand present, and rows and rows of refreshment booths, with punch, eggnog, sandwiches and cakes—much to my relief—all absolutely "on the house." If I remember correctly, tickets were ten dollars, but luckily I was an invited guest. There were a great many or-

chestras and bands, as it must have been a quarter of a mile around that dance floor.

The affair seemed to be divided up into several different stratas, and each grouped together—or maybe the Irish just segregated. Perhaps the old man thought I would make good ward working material, for he took pains to introduce me to numerous bigwigs, among whom he seemed to tower in more ways than one. I found out later he owned quite a string of saloons.

I did not drink much, but danced a lot. After every dance it was customary to escort your lady to a refreshment stand. You did not need an introduction—just picked out whom you fancied. I got around to my Irish lass frequently, for diplomacy, but she was a popular girl. Her mother explained she had to dance with a lot of boys on account of political influences.

After midnight, things began to get hilarious. I was cornered by the old lady, and requested to take care of the girl, who had imbibed too much—"and when she got that way she wanted to fight and was hard to control'" her mother added. We found her in the hands of a couple of women, and she was crying. As soon as she spotted me, she wanted to know where I had been all evening—and said that was why she was crying. She threw herself into my arms—and got sick, then and there. In fact my suit showed the effect of her upset stomach.

The old lady was mortified, and wanted to know if I would escort the girl home, as she was sick, and I needed some cleaning up myself, adding that she and her husband could not leave so early.

She had their carriage summoned, I got my overcoat, and we were bundled in and started for home. I had the coachman summon a maid, for by the time we arrived the girl was sound asleep on my shoulder, and did not awaken sufficiently to bid me adieu.

As I was about five miles from home, I concluded to utilize that carriage to the limit, and lordly told the coachman, "27th & Sixth Ave." I had him stop under my brothers window, requested him to await my return, dashed up awoke my brother and told him to look out the window and see how I was traveling.

I never met the lass again, but often imagined I had passed up an opportunity of being another Al Smith, if I learned to carry my booze gracefully, for I would have had a father-in-law to provide the makings.

My next girl affair was much more serious.

I met her at one of the dollar dance schools and we hit it right off with the first waltz. In fact we liked each other so well, I induced her to shake her escort and permit me to see her home. At that time nearly every corner had a saloon with a sign, "Ladies Entrance"—where you could buy your girl a glass of beer and a sandwich. Nine out of ten girls would accept, so when I suggested it to Nancy (her name was Nancy Nolan) and she declined in a very lady-like way—it was so unusual that it made me curious, with a slight suspicion as to her sincerity. My brother was always

warning me about getting touched for my diamonds, saying the smooth ones always pose as a pious class.

Nancy informed me she was a stenographer in a lawyer's office in which President Cleveland had been a partner; so, if that were true, it gave her a standing that was not to be sneezed at.

She took me out on 44th street to a solid block of residences, all with bay windows and built out to the side walk. The whole block was so similar, I always had to look for the number in order to locate the right door. That first evening she took me up one flight, stopped in front of her door, and murmured that it was so-o late she could not invite me in, but some other time—as she wanted me to meet her mother and sister.

However, she submitted to a very limited amount of petting, reminding me she had to go to work early in the morning, that the hour was late, etc. I released one hand and flashed my fancy watch in her face. She seemed to snuggle a little closer, and with a lady-like resistance which made my heart palpitate, finally after a struggle I managed to implant a kiss behind her ear—and left with a promise to meet her at the same school Friday evening. As I walked down the street, I pondered what a swell girl she was—IF she was genuine—and causally felt for my stud with its safety catch to prevent its being screwed out, and my locket. Horrors on horrors! My watch, chain, and locket were gone!

I dashed back, hoping to prevent her escaping from the building, but could not even locate the entrance—all were so similar. I then ran to the corner where I located a big Irish policemen, and told him my troubles. First thing he asked me was where I was from; I told him Kansas City. "Well me boy," he replied, "you Westerners are all easy picking for these New York dames. The best I can do for you is to report it to the detective department." Promises of a reward to come with me to locate that smooth dame had no effect—"they are just too smooth to be caught," he said.

I had a strong suspicion that that policeman was in cahoots with the crooked dames in his block, and was so upset I did not sleep a wink that night—pondering over what kind of an excuse I would give my brother—and had visions of going back to New Mexico in my old clothes because in spite of all his warnings I had let some gal "roll" me.

Finally, when the cook hammered on my door, I got up, shaved, shined my shoes, tied my necktie several times, brushed my clothes—did every thing possible to stave off that awful interview with my brother.

Finally my brother stormed into my room, wanting to know "why in h— I was delaying breakfast." I knew I would have to tell him about it.

I grabbed my coat from the back of a chair, and started to put it on as I chased down the hall. In my hurrying I felt something in my coat hit my chest; and, upon examination, I found my watch, chain, and locket.

All was now clear to me. When Nancy had asked the hour, I in

my conceit to display my watch, and awkardness with one arm around her, had pulled one end of my chain loose, and put the watch in my coat breast pocket, and it was heavy enough to pull the chain and locket in out of sight.

My relief and joy was so great, I could not eat a bite of breakfast, which caused my brother to suspect I had been to a booze party. But he smelled my breath, and gave me a clearance by recommending I lay off that day.

You can rest assured I met Nancy on schedule. I made her very happy by insisting emphatically that she should go home early enough for me to meet her mother and sister, and thus erase the slighest suspicion there there was anything phony about her.

After that, Nancy was the apple of my eye and she was the only girl during the rest of my stay in New York. I ate many meals at their home and we often had them over to listen to the self-playing piano. We had a partial understanding that some day we might get married. I corresponded with her for a long time after I left New York, and have some of her letters yet.

Grover Cleveland was president in 1893—it was a "depression year." We heard a lot about the world-wide panic, but my brother was making so much money in the advertising line that we concluded that I should go up to Canada and put in a branch. We went to see the British consul, and after a long talk my brother listened to his arguments that Australia was a better proposition.

As the midwinter fair was on in San Francisco, and there were low rates on, my brother concluded to send me to Australia but I was to stop in San Francisco, and talk the proposition over with the Australian representative at the fair. I had a ticket, $100 in cash, and a draft for a thousand dollars for the trip.

This was the first time I had been in Los Angeles since I was a newsboy there, and it was at this time the Catholic brother who had been my teacher came up from behind me, turned me around, and asked if I was not the boy they used to call the "Protestant Pup" at his school. I also had a visit with my old conductor, George Peck, who was then running the bank in San Pedro.

I went by Palo Alto and had a visit with my chum and cousin, Harvey Bailey, who was going to school at Stanford, which was just getting started.

When I got to San Francisco, and had my interview with the Australian representative he gave me a very discouraging report and showed me his instructions to discourage any immigration. He had a newspaper clipping showing where a ship load of wheat shipped to London did not sell for enough to pay the freight. His report sounded so discouraging that I wired the particulars to my brother and he wired me to come on back to New York.

I did make a start to return, too—but as I had only spent one day visiting my folks on my way out, I concluded to make a more prolonged visit this time.

I found my father just starting to build a new home all by himself, encouraged because an English company was starting to put

in a dam and irrigation system in the valley.

I felt so sorry for my father, that I loaned him that thousand dollar draft of my brother's—and sure got myself in bad!

My brother was so mad at me that he ordered me to send in my diamonds and settle down to be a "damned Mexican," as he put it.

While I was in New York I had kept up a correspondence with my cousin May Bailey, her mother Aunt Lou, Mrs. Mossman and Kate Smith of El Paso. I had a great time visiting them, and telling them of the wonders of the East.

This picture of the Bailey family (minus Harry) was taken in California about 1920. Standing is the youngest sister Tudie, and Myrtle (now Mrs. Van Vaulkenburgh); Maggie, the older sister, and James H. Bailey.

CHAPTER XXV

● I SURE put in a hard summer's work building our new home and getting the place in shape. Mariano Barela had died and my father had a clear deed to the farm.

That fall my father, Myrtle, Geo. Griggs, and I went out to Nogal to work at the Judge Wood's mine. We had left Tudie at home with a lady boarder, feeling that they were safe. We were just across the road from Frank Wood's place. Tudie felt safe, but Frank's death, as I have related, nearly frightened her to death. She was certainly a tickled kid when we showed up that time.

We had some great experiences on our trip and during that winter at Nogal. The first night out, a cloudburst sent a flood down the arroyo on which we were camped —too close to the edge, as it developed. Myrtle and my father slept in the covered wagon, George and I under a canvas at the side of the wagon. In the night I heard running water and stuck my hand out. I jumped up and called to the folks to get up; by this time it had begun to rain. I pulled on my trousers, threw my shoes, shirt and coat in the wagon, and ran to get the mules. George tried to get his socks on straight and lost his shoes in the flood.

We were in water a foot deep by the time we got the team hitched up and the wagon hauled to high ground.

That was before there was an Alamogordo, or even a railroad in that part of New Mexico. All merchandise was freighted in by wagons. It was a terrible rain, and every few miles we met wagon trains bogged down in the mud. As we had a light load and a good team, we made progress and had a lots of fun and grief. One old freighter, with a fine team and a heavy load, was taken sick and passed a kidney stone—a most painful thing, especially if there is no one around to administer morphine. My father came along in the nick of time to care for him, and later he was so afraid to be away from a doctor that he was determined to try to keep up with us.

He was freighting a load of furniture and in the very back end was a chair, so situated that it made a nice seat. The roads were so heavy we were all walk- and Myrtle was driving. This sick man was staggering along beside his team, afoot in the mud, when he happened to look up and saw George's head sticking up above the load. He was so surprised and mad that he just dropped his lines and stood and stared—not even able to swear when he spotted George sitting up in that chair. Finally he recovered, and with a roar started for George with the blacksnake whip in his hand. George's escape was so funny that we still laugh at it.

I was chief carpenter at the mine and lived all winter in a tent and batched. Never had a better time, and made three dol-

lars a day, too. Father and Myrtle lived two miles away in the town of Nogal with Judge Woods. Myrtle and Dad had a lot of funny experiences too which made interesting conversation for years.

I'll relate one as a sample: A young cowboy named Crockett, who lived over on the Bonita River some forty miles distant, was stabbed in the lung in a fight. They sent for my father, and on examination my father told them it was a very serious case, and would require skilled nursing to save the patient's life. To make a long story short, I had to take that nursing job.

The folks in the mountains in those day lived very simple. They provided for the winter with a liberal supply of beans, potatoes, and a large supply of pork in all its various forms—not a very suitable diet for an invalid. They were surprised when I insisted on chicken soup and other invalid foods.

The Crocketts were descendants of the original Davey—were just as typical backwoods people as their forefathers. The family consisted of father, mother, several husky sons, and a beautiful daughter about 15 years of age. They were strong on horse racing, hunting, and dancing. The menfolks liked their liquor; I liked their hunting, and made a hit with my dancing knowledge, and impressed the ladies with my culinary ability in preparing soups, gruels, and toast. Needless to say, the patient was soon on the upgrade. The old man could tell tall tales which were interesting.

As a side line I operated a dancing school. As there was no money, it all had to be barter. I charged a pig for teaching a scholar to schottish, and a calf for teaching how to waltz. I was supposed to split with the fiddler, but in the long run he got it all.

One day I took my shotgun and buck-shot to hunt deer. What a jeering I got when they saw what I proposed to hunt with! But when I killed one—running like a streak at 100 yards—and later bagged a turkey that flew over my head, the boys were wild to buy my gun, and even offered their famous race horse, which was to be sold to pay my father's fifty-dollar doctor bill, and my forty-five dollar nurse salary.

When my father came after me, the buyer for the race horse had not shown up, but was expected any minute. We could not wait, so I tried to bait them with a promise of selling my shotgun to them, for forty dollars cash, which they were presumed to have after selling the race horse and paying our bills. We never saw more of them again.

The night we got home from the Crocketts it commenced to snow, and continued snowing until there was an average on flat places of over three feet. Then came the telegram announcing the death of my chum, Frank Wood. His father was back East at the time, but realizing what a mess it put "baby sis" in, as we termed Tudie, we were desperate to start home. We left Myrtle to care for Mrs. Wood, and Dad and I started —just at the break of day. The snow came above the buggy axles, but was so fresh it was fluffy and

did not cause the horses to flounder. Even though it was down hill, it was slow going, especially when we got off the road and nearly turned over, and I had to go ahead of the team afoot. I will long remember that stunt, and how glad I was to meet the mail carrier on horse back, as he marked the way.

That night we reached the headquarters ranch of Mrs. Barber —at the time better known as the Cattle Queen—and she certainly gave us a queenly reception. As her husband had been killed in the Lincoln County war, we got a first description of the battle, and many details of Billy the Kid's tactics and shooting, as he was her husband's commander in the battle.

We got away before daylight, and drove that 75 mile trip by sundown.

It would take a separate chapter to give all the details of our arrival; the sorrow, the joy, and long hours of work getting things straightened out. After a few days, Dad took the wagon and returned to Nogal to get Myrtle, and bring back our equipment. On his return trip he was taken sick at Pellmans Wells, 55 miles from Las Cruces. He was so sick Myrtle sent me a note by the mailman, to come and bring a doctor.

I had plowed all day with the mules, so fortunately my famous buggy team was fresh. I hitched them up to my Columbus buggy, got Dr. Cowan, and left Las Cruces just at sundown. We made it to my father by one o'clock in the morning. Myrtle gave us a joyous reception, of course.

I fed my team—they always came first—then I fed myself, and relaxed and listened to Myrtle's tale of woe, which even yet is pathetic.

Dr. Cowan gave my father an opiate, and in a few hours they started back in my buggy and before sundown they were at our home. My team made the 110 mile drive in less than 24 hours. As I have remarked before that was some buggy team. Old Pete, one of the mares, lived to be nearly 30 years old before I had to have her put away, as her teeth were worn out and she could not eat. That was one sad affair—almost as bad as losing a member of the family. But I have the satisfaction of remembering that the last five years of her life were spent in leisure with plenty to eat.

It was at about this time we made an important friendship with a family from Patterson, New Jersey, who moved into the big Wood's home, just across the road from our house. The family name was Maginnis, and it is still mentioned in our family as often as that of any relative of our family.

They were rank tenderfeet—a young married couple with one little girl, Louise. I visited that little girl, grown now, and her husband one summer at Los Angeles. She now has a grown son who has completed 5½ years in the Army. Mrs. Maginnis, a widow, lives with them.

The Maginnises entered into our circle of activities, and they danced, hunted, played tennis and whist; and in return for our

efforts to "galvanize" them, they reciprocated with their Eastern knowledge and culture much to our benefit and profit.

Mrs. Maginnis was as popular as any of the girls, as she soon was as good a horseback rider as any of them.

One of the subjects we still talk about is the time one of their friends from Patterson, who was spending the winter out there for his health, shot my pet saddle mule, Spot—an unusual pet.

Spot was so smart that he could open most any gate or door. One night he opened our gate, went down the road, opened their gate and went to their barn. He opened the door and was half way in the door eating grain when this fellow, Quackenbush, spotted him. He got his shotgun and shot him in the side with duck shot. The mule walked home and laid down in our front yard and died. Of course there was a row, but the Maginnises never waivered over whose side to choose, and before I got through with Mr. Quackenbush I had his apology, and authorization to buy two mules at his expense. There were several other controversies—one in which George Griggs was involved—but none of them ever marred for a moment our family friendship.

As their farming venture was not a success, they returned to Patterson, where they remained several years, until Mr. Maginnises' death.

We kept in touch with them by mail. My sister Tudie visited with them once. After her husband's death, accompanied by her two daughters, they visited my wife and I several days at our home in Canutillo, while enroute to California. Eventually they returned to El Paso to make their home, and both girls in due course of time were married there. If space permitted, I could devote a chapter just to sketch the many enjoyable times we all had. There was our tennis, and whist clubs, in which they were experts; and it was nip and tuck between our clubs and those of the College, and Las Cruces; our dances, camping trips out in the Organ Mountains, and masquerade balls. Mrs. Maginnis particularly shone as a designer of costumes.

She designed a ballet dancer costume for me on one occasion which nearly ruined me financially, and socially. I had to send ten dollars to Chicago to get the stockings that reached to my hips; the fancy short skirts that barely reached to my knees; the woman's blonde wig, her mother's corset that fit me fine with the necessary padding; a pair of her mother's pumps, that had big bows on them to disguise my feet—so no wonder I fooled more girls than boys about my sex. Clarence Rhodes fell for me hard, in spite of his mother who kept telling him I was not a girl. I kept hearing remarks to the effect I was some El Paso hussy—no valley girl would be so brazen. I was permitted in the ladies dressing room without question, but none of the girls were friendly—too jealous—so I powdered my nose by myself.

There was something doing, though, when time for unmasking arrived, for while I was in the dressing room, I had seen more

than one girls' garters. Even the sight of a girl's ankle in those days, was mentioned in a whisper.

Them was the days! Our girls, hunting, and dances, will never be equaled in this valley.

In the Old Days in Old Mesilla

—Engraving by M. Vaskov, Las Cruces Engravers.

This picture was taken in Old Mesilla in 1894, as Mr. Bailey was taking the Maginnis family to the train on their way East. The team is the same one which made 110 miles to and from White Sands in 24 hours. Grandmother Maginnis is on the front seat with Mr. Bailey, holding the granddaughter Carolyn (Mrs. Carolyn Gotschall of Las Cruces), with Mrs. Maginnis and the older daughter in the back seat.

CHAPTER XXVI

● IN the fall of 1897 we had quite a fruit crop on the Old Mesilla ranch, and as there were no refrigerator cars in those days it was difficult to ship. It looked as though we were going to have tons of fruit rot on our hands. We made peach marmalade by the barrel, and there are a lot of old ladies around here yet who call me "Marmalade." They were students at the Las Cruces Convent when I had made them a present of a fifty gallon barrel of marmalade which was scorched in the making. The Sisters fed the whole barrel to the students, but it took a couple of years for them to eat it all.

I went down to El Paso looking for some market for the fruit and found the fruit stands getting fifty cents for a 10-pound basket of peaches, but they would only offer me ten cents a basket for them. So I concluded to go into the fruit business myself. At that time, where the Mills building now stands, there was the floor of the old Grand Central Hotel building which had burned several years previous. This floor covered a basement about 20 by 30 feet and I rented this space for five dollars a month. I brought down one of the tents we were using to pack fruit in, and put it up over this floor and started in to sell peaches at 25c a basket This started a fruit war, but I was swamped with business.

I got acquainted with the fellow who was delivering groceries for Price Brothers Grocery, the leading El Paso grocers at that time. He knew the best families in town and had a horse and delivery wagon, so I took him in partnership and we added a line of California fruits and vegetables. Business was good from the start, but this was my first business venture on my own hook and I had plenty to learn. My partner was a good bookkeeper, and I allowed him to do the banking. We drew $15.00 a week salary, and soon had a bank balance of over $400. As it was getting cold, I made a deal with the rental agents to give me a year's lease and to allow me to erect a permanent building over the floor instead of the tent.

I did not tell my partner all my plans as I only had a month-to-month agreement with him, but went ahead and gave old man Terry, a local contractor, a contract to erect the adobe walls and to roof the room for three hundred dollars. Terry came in one evening and asked me for an advance of $50.00 to start the job. My partner heard the conversation and asked for the particulars, which I explained to him.

Next morning he did not show up, and that afternoon I went out to his house. His wife gave me some evasive excuses. When I got back to our place of business there was old man Terry with the check which had been refused. On investigation I found we only had ten dollars in the bank, and in a couple of days was informed my partner had been taken off the train down the valley, very sick with small pox. He was brought back here and put in the

pest house, and died there. Although he had some life insurance and over $100 on his person, I never recovered a cent. So I closed shop and went back home, a much wiser and poorer man.

Little things like that did not dampen our spirits. Not even the departure of the Maginnis family for Patterson, N. J., could make us blue for long. Mr. Maginnis had gone broke and he had to go back to his old job to make another start.

By this time the good clothes I had brought from New York were getting threadbare; the buggy needed re-painting, and family funds were low. But in those days it was customary for stores to carry their customers for at least six months, and most of them for a year. Demetrio Chavez, our postmaster and store-keeper, allowed us unlimited credit for the staples of life which carried us over the lean months. As my father was their family doctor and I was the family carpenter, we nearly kept the store bill paid that way. My father always had a doctor bill coming from the musicians who played for our dances, and as I did the collecting at the dances I managed to hold out enough cash on the musicians to make dancing a profitable business for us.

Then I had to finance the baseball team. This we did by one grand ball once a year. But these sources of income were not sufficient and I realized I would have to get away from home again and make some real money.

In 1897, three years had elapsed since I had fallen from my brother's good grace. He had visited us once in the mean time; looked over my string of girls; made a canoe trip from Mesilla down the river to Chamberino with my cousin May and I; went on a camping trip to the mountains, and in a general way got an insight into the good times and fun we were getting out of life. He realized I was having a lot of fun even though I did not have any diamonds to light my way. His heart softened, and I interested him in a scheme I had in mind: To put on the market a Mexican plant called "popotillo," a specific for bladder trouble which was very popular all over Mexico.

As I have said, he was in the advertising business, and was the first one to originate the idea of buying up the letters from all kinds of medical advertisers and then selling these classified addresses to those who wanted them.

He was also the first to start clipping bureaus all over the U. S. in which he accumulated all of the local notices of births, deaths, marriages, and similar notices which might make desirable addresses for circularizing purposes. He agreed to furnish me fifty thousand kidney sufferer's addresses, already written on envelopes, with a printed return envelope to go inside with my circulars. He also wrote my circulars for me, and I do not believe he had an equal when it came to composing a circular. He sent me a typewriter and desk from New York, and with this start I launched into the mail-order medical business, operating from Juarez to give the business prestige, and also to avail myself

of the great saving in postage as I could send a circular from Juarez to anywhere in the United States for one cent in Mexican money—at that time worth less than half of our currency. I could also send one pound of registered mail from there for twelve cents in Mexican money.

I now felt I was on the road to wealth and success, and even began to think of family matrimony, as prospects were pretty good in that line for my two sisters at home, and my father, who always had some widow in the offing.

I was at the head of a mail-order medical business which called for a good many letters to be written, and I had to use my wits and ingenuity.

I had to get my popotilla plants brought in from the hills and chopped up into very small lengths and prepared for mail. I offered a free sample by registered mail to any one sending me twelve cents in U. S. stamps to pay postage and registration. As the Mexican stamps necessary to send them out only cost me six cents, I really had a small profit even from my free samples. But it was difficult to turn U. S. stamps into cash without a liberal discount, so I sent all my stamps on to my brother. He used plenty of them, and I got full value for them.

I evolved a cheap advertising scheme which I was proud of because my brother said it was good.

I went to a Mexican print shop in Juarez, and had a little circular printed as if it had been set up by a bum printer, worded about as follows: "Dear Mr. Editor: Being a brother typo down here trying to regain my financial and physical health, I am enclosing you an ad concerning this popotillo plant which has great merit. Now, if you will run this ad in your paper and send me a copy, I will send you either a piece of Mexican drawn work or an opal as you may choose, upon receipt of a copy of your paper with the ad in it."

As I could buy opals for two dollars a pint and small pieces of drawn work for less than five cents each, I got a lot of cheap advertising. I had mailed this circular to all the editors of the small country papers whose address I could secure.

I also wrote a medical company in Chicago which was sending out a circular and made a deal with them to put one of their circulars in my circulars for one-half cent each—just what my circulars cost me for postage.

That was where I made a fatal mistake, because the postal authorities on this side had their eyes on me, and when they spotted this circular from Chicago, calling for an answer to Chicago, they refused to allow my mail to enter the U. S. And that was that!

Having got back in my brother's good graces, he made me a business proposition: That if I would go to work for the Pullman Co., as a conductor and hold the job for one year, he would qualify me as a business man, and he would set me up, in some line, somewhere.

In his early days he had been a Pullman conductor, with a Mr. Leamaster, running out of Kansas City. They were great friends, and now Mr. Leamaster was superintendent of the El Paso

district, and at my brother's request would put me to work. The duties of a conductor call for strict compliance with a book of strict rules. This covers honesty, neatness of dress, promptness, making detailed reports, and presence of mind.

I went to work for the company on Christmas day 1898, and resigned New Years Day, one year later. I made good; so my brother made his promise good, by investing twenty thousand dollars in the first natatorium (a large, indoor swimming pool) ever built in El Paso, as I will relate later.

As a Pullman conductor I made many wonderful friends in Mexico, and had some great experiences, and made some money. I utilized every opportunity to act as a salesman in any line where I saw a chance to make an honest penny.

I utilized my knowledge of the nursery business to sell trees. I furnished the trees for the Governor's new palace at Chihuahua, and became a close personal friend of Governor Miguel Ahuamada. I had established an agency with the Ithaca Gun factory, from whom I got guns at wholesale, and nearly every week I sold a gun to some acquaintance in Mexico, as I could take one in free of duty each trip; likewise, cameras.

I sold car-loads of hay and grain to contractors, and one time sold a team and carriage to a wealthy old friend in the city of Durango—Antonio Preades—for three thousand Mexican dollars. After the old man received them, he paid me in Mexican currency—small valise full, no bill larger than $20.

It was in Durango that I had another girl affair that nearly landed me in the toils of matrimony. She was the daughter of Don Pedro Escarzaga, who was one of the wealthiest men in the city. I once had him and the son of Antonio Preades, who was about my own age, up to our Mesilla home for a visit. My sister Myrtle had a Mexican-style dinner which so pleased the company that Antonio made me a proposition that he marry my sister, and I marry his sister, heiress to a million. But I had seen the daughter of Don Pedro, and she was about the finest Mexican senorita I had ever met—from any point that a senorita could be judged. She was just home from two years in Paris, where she thought she had learned to speak English. I had an awful time keeping the knowledge from her fond pater that it was the most futile effort I had ever heard to speak my language.

The second time I met Senorita Escarzaga, her father took us out for a day's trip to one of his large haciendas, where he proposed that I plant a very large apple orchard on a partnership plan. We rode on the train before we arrived there, and while sitting in a seat together, the Senorita asked me if I had a sweetheart. I said "No, but I'm in love." She asked if the girl reciprocated my feelings, and a lot of similar questions, and finally asked if I had the sweetheart's likeness with me. I assured her I did, and always carried it next to my heart. I took out a small vest-pocket mirror and let her look in it. She got the shock and surprise of her life as she gazed at her own like-

ness. I got plenty of encouragement from her, but at that time girls were never allowed out of the sight of their chaperone. I had to do some tall scheming. I was an ardent photographer, and she immediately became one too. Her father asked me to bring down a photographic outfit my next trip, which I did. Of course, I had to teach her how to use it, and we had to have a dark room. This was promptly furnished, but her older sister was sent along with us.

In my eagernes to find out my real status with her, I got hold of the wrong girl in the dark room, and meeting with no resistence, I planked a long lingering kiss on her lips. Later I found out I had got hold of the sister—but that mistake was corrected several times later in our numerous days spent in the dark room.

It was now practically understood in the family circle that we were engaged, and her father concluded to send her to the convent in Mexico City for a finishing course. As it was strictly prohibited for the girls to receive letters from anyone but relatives, and all mail was censored, we agreed on a secret method of getting letters to her. I was to send her baskets of California fruit and under the paper of the bottom layer I was to place my missives.

As I had numerous pictures of her, I cut out a piece of pasteboard in the form of a heart, pasted our two pictures on it, and made a photograph of it. Then I concocted the greatest love letter I had ever written, and put the picture and the letter in the basket and sent them as per arrangement.

I went out to call on her family every trip and was always received at the outer gate by a footman. But this time when I went out and rang the bell, here came Don Pedro in person. As soon as he saw me he began to laugh so violently he could not speak, but he took my hand put his arm around me and dragged me into his private office. He could not say a word, but finally pointed to the top of his desk on which rested the efforts of my found hope: the heart, with our likeness snuggled in its center.

When I had composed that love letter with the aid of a Spanish dictionary, it turned out to be worse Spanish than the senorita's English when I first met her. I had attempted to tell her that if this basket of grapes was not sufficient, I would send her a big box. In spelling the word box—cajon—I made the awful bust of spelling it "cojon."

Don Pedro then showed me in his dictionary the definition: cojon, being the pendular attachment of an animal.

Well, we both laughed till we were sick, but the incident seemed to solidify my standing.

However, time and other influences too numerous to mention broke up our affair, and she married a prominent German merchant in Durango.

CHAPTER XXVII

ANOTHER never to be forgotten experience: One trip I had as passengers ex-President Ezetta of San Salvador, Mr. Wright who was city attorney for Pasadena, and a Mr. Green who was manager of the largest and most famous hotel there the Raymond.

The welcome I extended them was spontaneous. I told of my being the first boy to sell papers in Los Angeles—only had 12,000 inhabitants then—and the first news butcher on the trains. When our train reached the end of my run to Torreon, I found out the through train from San Antonio that picked up their Pullman was reported three hours late. As it was Sunday and time for the bull-fight, I suggested showing them their first bull-fight.

They left their baggage in the Pullman, and we attended the fight, which was an exceptionally thrilling one, and when we got out we found their train had come and gone—and they were stranded there for the next 24 hours. So I suggested we go over to Lerdo, an interesting old town six miles from the railroad. As Mr. Wright had left his coat in the Pullman, I had him wear my uniform coat, which fit him perfectly. It's bright brass buttons gave him a very military appearance, and Mr. Green named him "General Wright," and had me take a snap shot of them as I had done at the bull-fight.

I knew an ex-French general, who ran a swell cafe, patronized by the aristocracy of Lerdo.

To add importance to my guests, I introduced Mr. Wright as "General Wright." As a General Wright at that time was in charge of the Philippine Islands, the Frenchman thought our Wright was the real general, and the service picked up right then. Now, both of these gentlemen were prominent churchmen at home, but they could not refuse the champagne and the rest of the entertainment which was also out of their line. I did not bid them goodby until the wee hours of the morning.

At that time I was acting as a news-gatherer for the Associated Press reporter, Kelly, in El Paso. When he met me and asked me for news I told him that I had a good one: that I had ex-President Ezetta, Mr. Wright, city attorney of Pasadena, and the wealthy hotel man Green for passengers to Mexico City, and that no doubt they were going to Mexico to head another revolution to enable Ezetta to regain his presidency.

That tall tale was published next morning in both Mexico City papers and in Pasadena papers, too.

A check in Mexico City showed the men to be there, and more or less confirmed my statement. I little dreamed of all the mess I had created. The facts were that Wright and Green were down there to get a concession to build a railroad in Sonora. They had never even spoken to Ezetta. But my story was sufficient to blow up their plans.

Ten years after this, when I was sick in Los Angeles, I looked up Mr. Wright, and received a

hearty welcome and was entertained by him quite handsomely. Mr. Green was out of the state, but five years later when Mr. Green was managing the Grant Hotel in San Diego, my wife and I registered there. I had told her this story many times, and she had thought I had colored it some, but when she witnessed the greeting Mr. Green gave me (this was the first time I had seen him since the Torreon experience), she then thought I had not even told it all to her. Mr. Green produced a small scrap book, which Mr. Wright had made up, descriptive of the trip. Half of it was about their experiences in Torreon, with the many pictures I had taken of them.

Neither one of them suspected that it was me who had given out the Associated Press story, but as luck would have it, if they had been successful in securing their concession, they would have lost all they put it in, as later revolutions proved. Mr. Wright had been dead a couple of years by this time, and Mr. Green wiped tears from his eyes as he related to me particulars and recalled what a wonderful man he had been. He entertained us royally, and would not let me pay any of the hotel bill. They were two grand men, and I wish they were alive and could read this feeble attempt to do their memory justice.

During the time I was a conductor for the Pullman Company, my baby sis married Professor Fred Barker, who was a member of the College faculty. We had "scraped the pot" to give her a stylish wedding.

I was making more than my salary on side lines; I got five dollars for every bit of news that I gave out and was put on the wire, and that was nearly every trip. Grant Gillett, who had embezzled over a million dollars from a Kansas City firm, located in Chihuahua—embezzlement was not an extradition crime at that time. I acted as a go between for Gillett, and he met me nearly every trip. He gave me news he wanted broadcasted, and I did other personal favors for him. So income from this source, combined with my line of legitimate smuggling of guns, cameras, and articles of clothing, about doubled my salary.

CHAPTER XXVIII

● IN 1900 I BEGAN doing a little investing in El Paso, Texas, real estate.

My first plunge was when I kidded an agent named Scott into selling me a half block of lots that had no street frontage, being cut off by the T&R Ry. The price was $250, but he accepted $25 in Mexican currency as earnest money.

Then my good friend Mr. Loomis, a pioneer real estate dealer, suggested a good buy—a vacant lot on the corner of Kansas and San Antonio Streets. It really was a part of Kansas Street, as it cut the width of Kansas Street, between the court house corner and the corner of this lot, in the middle. It had been squatted on years before, and a legal title of limitation acquired. It was easy to see that some day the city would be compelled to buy it—which it actually did some 30 years later. It cost the city $38,000.

The price of this lot was $2,500—five hundred down, and five hundred annually until paid for. I only had $300, which I planked down, and was hustling for the other $200, when my brother showed up. He was scouting around for a business for me.

Of course, I told him of my lot deal, and introduced him to Mr. Loomis. (Mr. Loomis became our agent—and we paid him several thousand dollars in commissions during the next ten years.) My brother asked Mr. Loomis to wire a cash offer of $2,000 for the lot, which was accepted, and the deed was issued in my name.

As soon as word got out that we had bought the lot, the city council started a move to have it condemned and sold to the city, but a certain faction interferred, and in less than a year we had a three-story business building erected on it.

My brother was favorably impressed with future prospects of El Paso, and decided it needed some amusement—and cleansing features—which could be supplied with a modern natatorium (glorified swimming pool.)

He authorized Mr. Loomis to select us a site, which he did—where the new federal building, opposite the court house, is now located, and the two lots now covered by the Crawford theater. Both were the same price—$300—and practically the same number of square feet. My brother remarked if it were not for the railroad tracks he would prefer that lot, as it was his observation that all cities were inclined to grow towards the higher ground. Mr. Loomis assured him that action was being taken by the city to have the tracks rerouted, so with that assurance, we decided on the lots facing the plaza and the railroad tracks.

We had a cousin, Will Boreing, who was a prominent architect, in New York, and he drew the plans and specifications, for the natatorium. They were drawn to comply with New York City requirements, and nearly drove the El Paso contractors crazy trying to comply with them.

We started construction before

I quit the Pullman Co. I had secured the services of a most competent engineer, Chas. McClintock, which led to my acquiring two other McClintocks—Ray and Judge McClintock—brothers of Charles, on my staff of royal and true friends.

This natatorium building made history in El Paso. The specifications called for practically a carload of cement—and there was not a dozen sacks in the city. Cement had just appeared, and was unknown in El Paso. We had to order a carload from the cement plant at Atlas, New York. In those days twenty tons made a car. Then we had to bring a cement man from Santa Monica, California to put in our cement work. His name was Ira Shecles —and his name stamped in the sidewalk, should be preserved as a museum exhibit. It was the first cement sidewalk laid in El Paso. Crowds used to collect to watch him lay what they termed "artificial stone." Up to that time the stone side walks were freighted in by teams, from the Pecos country where nature had made them in suitable thick, smooth layers.

Steel reinforcement was unknown, but that 100,000-gallon tile-lined plungepool, lies today under the floor of the Crawford theater without a crack in it. On the second floor we had the first modern Turkish baths, and a balcony for watchers to witness the numerous exhibitions going on in the plunge pool. Some of them had great significance, which is reflected in El Paso's prosperity today.

That was where Ted Cooley rescued his wife just before she drowned. Results today: Eleven fine children, and goodness knows how many grand—and great-grand ones—as this was over 46 years ago. Ted was a bank clerk in those days, but since then has become one of El Paso's leading financiers.

I used to put on exhibitions every Saturday night. For example, we dressed up a woman dummy, and during the finish of a staged race, the dummy would apparently fall over the balcony into the deep end of the pool. By pre-arrangement, all the "contestants" would climb out, and apparently leave the poor gal to drown. Then two good swimmers got up their nerve, and dived to her rescue. Then and there, commenced a contest as to who should have the glory of saving the fair damsel. In the struggle they pulled off all her clothes—much to the general audiences indignation. But when her corset and other paddings—popular with the girls in those days in constructing a sylphian form—were observed floating around, they began to realize it was a hoax.

Ladies' swimming suits cost an average of ten dollars. They were wool—skirts to the knees, stockings, and canvas pumps. The best society in the city were our patrons; the majority, I think, never had on a swim suit before.

Ted Cooley, Robert Martin and Otis Coles, are the only ones alive that I can recall of that group, who can testify, "them was the days!"

CHAPTER XXIX

● ON THE top floor of the natatorium we had a ball room floor 45x100 feet. There were many grand balls and cake walks held there. In fact, that was where the idea of a Country Club was formed.

El Paso society in those days was some conglomeration. In the early days, white women were at a premium, but the sporting houses always had a fair assortment, many of whom aspired to a respectable life, and got married.

It made no difference how respectable and perfect their home life became, there were always jealous women willing to pull them down—especially if they thought they could elevate themselves a notch in the social scale. So when a certain group concluded to be selected for the proposed Country Club, they made out a list of names—mostly gamblers and saloon keepers — and asked me to bar them, which I attempted to do. Then they became more select and wanted certain families barred—which continued, until I disbarred the disbarrers — and they retired and founded the El Paso Social Club of today.

At that time gambling was permitted, and the sporting element was our most profitable patrons. In our Turkish baths, prostitutes were not permitted till past midnight. But it was a bedlam, though, from midnight till after day light.

I remember one party given to honor Governor Ahumada. They paid me $100 for the exclusive use of the pool—after midnight. My, my! what a party—especially after the Governor dropped his eyeglasses in the pool!

But "society" also patronized the natatorium. One thing that makes me feel old now is to have some old-looking man come up to me with his boy and say, "Come over here, son, and meet the man who taught your Dad to swim." I not only taught a lot of them to swim, but pulled out a great many who nearly drowned.

We kept an attendant to watch the pool, but one afternoon when it was being filled I had sent the attendant to clean up some bath rooms. There were only two pretty girls in swimming—a Miss Martin and Mary Fasset. Mrs. Fasset was in the gallery watching them; they could swim a little and were swimming back and forth under the spring board. I was dressed in my best new flannel suit waiting for the attendant to return before I went out on a pleasure trip. I noticed one of the girls, as they passed under the spring board, stick out her hand to duck the other one. They grabbed each other, and I knew there was going to be trouble. I called to the attendant to come. He heard me, but did not think it urgent and waited a moment till he had finished his job. In the meantime, I laid down on the spring board and tried to reach the girls but failed. As they were going down the third time, I rolled off the board and grabbed them.

The water was only six feet deep and I could get their heads above the water—but not my own. One of the girls got her hand in my pocket, took a twist or two on my coat, and every time I would come up for air she would pull me under. Finally the attendant showed up and took one of the girls into shallow water and I dragged the other one to safety. They were so full of water, by now, that they were unconscious. We got our barrel out and rolled them over it, and soon had them back to life. The mother, Mrs. Fasset, finally got her voice and then she had to be worked on, too.

As I have indicated, El Paso in those days was still a little "rough and ready, or wild and wooly."

We allowed gamblers and bartenders to mingle with our other patrons—with certain restrictions—and sporting women were permitted in the Turkish baths after midnight. The Turkish baths were on the second floor, with a balcony over-looking the plunge pool, and it was a popular sobering-up stunt to dive to the pool some eight feet below. We kept a husky watchman with a long pole with a large hook on it, to fish out an occasional girl who could not swim, or some man too drunk.

Naturally there was plenty of horse play, and rough stunts pulled, so enforcing our rules frequently called for force. I had a capable trained crew for the purpose. We kept pickhandles and similar armament parked in convenient places, and hearing the call "Hey Rube!", they promptly assembled on the field of action, and held the fort until the arrival of the police.

Fortunately, my brother when visiting me, did not mingle with our midnight operations. As the Turkish Baths receipts averaged a hundred dollars a night, he concluded I was doing well enough with them without any suggestions from him.

To illustrate the nature of our activities, I will relate one incident, which is still discussed by some old timers—especially Billy Smith, who at that time was a city detective, and today one of my most cherished friends.

The fore-runner of the present Country Club, was a group of upper-crust El Paso society folks who held a weekly ball on our roof garden. Among the prominent young blades was Robert Martin. The dances prospered to such an extent, that the leaders decided to reduce the attendance, and "up" the class, by barring all gamblers, and I was requested to enforce their ruling.

There were, and for all I know may still be in El Paso, three brothers named Dixon. The most popular and handsome one, who loved those dances, was mortally offended when he learned he was to be eliminated. His reputation as a "bruiser" was wide-spread—in fact, it was a slogan that "one lick from his mighty right was a month in the hospital; two licks, death." He accordingly got drunk, and announced he was going to clean out the natatorium.

It was in the early evening, and soon several of my friends phoned me a warning to that effect. I

rounded up my crew and prepared for the assault from this terror.

In those days our outside light was of the old-style carbon stick, and when they spluttered we had to jerk the rope that supported them to jar them loose. Our light spluttered soon after I received my warning, and not anticipating Mr. Dixon would make his assault so early in the evening, I went to the front door, peeked out in all directions, and not seeing any one I laid my club down in order to jar the light. When I turned around, here was Dixon between me and the front door. He had been hiding behind the corner of our building.

Dixon's first remark convinced me as to his intentions of beating me to a pulp. Hoping that some member of my crew would see what was up, I did not run, but tried to spar for time. Dixon came at me like a mad bull; in fact, he was so anxious that his first wallop was easily side-stepped by me. This mighty effort partially threw him off balance; I availed the opportunity to swing on his face the hardest lick which was in me. It was my turn then to be off balance; in fact, I sat down right at his feet. Fortunately my blow had befuddled him, and when he tried to kick me in two, I rolled to the gutter and gripped a nice sized stone and prepared to throw it right through him. Billy Smith arrived just then, and jumped on Dixon's shoulder, holding up one hand hollering, "I'm the law!" But Dixon was so crazy mad he kept on coming, so I ran across the railroad tracks, around a switch stand and back to our front door where I had parked my club.

Billy, however, got him under arrest and down to the police station.

I had to appear in court next morning as complaining witness. Before the case was called I had an interview with Chief of Police Lockhart and Police Judge Patterson. They advised me my blow had given Dixon the first and worst black eye ever—and his dire threats against me might mean death.

They advised me to carry a gun, and never permit him to get closer than twenty feet. I got a .41 Colt, with a short barrel, and carried it under my waist band in front. I knew that in case I ever had to use it, every second and every movement would be of vital importance—and according to custom I would be expected to reach for my hip pocket.

CHAPTER XXX

● MANY good friends coached me on what to do if Dixon deliberately got in my hair. Uncle Jimmy Smith was operating the Buttermilk Cafe on the site of the present St. Regis Hotel. As it was only a half-block walk, I ate my meals there.

One morning I was stopped by a pimp and dope addict who remarked, "I hear you're carrying a gun for Dixon." He reached both hands around me to feel for a gun. I slipped out my Colt and pressed it against his stomach. He yelled and fell back against one of the windows; got cut by the broken glass and thought he was shot. He must have made a discouraging report to Dixon as we had no further trouble.

I packed that Colt for a long time. I'm still grateful for the timely arrival of Billy Smith. I had several scraps after that and Billy Smith, who will read this, figured in several.

My brother never approved nor criticized my numerous scraps; he knew I felt justified. He decided the best way out was to get me into a more dignified, peaceful line of work. So a deal was made with Felix Martinez, whereby he got the Natatorium and my brother got his note for $15,000 and a block of stock in the El Paso Oil Company which had just brought in a gusher on Spindle Top.

My brother demonstrated his shrewdness when Felix bewailed the fact that the oil well had come in—a big gusher—since the trade, by trading back the oil stock for a block of lots on the river where Felix was promoting a free bridge to Juarez. Oil was selling for three cents a barrel and more wells were being drilled. Felix wanted the Natatorium for his son, as it had paid its cost in the two years I had operated it and appeared to be easy money. But the son did not prosper, and in less than a year Felix came to my brother and traded back the Natatorium for his fifteen thousand dollar note—and a diamond.

Next to the Natatorium were two lots which Bob Campbell, the postmaster, had won in a poker game. These lots, combined with the Natatorium, would give us a corner on Mesa Avenue and a half-block frontage facing the park. A price was agreed on, but all the deed Bob had was written on the back of an envelope during that poker game. However, our lawyer passed it—as have several others since then. My brother was confident that the railroad tracks which faced our property would soon be removed, so he bought the Plaza Hotel to round things out for $15,000.

That was forty-seven years ago and the tracks are still there.

We now owned the entire half block that faced the park, except the little redwood cottage owned by Mrs. Wood which we acquired by trading her another home, as I have related.

My brother decided to erect a two-story apartment house on the Campbell lots; stores on the

ground floor, and modern apartments on the second floor. While visiting in Tucson, he was impressed by a building being erected there by the Trost Brothers. He commissioned them to draw plans for our new building which resulted in the Trost Brothers moving their office to El Paso.

Later, on another trip, my brother met Charles F. Whittlesy, architect for the Santa Fe Railway. Whittlesy was supervising the building of the Alvarado Hotel in Albuquerque. He was enthusiastic over the new idea of using cement in the construction of buildings. The Alvarado was built of cement on wooden lath —a new experiment. It still is in perfect condition today.

My brother was so interested that he stopped over in Albuquerque for an inspection. He induced Whittlesy to come down to El Paso and look over our proposed new building. That was the beginning of a lasting friendship. It was Ed, Charley and Harry from then on.

Charley had just finished the hotel at the Grand Canyon. Its unique style of architecture had made him famous, and the Alvarado, then under construction at Albuquerque, added more fame to his record. Nevertheless he agreed to take on the construction of our building. Ed paid Trost for their plans and turned the job over to Charley, never dreaming that he was about to build the most modern building in El Paso.

Since we had shipped the first car of cement ever received in El Paso for the construction of the Natatorium and I had watched Sheckles—the cement expert from California on our job—he had taught me enough to qualify as a local cement authority.

When Charley and my brother left for Chicago to buy materials, I was to let the contract for the excavation of the basement and stone walls which were designed to carry a brick wall every twenty-four feet from the basement to the roof to prevent the spreading of possible fires. Later, these walls proved their worth as two potentially serious fires were confined without serious damage.

After Ed and Charley's departure, I was solicited by a traveling agent to buy city rights to manufacture a cement veneer block that could be fastened to brick walls to give them the appearance of stone. The blocks were made in a hand-powered hydraulic machine. I paid him two hundred and fifty dollars for the exclusive rights in El Paso and made him include the press and necessary palets, banking on Charley's enthusiasm over cement to back me and my vision of a wall veneered with the new blocks.

When the two returned, my brother objected to my squandering money when we needed every dollar to make up the $40,000 the new building would cost — (it eventually ran over $60,000.) Charley withheld any criticism until he had inspected the blocks. I had 50 of them soaking under water in the plunge to harden them. I suggested that we veneer both inside and outside walls and had laid up a section of wall for

demonstration. Furthermore, I argued, why not fill the space between the two walls with concrete instead of the customary brick? Charley said it would be too expensive, but believed if we could make the blocks two inches thicker, then it would be strong enough to carry the load and the center air space would be a better non-conductor than solid concrete.

I had a foundry pattern-maker fashion the proper mould, according to Charley's sketch. The new, sturdier brick worked perfectly withstanding the hydraulic test which Charley said would carry a 10-story building.

My brother approved; particularly, when Charley said that our building would be the first all-cement walled building over one story high, ever to be built in the United States. Charley enthusiastically dashed back to Chicago, put his office force to work and came up with plans that called for a four-story building. The ornamental columns and flat arches offended the local architects, particularly Mr. Krause, who informed me that no cement structure could long withstand the vibrations from the two railroads. He predicted it would collapse before the roof was on.

Charley took out patent papers on our block system, each of us half owner—but the papers were not thorough enough and soon we saw the big mail order houses offering the presses for sale.

FORT SELDEN RUINS — 1929

Taken in 1929, this view shows the exterior part of the barracks of old Fort Selden. Most of these archways have fallen in since, due to further deterioration of the adobe walls.

CHAPTER XXXI

● THE new hotel would have to have a name, so Ed was planning a big newspaper campaign to find a suitable one when his wife came in with a picture of the famous Angelus painting. Right then he announced the building's name, "The Angelus."

That was three months before the new Hotel Angelus in Los Angeles was annnounced. Their charge of plagarism had no foundation and we had no trouble proving our innocence. Later I was a free guest during a week's stay at the Angelus in Los Angeles and we buried the hatchet.

My brother had to raise the money for the new building. He owned a paper in New York, a cheap family publication, which he had picked up for three thousand dollars. It was "Cheerful Moments" and didn't have over 1,000 subscribers who paid 25 cents for a year's subscription. He built up his volume of subscriptions by mailing copies to each of the thousands of names listed in his files. Subscriptions soared to over 50,000 and the advertising increased in proportion.

"Cheerful Moments" was now a valuable source of income and Ed accepted his editor's offer to buy the paper for $50,000.

This transaction caused the postal department so much extra work (though my brother was always in the clear) that they passed a regulation that no paper, in the future, could give away subscriptions. That is the law today.

The purchaser of "Cheerful Moments" had my brother have his El Paso lawyers draw a contract transferring the paper under certain restrictions. But Texas laws differ from New York laws —the new editor paid $25,000 down and that was all Ed ever received for his paper. Without Ed to direct the paper's policy, it soon folded.

During the construction of the hotel my brother kept on the job as he was a wonderful buyer. We were still $20,000 shy of having a sufficient building fund. He kept selling his diamonds and other assets and borrowing from the First National Bank, though he hated to pay the local high interest rates. He kept his loans short time.

He borrowed $25,000 on the Natatorium and $25,000 on the Angelus from a Pennsylvania financier, a Dr. Booke, who considered six percent a high rate of interest. When the doctor came to El Paso to look over the security, he discovered a popular demand for eight percent money, so he settled down and spent the rest of his days in El Paso lending money. The doctor was a great admirer of my brother and readily accepted my brother's judgement on many of his big loans.

Neither Ed nor I had any experience operating a hotel with a swank bar. Ed contacted an experienced man named Hinch to run the bar, and we opened

The Author . . .

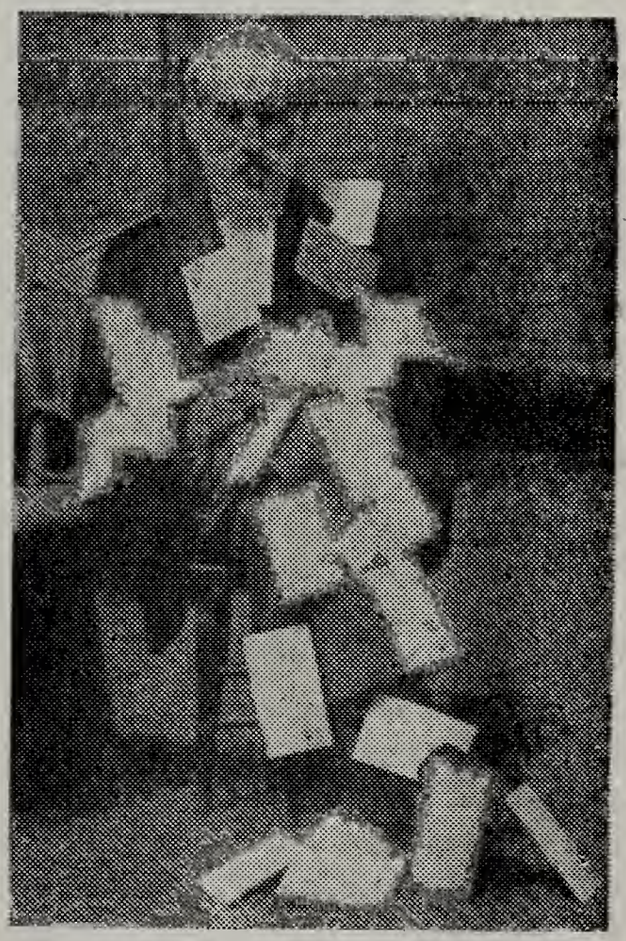
At the age of 37.

the Angelus to a capacity business. A State Teacher's Convention, lured on by a ten-dollar round-trip rate, brought us in so many guests that we had to put them on the top floor before the doors had been hung. In addition, the committee in charge rented fifty double mattresses with pillows and blankets and spread them on the floor of our roof garden. We had floored over the plunge pool for our dining room which was forty by sixty feet. Handling that mob kept all hands busy and resulted in a nice profit.

My brother brought in a highly touted hotel man from Houston, named Barnes, who leased the hotel for $800 a month and the bar for $700 a month. At the last minute, Barnes attempted to cut the bar rental to $500. To bluff Barnes, I offered to take the bar at that rental. We had a short-time note for $3,000 due at the bank and my brother hurried back to New York, expecting to collect his second $25,000 from the sale of "Cheerful Moments." Suddenly I found myself in the saloon business.

My new venture proved exciting and profitable. Slot machines had just come out and we bought four: three nickel and one 25 cent machine. I put one nickel machine and the 25 cent machine in the bar and one nickel

Birthday Greetings



James H. Bailey, Harry's father, poses at the age of 85 with the numerous birthday greetings received on his birthday. He died two years later at the age of 87, in 1920.

machine in the Hotel Lobby and the other nickel machine in the bowling alley. These four machines took in the seven hundred dollars which was supposed to pay for the rent, and the bar netted even more. Long before the three thousand dollar note at the bank was due, I had paid it off, but I did not tell my brother, as I wanted to save it for a pleasant suprise.

As soon as Barnes realized how much profit he had let slip through his fingers, he began to scheme to get the bar away from me. As a starter he planned to have me beat up by the slot machine agent, a big, sandy-complexioned, bar-room rounder by the name of Tapper.

Tapper had sold me the slot machines, assuring me that it was impossible to use lead slugs in it. I kept finding these slugs in with the other change and one morning, seeing Tapper in the lobby of the hotel, talking to Barnes, I walked over to him. Barnes hurried over to the two ladies present, Mrs. Crosby and Mrs. Richmond, and (I learned later) asked them to get out as there was going to be a fight.

When I showed Tapper the slugs he said I was the dirty so-and-so who put them there. My surprise and anger was great, but left almost immediately when I realized that he meant to give me the beating of my life.

His first blow fractured my collar bone. Realizing that my light weight was no match for his husky build, I lowered my head and rushed at him like an enraged billy-goat. His feet flew out from under him and he hit his head on the tile floor. I wanted to beat his face to a jelly, but with my first lick, the three-carat diamond ring I wore cut such a bloody gash that I softened and merely caught him around the throat with both hands and began beating his head against the floor.

Dick Love, a good friend who lived at the hotel, grabbed my arm yelling, "My God, Bailey, you've killed him!"

That slowed me down enough to see that Tapper was limp and his blood-shot eyes looked as big as saucers. I got up and glanced around the circle of onlookers. I spied Barnes' white guilty face staring at me. He was at the back of the crowd but I started for him. One or two tried to hold me back but I chased him into the baggage room. He banged shut the door and locked it.

In the meantime, Barnes' chief clerk, a big windbag, had mounted to the hotel desk. He waved a .45 Colt yelling, "Fair play!" I started for him, promising him a dose of fair play, but a yell from Dick Love stopped me.

"Look out, Bailey. There's Tapper!"

Tapper was on his feet. I repeated my rush, head down. This time he crashed back through the curved, two-hundred-dollar cigar case. He lay stretched out on the broken glass and boxes of cigars. Dick pulled me off him and took me to a doctor's office to have my collar bone set. Tapper was taken to Hotel Dieu for repairs and a rest.

When William Jennings Bryan came to El Paso, he stopped at the

Orndorff and I attended his reception there. As I turned away from shaking his hand I saw Tapper and thought we were in for another fight. But Tapper called me over to one side in a friendly way and told me that Barnes had given him an order for $700 worth of machines with the provision that he beat me up. Barnes was strangely missing. Said he had urgent business in Houston, but I learned later that he did not leave the hotel. He just hung around waiting for my brother's return.

A LOCAL PARTY IN ALASKA

This picture was taken in Alaska in 1909, the year of the Seattle Fair. This group spent the summer there. Reading from left to right they are—Charles Davis, later mayor of El Paso; Mrs. H. H. Bailey; Dr. Turner and his wife of El Paso; Judge Beal, El Paso; Charles Loomis, lawyer of El Paso (onlyone of group who is alive today besides Bailey); Miss Montgomery, later the wife of Mayor Davis, and H. H. Bailey.

CHAPTER XXXII

BEFORE my brother's return I stepped into another experience that cost me plenty. My head bartender, Ben Massey, killed the auditor of the San Antonio Brewery.

Ben, a wirey little man, who only weighed a hundred and ten pounds, had a dispute with a brewery driver over an empty beer case that wasn't worth more than seventy-five cents. Ben kept a small account book in which the drivers signed a receipt for empty cases. When the auditor called, Ben could not find his book. The auditor accused Ben of stalling and trying to cover up. When I came in, Ben had just found the book and asked permission to take it over to show the auditor before he left town.

Ben always carried a small nickle-plated .22 calibre pistol. I often kidded him about it, remarking that if he ever shot me with it and I found out about it, I'd sure slap him down. I kept a Colt .41 calibre in the desk—the one I had carried for Dixon—and if Ben had been looking for trouble, he would have taken that Colt.

When the auditor saw the properly receipted book, he became abusive and picked Ben up to throw him out the door. Ben, in desperation, pulled his pistol and wildly fired five shots. In the struggle, the auditor pulled Ben's hand in front of his own chest and that shot was fatal. It pierced the auditor's juglar vein.

The brewery set out to have Ben hanged. With their money and influence, they did their best. Ben's bail was set at ten thousand dollars. He had many friends but not many were qualified to go his bond. He finally got Dick Newton, proprietor of the Sheldon bar, another friend, and me to sign his bond. Signing that bond caused me to lose the Court-House block in El Paso which later sold for thirty-eight thousand dollars.

It was a year before Ben's case came to trial in Marfa, Texas, where we had taken a change of venue. The brewery hired three expert criminal lawyers. Each of Ben's bondsmen selected a lawyer and guaranteed his fee. They were Judge Falvey, Stanton and Harris Walthall—the latter my selection. He was just a fledgling then, but he is still my attorney today, and holds the job of Collector of Customs in El Paso.

The Sheriff, Bob Porter (now a leading lumber merchant in Las Cruces), had his hands full as people from all around came to hear the oratory of the brewery's famous attorneys. Their oratory was eloquent enough but the jury acquitted Ben in ten minutes. Our attorneys gave them enough rope to hang themselves. With their bribed witnesses, they claimed that Ben had shot the auditor from behind, as he bent over his desk. That was the sworn testimony of one of the drivers, but when the brewery's testimony was in, Ben's lawyers put the coronor on the stand and

he testified that the bullet went into the auditor's throat and presented the powderstained, bloody shirt to prove it. The coroner testified that one of the bullets hit a soft pine door with so little force that a policeman extracted it with his bare fingers. Ben was free and I was out a thousand dollars spent on his living expenses and fees.

My brother Ed returned to El Paso while I was out of town and Barnes poisioned his mind with tales about my degeneration, now that I ran a saloon. My brother was so angry that he authorized Barnes to take over the bar without hearing my side of the story.

I had written my brother about Ben's trouble and going on his bail. He had advised me to deed the court house block, which was my individual property, over to the Bailey Hotel Co., a corporation of which I owned a third interest. This move was to protect myself in case Ben skipped the country and the other two bondsmen were not able to raise their part of the bail. In that event I would have been liable for the entire amount. I did as he suggested and thereby, later, lost the property.

My brother gave me a tongue-lashing for beating up Tapper, and believed what Barnes said about my ruining his hotel business. He was even so sore that he didn't bother to thank me for paying off that $3,000 note at the bank, and that really hurt. I hit the ceiling and resigned then and there.

When Ed realized that I was quitting for good, he promptly tied up all my bank accounts and did his best to prevent my getting into any other business. I had moved to my sister Margaret's house and was enjoying my first rest since starting the construction of the hotel.

My rest was brief. An old friend, William N. Daily, who operated a general merchandise store down at Villa Ahumada, Mexico, was in town. We had become acquainted while I was running a train on the Mexican Central. His wife made one trip with us that none of our train crew will ever forget. She went to an El Paso hospital for the birth of her children. This particular time she delayed her departure over-long and in the rush to get her to a hospital, Daily wired the railroad superintendent and got an order for the first freight conductor to take her to Juarez. My train got the assignment and the baby boy was born just as we entered Juarez.

Now Daily looked me up and told me the story about a native renegade prospector, Felipe, who had brought in a rich specimen of ore. He had offered Daily half share of the claim if Daily would file the claim.

I offered to share Daily's gamble by paying the filing fee, provided I could do the development work, as I was anxious to get out in the mountains for a rest and a change. That suited him, but he warned me that was a long shot. I put up a hundred dollars for half of Daily's interest in the prospect and was to boss the development if it should prove valuable.

My next problem was to raise the hundred dollars. I bought tools from a second-hand dealer named Ryan. His wife had always admired my handsome diamond ring. I offered her the ring for seven hundred and fifty dollars, knowing it was worth twelve hundred. Finally I let it go for five hundred

I returned to V. Ahumada with Daily and received a warm welcome from his wife who remembered that wild trip in my caboose when her son, William, was born.

"THIS RABBIT DRANK WATER HERE"

A reproduction of a postcard Author Bailey used to show that Radium Springs radio-active waters were really something.

CHAPTER XXXIII

● THE following morning was started for the Villa Ahumada, Mexico prospect in a buckboard, accompanied by Felipe, the renegade prospector.

He was without doubt the most unique human being I've ever met. He was captured by the Apaches when quite small and raised by them. But he was such a problem child that the Apaches finally brought him to Casa Grande and returned him to his countrymen. He was grown by now, but his own people had no better luck with him than had the Apaches, so he drifted off into the mountains and led a hermit-like existence.

He carried a razor-sharp butcher knife in a scabbard and an old Sharp's .50 calibre rifle. Every mysterious death anywhere within a hundred mile radius was blamed on Felipe, though there was never sufficient evidence to justify his arrest.

His ability to locate mineral deposits was uncanny and he knew all the Apache remedies for curing the sick. He was an expert camp cook, but there was a darkness of spirit that hung over him. We lived alone for two months and in all that time he never once smiled nor volunteered an unnecessary remark.

It was 25 miles to the prospect. Halfway there, just as we were entering the mountains, Felipe hopped out of the buckboard and ran over the hills as fast as our team trotted.

Every few miles he would return to us with a handful of specimens that he had picked up. Each one showed mineral traces and Daily remarked that in all his 40 years of mining, he had never seen Felipe's equal as a prospector.

Felipe directed us about a mile from the road to the brink of a wash, saying the prospect was close by. We unhitched the team and fed them. The nearby hillside was covered with a luxuriant growth of gramma grass and Daily remarked that we must still have some distance to go as the nearest rock croppings were several hundred yards away. We were unprepared for Felipe's "Here it is!" just after we had crossed the wash.

He had dug a hole, not over two feet deep by four feet long, in that thick gramma grass, and in the bottom of it was a rock about the size of a man's head that showed where a piece the size of my hand had been taken off. The piece had assayed a thousand ounces to the ton. Daily got down in the hole, hit the rock with a pick and when it turned over, he picked it up with disgust and remarked, "Just as I suspected! A crude job of salting a prospect." We returned to the team and Daily remarked that if Felipe weren't such a tough bird he would beat him up and leave him in the mountains.

We ate our lunch and then called to Felipe, who was busy digging in the hole, to come on—because we were starting back home.

He wouldn't budge until we had a look at what he had uncovered. It was a rock as large as a cook stove and the pieces we broke from it were even richer than the original specimen. We knew that big rock was not planted and we were jubilant. Daily warned me not to let Felipe see my eagerness as he was always unpredictable. We put in the rest of the day digging and took back two sacks of ore that brought over a hundred dollars.

We had filed what is known as a Zona permit, a temporary permit to nearly a mile square which entitled us to make our final filings but until they were made we were not entitled to ship any ore. We determined to keep our strike as secret as possible until we did more development. The ore was mostly horn silver, easily recognized by its color. As it was so valuable, all ore we ever shipped was sacked and guarded.

We returned to Daily's home and spent a couple of days getting camp equipment ready for Felipe and I to proceed with our mining. We had to haul our water the 25 miles from V. Ahumada and it was nearly as precious as the ore. I learned never to empty my dishpan or wash pan until it was necessary and, believe me, water can get nasty and slimy after it has been in a barrel for a week.

Daily provided me with a Colt .45 and warned me never to let Felipe see me without it, but I found Felipe a fine companion during the two months we were together. He was a fine cook. He would take our iron pot with the tight-fitting top, bury it until the top was level with the ground and then build a camp fire over it. Every morning, from this bean pot, he took out a small pail of thoroughly cooked beans and replaced them with a pint cup of dry beans. In this manner the beans were cooking hours at a time.

Fortunately we were both fond of our beans, the red frijoles, and we ate them every meal. For breakfast they were mashed with a fork with chili and bacon grease added. For dinner we had them as a soup and for supper, the big meal, it was frijoles mixed with meat or left overs.

We both liked corn tortillas but when the supply we brought out every Saturday ran short, I made biscuits and cooked them in the Dutch oven.

Quail were plentiful, so the second week I brought out my shotgun to camp. We had quail until I proved to my satisfaction that no man can eat quail for 30 consecutive days. We played the quail a dirty trick. There were pot holes in the rocks where the Indians used to grind their food. We poured a little of our precious water into one of these holes and then drove the quail, under Felipe's expert direction, until they located the water. After that, about sundown every quail would come from all directions to water. I would wait till I could get two with one shot, kill them, but never pick them up until after the others had their water. Felipe had his fill of quail the first week and used his

bird to cook with the beans. But the end of the second week, we both turned down the quail.

During the day time we worked hard getting out ore, and at night I questioned Felipe about his life with the Apaches. He answered each question fully but never offered any voluntary information until I asked where the Indians got their cooking utensils.

Then he related the story of the rich copper deposit which the Indians had located at the head of the Yaqui River. (This was in a canyon which I have been informed rivals our Grand Canyon of Arizona.)

During the dry season when the river was very low, the Indians would make an annual trip from the state of Sonora to a little branch canyon where they picked up native copper which laid in sheets as large as a man's hand. These sheets were melted over a charcoal fire and formed into the various utensils.

Felipe was almost enthusiastic when I asked if we could visit this canyon. He agreed we could go in November when the river is at its lowest.

The Indians usually completed their trip by emerging at the top and raiding some of the Mexican colonies in western Chihuahua, escaping down the river where the Mexicans were afraid to follow them. Daily and I often planned the trip for a day in the future, but that day never came.

CHAPTER XXXIV

● ONE sunny morning Felipe and I were sitting on the dump, waiting for a blast to go off. He pointed out a flock of mountain sheep feeding along the crest toward the west. I asked why we couldn't kill one if we climbed the cliff at the west end and waited for them.

"If the wind right, yes," said Felipe. "But the sheep can smell us a mile."

These sheep have poor eyesight and depend on their remarkable sense of smell for protection. Felipe said there was a wonderful buck, Black Buck, who actually had an extra curl on his horns. Every hunter was eager to kill him and he said he wouldn't be surprised if that distant band wasn't Black Buck's own. Ambition overtook me. I took my pump gun, loaded with buckshot and Felipe had his Sharp's rifle as we started off.

For two months I had been afflicted with a pleurisy pain in my left side and always wore an antiflogestine plaster to relieve the pain. As we hurried along, I grew warm and took off my coat and vest and hung them on a bush where we could readily find them on our return. When we started up the cliff, my plaster came lose and I shucked it.

The cliffs were very steep and we had to climb them by shelves, zagzaging back and forth to reach the top. On the crest, Felipe did some scouting before he spied the sheep which had descended our mountain and were crossing a little valley below us, still almost a mile away.

We started the descent, but on the brink of the cliff was an immense boulder, nearly round, that would weigh near fifty thousand pounds. Felipe showed me how nicely it was balanced. He could rock it a little with one hand. I cleared away some small rocks from under it and told Felipe I thought we could start it down the cliff. I used my gun barrel for a pry and got Felipe's rifle stock set for a short pry and that did the trick.

What a projectile that boulder made! It dropped off more than a hundred feet before it took off across the country like a cannon ball, easy to trace by the dust it raised. While I gazed spellbound, Felipe spotted the sheep which the boulder headed off. Their route was actually intersected by the boulder which had cleaned the brush from the mountain side. The sheep followed the path it made and kept coming toward us until they reached the foot of the cliff. Then they began zigzagging up on the shelves taking the same route that we had used.

I hid about fifty feet from the spot where the last shelf topped, expecting the leader, Black Buck, I hoped, to pop up any minute. Nothing happened and I sent Felipe to take a look. He reported the sheep within fifty feet of the top, but he thought they had scented us. I sent him back about a hundred yards to take a shot at

them so they would scare up my way. As Felipe shot, I ran to the edge and looked over, but the sheep were going down the mountain, much as the boulder had gone, except they landed on their horns and kept rolling. We got no sheep that day.

* * *

I was living under the shelter of a ten foot tarp which was tied to a bush with some props to hold it up. I had recovered my coat and vest but forgot about my antiflogestine plaster until the next morning at day light. I awoke with a sharp pain in my side. There was a bottle of whisky in my grip and I took a little emergency measure, but the stuff got in my windpipe and caused such a violent fit of coughing that the pain made me lose consciousness.

Felipe noticed that I was lying outside of my blanket, after he had built the fire. He laid me back in bed and when I came to, I aked him to heat the can of antiflogestine, as he had seen me do, spread it on my handkerchief and bring it to me. I was in such pain when he came that I merely raised up my shirt and told him to plaster the stuff on my side. When that plaster hit me, I hit the ceiling and down came the tarp. That antiflogestine was as hot as melted lead. I tried to claw it off and threw stuff in every direction. When I calmed down enough to take stock, Felipe looked so shocked and concerned that I had to laugh.

"Damm funny, eh, Felipe?"

"Is the pain gone, senor?"

I took a breath and realized that the pain had left me.

Felipe nodded solemnly and said, "You see, senor, you have something to laugh about."

The pleurisy pain did not return but it took months to cure the burn.

I had an attack of diarrhea that sent Felipe off to look for native remedies. He was gone most of the day and he returned with peculiar-looking roots which he said only grew on the tops of the mountains. He made a delightful tasting tea of them and soon I was cured. Later, when we had a big crew working the mine, the children of the miners were often sick and Felipe could always find a herb remedy for their ailment. The mothers thought his cures were marvelous.

CHAPTER XXXV

● IN ORDER to get an idea of the size of the ore body we were working on, Daily, who was an expert miner, selected a site to sink a shaft. When Felipe and I had the shaft down twenty feet, we struck our ore body. We continued on down about ten feet, with all four sides of the shaft showing richer ore than the first prospect. It looked as though we had a million-dollar proposition. We softened up the mineral agent in Juarez and got permission to ship a carload of ore to the smelter. This car brought nearly three thousand dollars and "the cat was out of the bag." The El Paso papers came out with headlines about the bonanza opened up by Bailey & Daily, only eighty-five miles from El Paso.

I built a rock house at the mine, had a good cook stove and quite a commissary. Among our first callers was Juan Hart, owner of the El Paso Times, and his mining agent, Lew Davis. They spent two days with me. Hart was well educated, and, as his mother was a native, he spoke her language and knew Mexican customs and laws. We had made our final selections and filed on what we thought was ten pertinencias square, but it was translated to read square pertinencias, which made a lot of difference, although we had erected corner monuments according to our understanding.

We learned of our mistake when a surveyor, employed by Juan H. Hart, came out and ran a line that took in a particular hill that looked mineralized. We called for an investigation and had no trouble in correcting the mistake. Among other callers at the mine was Tom Lea, at that time studying law and James Parker, the well-known El Paso mining engineer. They liked my hot biscuits, frijoles and quail on toast, as well as the sight of so much silver. Even today (1947) Jim wants me to go with him to relocate that wonderful ore body.

Now, we had three thousand dollars coming from the smelter in El Paso, half of which belonged to Felipe. His idea of wealth was enough money for a big drunk and we doubted that he would ever be much a partner. Daily urged me to buy him out and I urged Daily to do the same. Finally we got Fred Bascom and John Burton, both prominent lumbermen, to buy Felipe's half interest. They agreed to pay him one hundred dollars down and one hundred dollars each month as long as Felipe lived.

This was a good deal from all angles. The other miners had put me wise to the fact that Felipe had been stealing ore. I had trouble with other highgraders, as the ore was so rich that it was fairly easy for the miners to hide choice sample. When the ore was blasted down the sorters took what they could hide and my life was threatened when I protested. It got so bad that Daily persuaded the jeffe at V. Ahumada to give us a guard of five soldiers. The

first Sunday we got them to raid a blacksmith shop at Carrisal and there we caught some of our miners smeltering stolen ore in a forge. We agreed not to prosecute them if they returned all stolen ore. The recovered ore was worth about three hundred dollars.

The news of my strike was greatly exaggerated and one afternoon a rig drove up and there was my father and brother, who had come to investigate. We had a fine reunion—all bitterness forgotten.

I got the particulars of what Barnes had done to my brother during my absence. He had defaulted on a month's rent and left without notice, first trying to wreck the business by ordering out all the guests. He was thorough. He even cleaned out the salt shakers before he left.

My brother had really come down to get me to take over until he could find a new tenant. He and my father looked over my working crew and the rich ore we were taking out. They accepted my promise to try to get someone to take my place at the mine for a month. Then I would return to El Paso with enough money and energy to start the hotel off again.

There was a mining man, Mitchell, from Colorado, visiting me. He wanted to buy in with us but we had agreed that no partner could sell any of his interest in the mine without giving the other partners a thirty-day option on his share, at the same price and terms which had been offered him by the outsider.

I sold Daily on the idea that Mitchel, an experienced miner, would doubtlessly make a more efficient superintendent than I. It was agreed that as soon as Mitchell could go back to Colorado, get his tricks and return, I was to take my thirty-day vacation.

The day Mitchell returned, I got word that my brother was very ill. I hurried to El Paso. He had just got the hotel operating nicely again when he was stricken. The doctors said overwork and worry was the cause.

Brother James

James Bailey at the height of his career as operator of The Angelus Hotel in El Paso.

CHAPTER XXXVI

● OUR family doctor, Herbert Stevenson, informed me that in his opinion my brother would never recover. I called Doctors Brown and Richmond—my father was already on the job. Although my brother and his wife had been separated for a month, she was back, but all our efforts were in vain.

I was fortunate enough to get back in time to have several talks with him and give him the details of the mine, in which he was very interested, and he kept congratulating me and telling me he had not appreciated my abilities.

He had always been dabbling in mines—in fact he and L. M. Crawford, the theater magnate, had just been jipped out of one of the big copper mines at Bisbee, one which would have made them millionaires. Here's the story on that deal: He had met Mr. Crawford on the train bound for Bisbee, where some prospector who Mr. Crawford had known as a boy had interested him in a copper prospect. Mr. Crawford's tale interested my brother and they both went to Bisbee to look the prospect over. It looked like a good proposition, so they put up three thousand each which paid off some debts and started development. My brother left Mr. Crawford to attend to the details of the deal and hurried back to El Paso—at that time the hotel was under construction. He talked a great deal about his venture in copper, which he thought had possibilities.

Mr. Crawford was operating the only theater in El Paso, and came by frequently. They kept putting in more money, and finally the mine was supposed to be on a paying basis. Then, bang! They were sued by a prospector, who claimed a previous filing on the mine. At the suit, it was proven to be a put up job by Mr. Crawford's friend to get the prospect developed by some one elses money. It was a shock to realize such a job like that could be put over on two of the most shrewd business men I ever knew. In fact, the transaction cooled my brothers friendship, and Mr. Crawford ceased visiting us.

So now, my brother remarked, "O.K., Kid—from now on you will be the head of all our mining operations."

His death was a great calamity to the whole family.

At the time we owned the half block facing the railroad, from Oregon Street to Mesa Avenue; the Court House block and several valuable residence lots which were still in my name. Old Dr. Booke had a fifty-thousand-dollar mortage on the Angelus and Natatorium. There was a fifteen thousand mortgage on the Plaza Hotel and a ten thousand mortgage on the Court House block.

My brother had managed, with his excellent bank credit and other resources to keep the interest and taxes paid. These properties were bringing in big rents, so a bunch of financial wizards

around town set out to divide up the Bailey Estate between themselves.

They called a meeting of all our mortgage holders and agreed that no mortgage would be renewed and no mortgage holder would bid against the foreclosure of the various holders of that particular tract. This fact was confined to my Old Doc Booke who was sweating over an unsecured note of three thousand dollars which he had recently loaned my brother. He intimated that if I paid that note when it was due, successfully operated the hotel, and raised his interest from six to eight percent, he might agree not to start foreclosure.

Our holdings were in the name of the Bailey Hotel Company, an incorporation that had one share of stock issued to my brother, one to his wife and one to me.

My brother had been in ill health for five years. His wife had been a chorus girl in the extravaganza "America" which was the big hit at the Chicago World's Fair. She was a beautiful, brainy, capable woman who loved big city life. She had grown weary of nursing my brother, so when he had to take back the hotel she rebelled and they agreed on a separation. She moved to the Court House block and was there at the time my brother was stricken.

He had told me the particulars, but not suspecting that he was on his death bed, he had not drawn a will.

I tried to cooperate with my sister-in-law, but we couldn't even agree on a lawyer to represent us. She wanted Stanton because his sister was her friend. But I knew that Turney and Burgess, who had been Ed's lawyers until they made the bust in preparing the papers for the sale of his paper in New York, were the proper ones as they represented the First National Bank which held some of our short-time notes. I engaged them and explained to my sister-in-law that it would be a miracle if we saved a cent from the sharks that were after us. That sixty day note held by Dr. Booke might well be the spark that would blow us off the financial map.

I could raise the three thousand but I would not risk my money without a definate understanding with her. She agreed that I should handle all the financing as long as I agreed to have her appointed administratrix. This I did—my first foolish move—and we further agreed to divide equally whatever we could clear up out of the estate.

I raised the three thousand by selling a thirty-second interest in the mine to Mitchell. Dr. Booke was out of the city, but I found that he had placed the note in hands of Leigh Clark for collection, although it was not due for thirty days. Clark demanded $300 attorney's fees. Everyone was trying to squeeze us. I got legal advice, tendered Clark the money, less his fees, and he did not have the nerve to refuse it.

CHAPTER XXXVII

● AT THE hotel I had Albert Van Dyke for chief clerk. Van had been night clerk for Zieger's at $40 a month. I paid him $75 and he proved a most loyal and valuable aid. We had good business and I kept busy in all departments. I closed the big American plan dining room and opened a modern cafe in one of the store rooms where we served a big Sunday dinner for a dollar which included a bottle of wine.

I had a Harvey House chef and fine-looking waitresses and our cafe became the most popular eating place in town.

A mysterious phone call informed me one day that my head waitress was stealing equipment, such as linen and silverware, and taking it to her room in Juarez. I got George Herald, a city detective who spoke excellent Spanish, to go with me to the Juarez chief of police. We told him our story and he helped us locate the girl's room. Not bothering with a search warrant, we searched her trunk. We uncovered hundreds of dollars worth of silverware, part of which came from Zeiger's where she had formerly worked. There were piles of napkins and table cloths which still showed where the "A" for Angelus Hotel had been stitched in and then picked out.

We waited until the girl returned. There was no argument. She confessed that she took the stuff because her husband, a cook, planned to open an eating house in Mexico. She argued that sending her to jail would gain me nothing, but if I would forgive her, she would return all the things she and her husband had stolen.

We went back to the hotel kitchen where the detective questioned the employees and got plenty of evidence of the chef's pilfering. We found his watch hung up in the kitchen but we never heard from him again, despite the efforts of the El Paso police and the Alamogordo authorities.

This experience chilled my enthusiasm for operating a cafe and I sold all the equipment to a popular Chinese named Mark Guy who had been an El Paso court interpreter for years. He paid me $3,000 in cash and it took us over an hour to count the money as each bill was separately folded. Most of the bills were fives and none of them over a ten. They were doubtlessly Mark's life savings as many of them were mouldy with age.

Mark was always in hot water. He was good natured and a fine cook, but no better than I at handling the American help. We had a fine-looking blonde as head waitress, an ex-Harvey House queen, named Helen. She was very competent and had a room in the hotel. Mark fell in love with her. He wore his black hair in a thin, oiled queue wound around his shaven head, quite a contrast to Helen's blond beauty.

He'd known her two months when he came to me and said he

was going to marry her. I figured Helen was getting away with so much cash that Mark thought it was the smart thing to keep the money in the family. I tried to discourage him, pulling that "East is east and West is west" line. But they were married the following day, and then they wanted to occupy Helen's room in the hotel. The other guests would have objected, and Mark and I had our first disagreement. Helen had to move out and I was not surprised when, three months later, she walked out on Mark and left him broke. He sold out for what he could get.

In the meantime, with my sister-in-law's co-operation, we were making a success operating the hotel. I sold two fine lots on North Mesa to Dr. Richmond for a thousand dollars. He later sold them to Zach White who built his home on them.

I used the money to improve the hotel services and the outlook was rosy until my sister-in-law called me to her room one day. Our attorney, Wm. Burgess, was with her and they informed me that they intended to call a meeting of the Bailey Hotel Company to elect Mr. Turney, Sr., member of Burgess' firm, as a third director in the Bailey Hotel Company. That was a thunder clap to me, as Turney didn't own a single share of stock in the company. The sudden friendship which had developed between the three after her violent opposition to my employing them as attorneys for the company in the first place, made me suspicious. I recalled our mutual agreement to the effect that I would not oppose her appointment as independent administratrix of the estate and I would pull the company out of the hole financially, if she would divide the estate equally between us. She replied that at the time of our agreement she did not know that the law in Texas gave the widow all of an estate. She now proposed to take the entire estate. I promptly declared war and told them to start shooting.

I had always had the responsibility of a third owner in the company and there had only been three bonified shares of stock issued, just enough to qualify the required three directors: my brother, his wife and me. There had never been a formal meeting of the directors. My brother kept the books and whatever corporate actions were taken he wrote up in the minute book. These we occasionally signed as directors. My brother's death created a vacancy that could only be corrected by both our votes. My brother had issued our Uncle Newt Bailey ten shares in the hotel company stock as we were financing the development of his El Oro Mine in Banner, California and Uncle Newt had used the stock as collateral in San Diego. I had made a fruitless search for the stock book and records of the company, assisted by my sister-in-law, only to find later that she had them in her possession all the time. My uncle forwarded a letter she had written him requesting the return of his stock as the records in her possession showed that he had not paid for it.

I retained Millard Patterson as my attorney, the best corporate lawyer in the city. When he heard my story, he proposed to have the deed I had made to the Court House Block voided for legal reasons and he advised me to retain control of the hotel and await my sister-in-law's first move.

When she saw the fight ahead, she started compromise negotiations. We still had Dr. Brook's two mortgages of twenty-five thousand dollars hanging over us and an eight thousand dollar mortgage on the Court House Block. But business was improving with $500 month rentals coming in, and the hotel showing a nice profit. If my sister-in-law had kept her promise, we could have prevented the lawyers and loan sharks from gobbling up our equity.

I paid a five hundred dollar retainer to my lawyer and decided it would be cheaper to compromise than to go through the courts. My first move was to secure a partner, as I knew the opposition would not leave me to operate the business myself. I contacted Mr. McDermit, who operated the eating houses at Alamogordo and Tucumcari for the South Western Railroad and he agreed to give my sister-in-law fifteen thousand dollars for her half interest in the hotel. He was to pay five thousand down and five thousand the next two years. I gave her my equity in the Court House Block for her interest in the El Oro Mine in California.

Operating the hotel and getting the estate in shape was a job at which my sister-in-law could not assist me. At one stage we were notified that the $10,000 mortgage on the Plaza Hotel would be due in thirty days. Money was tight as it was the beginning of the 1907 panic. I tried for a new loan everywhere without success. Business was so dead that a real estate agent named Crow went broke and was preparing to move to San Diego. He disposed of all his household goods and with his wife moved to the Angelus Hotel.

One evening Crow came to me to say he did not have sufficient funds to pay his hotel bill and still have enough left to pay their fare to San Diego. I refused to release his baggage and suggested that he might pull off a deal to earn a commission.

There was a little Dutchman, named Charley Miller, at Anthony who had money. Crow was to phone Miller and confidentially inform him that the Bailey Estate was in financial difficulties. If Miller would raise $10,000, he could buy either the Court House Block or the Plaza Hotel for $25,000.

Crow did as I suggested, telling Miller that each property was rented for $250 a month. Miller was impressed and said he would be down on the morning train.

To cover my surprise at the success of our venture, I blurted to Crow, "There now, you've paid your hotel bill. You can get out of town." But I had overshot my mark. Crow sat back and grinned at me. "Aren't you forgetting my regular five per cent

commission?" he asked. He got his commission, as it took Miller only ten minutes the next day to select the Plaza Hotel, which his estate still owns.

That sale lifted a burden, and as Miller and I were old friends, I sold him the bowling alley property for $15,000. It had a $5,000 mortgage on it, but I still had enough to take up all notes at the bank and enough left over to install a second-hand hydraulic elevator in the Angelus Hotel which had just been taken out of Hotel Dieu.

BACK IN THE OLD DAYS

This old cut was discovered recently while sorting some old ones at the Citizen. Louis Valdes, a present employee, also worked for the Citizen at the time this picture was taken. He estimated it was some time in 1911. The location of the Citizen at that time was on West Organ, just back of the present Popular Dry Goods store. Gabriel Paz has identified this group as follows: Left to right, "Gabe" himself, Angel Chasco, Antonio Madrid, Harry Patterson, Miguel Godines standing in front of Jose Jordi, Leo Ferlett, W. P. Lapoint, Sr., then the editor and publisher, and Fred Katzstine.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

● OPERATING a hotel was not all unpleasant experiences.

One day a charming young widow, her invalid sister and her five-year-old daughter, Maurine, walked in and registered. As the sister, Lora, was in the last stages of consumption, I had to inform them that we could not accept tubercular cases.

But after one good look at all three of them, I decided that even if the hotel could not take them, I, as an individual, could. I took them up to my father's ranch at Old Mesilla. He was a doctor, batching at the time, and it suited him fine to have company. He erected a tent in the side yard for Lora and all hands got busy trying to restore her to health. It was a slow, losing fight. I was so busy at the Angelus Hotel that I could only make short visits, but they made up in frequency what they lacked in length.

After two months the sister passed away and I had the body shipped back to her home in Missouri. Soon the young widow wrote me a letter of appreciation from Missouri and I promptly answered, professing great interest in the welfare of her little girl. Our correspondence flourished and ended by my meeting her in Topeka, Kansas at the home of her uncle, Dr. Charles Hullet, where we were married on May 10, 1904.

As my partner, McDermit, was operating the Angelus Hotel, I resumed the management of the mine at V. Ahumada, figuring it was an ideal set up for a honeymoon. I had not mentioned my intention to get married to anyone except my chief clerk, Albert Van Dyke.

The first day of our honeymoon we spent in Kansas City visiting friends. Then we headed for El Paso with Maurine, my wife's daughter, along. She won my favor right off by calling me "Daddy" so no one on the Pullman would know that her mother and I were newlyweds.

Life at the mine was one new experience after the other for my wife and Maurine.

One memorable Sunday we ascended the famous Banco Lucero Peak, a well-known landmark in that part of Mexico. It rises above the plains, several thousand feet of solid rock. I had done a lot of mountain climbing in my life but that was the most perilous climbing stunt I ever attempted, and all to impress a greenhorn Missouri girl. To insure the success of the trip, I hired a Mexican who had made the climb with a government surveying party. They had taught him the importance of taking along all necessary equipment such as iron wedges and plenty of rope.

Most of the climb was made on narrow shelves of rock. At some places these shelves were less than two feet wide for a distance of fifty feet or more. The Mexican expert went ahead with the rope and wedges. He would face the wall and edge along until he

could drive in the wedge and fasten the rope which served as a sort of handrail. We had taken along four miners to assist the expert. When the rope was in place, one miner went ahead, my wife next with her hand on his shoulder. Then another miner and I followed him with my hand on his shoulder and the last miner followed me. A slip would have meant a drop of a thousand feet. On the steep places, the men would pull and boost my wife, letting her use them as stairsteps. I remember my secret nervousness and thankfulness to those miners for getting us safely to the top of that peak and down again. We left our wedding announcement and a note saying that my wife was the first white woman to ascend that peak. We left them in a tin box in a rock crevice and I often wonder if anyone ever found them.

* * *

I had succeeded to my brother's interest in the California mine, El Oro, where we had spent seventeen thousand under my Uncle Newt's supervision. He was always urging me to come out and get on the job with him.

We had an offer of $100,000 for the Mexico mine, made by the wealthy Ryan Copper interests and I induced my partners to accept it. The deal called for six per cent interest, all ore shipped to be applied on the debt, with all machinery and improvements to belong to us in case of default. It looked like a cinch as we were paid a year's interest in advance —$6,000. My cut was fifteen hundred dollars which enabled us to get away to California in fine style.

It was my wife's first visit to the west coast and she and Maurine had an exciting time. On the train, Maurine looked over the other passengers and chose Perry Turner and his wife as her pets. She brought them down to our seats to make a formal introduction and that was the beginning of a friendship that lasted for years.

Mr. Turner was president of the El Paso Gas Company and president of a big gas company back in Illinois. This was their first trip to the coast and their first view of the ocean. We all stopped at the fashionable Lankersham Hotel and did the rounds of the beaches. Their first dip in the ocean was down at Long Beach. My wife and Mrs. Turner would not venture in but I got Maurine and Perry into their bathing suits and led them into the surf. The first wave knocked Maurine flat and cooled off her enthusiasm, so I was free to initiate Perry into the art of jumping the breakers. He was too eager. A wave knocked him over and he lost his glasses. I thought it very funny then, but now that I've had two cataract operations and must wear heavy lenses like Perry wore then, I can now appreciate what it meant for him to be nearly blind until he could get new glasses made.

Reluctantly we parted company with the Turners and went on to San Diego and out to Uncle Newt's and El Oro mine at Banner. Our first stop was to visit Uncle Charley's ranch, close to

Julian. I was now traveling my boyhood trail again. This was where we lived at the time of my mother's death; the place where I got lost in the mountains the first week of my arrival.

My wife and Maurine took to the hardy native style of living. Maurine was particularly thrilled at riding up front with the driver on the big, four-horse-team stage. They enjoyed riding the Indian ponies and Uncle Charley suggested that my wife and I ought to ride over to visit my Uncle Theo who lived on the top of Smith Mountain—now known as Palomar, where the largest telescope in the world is being installed. I thought forty miles of tough mountain riding was too much, but my wife laughed at my lack of confidence in her ruggedness, particularly after all the hiking and burro riding she had done down in Mexico, not to mention more recent rides around Uncle Charley's place.

I scouted around and located two good ponies and saddles, and after a test ride, concluded to make the start. It was a hot day but I had provided a canteen and my aunt had provided a fine lunch. My wife started off at a swift gallop, and as half the trip would be up a steep mountain road where the horses must walk slowly, the swift pace was agreeable to me.

I knew we should start the climb before we ate our lunch, but five miles from the foot of the mountain we were tempted by a group of nice shady trees. My wife insisted that we rest there. I was tired, too, as we had ridden a fast twenty miles, and though I knew better, I took off the saddles and gave the ponies a bait of corn for their lunch. My wife stretched out on a saddle blanket in the nice cool shade and took a nap. I had warned her if she cooled off she would be sore and stiff. An hour later when I saddled the ponies she couldn't get to her feet, much less mount her horse. I suggested we return home and tried to lift her up on the pony but she screamed with pain and insisted that I go find an ambulance.

The road was seldom traveled, and not knowing where the nearest ranch might be, I concluded to do some scouting. I mounted and started back to Warner Indian Agency some ten miles away. I had only gone a short way when I met two men in a buckboard. They were neighbors of Uncle Theo's and when I explained my troubles, they suggested using the saddle blanket from my wife's horse to make her a pallet in the back of the buckboard. We made her as comfortable as we could but every time the rig hit a chuck hole she would cry out in pain and it was after midnight before we arrived at my uncle's house. He fired up his water heater and we soon had her in a hot bath. With my expert massaging, combined with some horse liniment, we relieved her pain sufficiently to get her in bed. We added a big dose of antikamia to get her to sleep and I got to bed just at day light. My wife remained in bed for two days and I had to hire a rig to take her back to Uncle Charley's.

CHAPTER XXXIX

● WHEN we returned to Banner, we found that Uncle Newt had rounded up a crew to open up the tunnel which we were to drive some 200 feet to cut the ore vein.

There was never a finer couple than Uncle Newt and Aunt Myra. We surely were one happy family that autumn. Maurine started to the rural school. My wife and Aunt Myra were expert cooks and very congenial. Uncle Newt ran the day shift which did the shooting: a round of holes six feet deep that used up a box of dynamite. I fired the boiler and ran the night shift which did the mucking—hauling out what the day shift had shot down. Sundays, Uncle and I went out and shot doves and wild pigeons which surely made delicious pot pies.

Once a week I drove a one-horse buckboard up to Julian for six boxes of dynamite. My wife got brave and went with me one trip but on the return she decided that I was driving at a reckless trot, and fearing the dynamite might go off, she got out and walked. She insisted that I keep my distance, at least a hundred yards behind her, as she didn't want to be hurt when the dynamite exploded—or perhaps that was just her way to get me to slow down. Fortunately the mail cart came along and picked her up. Maurine and I always had a fine time driving around together but her mother would never let her accompany me when I was going to pick up dynamite.

Maurine had been going to school with Johnny Brown, a native youngster who undertook to educate the green little girl in his ways of the world. On Saturdays it was her job to go up the canyon, a quarter of a mile, to get the mail at the store. One Saturday she returned all too promptly and reported there was no mail. Her mother questioned her closely.

"Maybe I didn't go all the way," the little girl confessed. "I was afraid to pass that terrible, fierce cow."

"What fierce cow?"

"The one with the calf."

"She's not fierce, darling, she's gentle."

"She is too fierce. She's part bull."

A bull, to Maurine, was a tornado of gore and destruction. Hadn't she lived right there in El Paso where people went across the border to Juarez to see those terrible bull fights where the bulls ripped the horses apart and tried to kill the picadores, the matadores and what not?

"Darling," persisted her mother, "what makes you think the cow is part bull?"

"Because she had a bull calf," said Maurine. "It's a bull calf. Johnny said so."

And that ended the argument.

As we approached the vein which our three thousand foot tunnel was expected to cut, there was great excitement and anticipation. El Oro mine was situated on a mile-long ledge on

which four other mines were located; all of them had been big producers of free gold. Uncle Newt had discovered his mine before the others and it was at the end of the ledge. The other four mines were higher up and when they ran into water, it was so plentiful they could not pump it out. The ore, after striking water, changed into a very refractory form, still very rich, and called for a mill and a roaster.

The four mine owners made my uncle a proposition: if he would drive a tunnel some three thousand feet long that would drain all the mines, they would put in a mill and a roaster to handle the refractory ore at an expenditure of a hundred thousand dollars. As the tunnel would cost around twenty-five thousand, they figured that each owner would have equal amounts invested.

After we started the tunnel Charles Collier, a promoter in San Diego, began hollering for a third interest instead of a fourth which was the original agreement. As Collier had bought the rails of an abandoned street car company, which we needed in working our tunnel, my brother had agreed. It was a burden carrying my end, as I had to pay the dynamite and labor bills. I had six hundred a month coming in from the Mexico mine and thought my half interest in the Angelus Hotel was a nice reserve fund that would come in handy before the mine began producing.

We had started a strong flow of water which increased as we progressed and satisfactorily drained the other mines. The construction of the mill kept pace with our developments and when we finally cut our vein, the ore averaged better than twelve dollars a ton. We had plenty to work as it was a thousand feet overhead to the bottom of the old mine. And stopping ore, which in mining overhead, is very economical as, theoretically, the ore falls into the cars. The other mines had heavy hoisting expenses to get out their ore.

A week before we expected the mill to make its first test, I got word from Mexico that the purchasers of the mine down there had quit and turned the mine back to us. With my income from that source cut off, I bundled up my family and left for El Paso, wondering how much my interest in the hotel had earned.

CHAPTER XL

● ABSENCE may make the heart grow fonder, but it certainly doesn't improve a business. My hotel partner, Mr. McDermont, informed me that he was just going to wire me as he was quitting the hotel and making me a present of his half interest. The hotel had lost five thousand dollars and with the five thousand he had paid my sister-in-law, he was a loser by ten thousand. As the semi-annual interest on the fifty thousand mortgage was due in sixty days and their last month's light bill unpaid, I was none too happy. McDermot had let his son-in-law have a fling at the hotel business and I was one of the victims.

Fortunately, Albert Van Dyke was still chief clerk. With his assistance, and by selling a vacant lot I had, we managed to keep the hotel operating. My wife dug in and took over the housekeeper's job and I fired the boiler, acted as steward, landlord, plumber and jack of all trades.

Then came the real blow! A telegram from Uncle Newt saying they had started the mill and the first night it had burned to the ground. I had often questioned my uncle about the ability of the mining engineer who built the mill. I had caught him in a lie about a job he claimed he held in Parral, Mexico, under a Mr. Long. I knew Mr. Long and wrote him to check on the engineer's qualifications and found that they were poor.

Another cause for regret was the fact that I had turned down an offer of twenty-five thousand for one hundred thousand shares of my stock. As I held three hundred and thirty-three thousand shares, I could have played safe and still had plenty. But my uncle and Collier had protested, saying that I would be giving away seventy-five thousand and I had not made the sale. Later we learned that when the engineer who designed the mill discovered that roaster did not function, he burned the mill to cover his error. In fact, after all these years the mines still lies dormant there just as it was as no engineer has offered a practical method of recovery from this type of ore.

A few days after getting the news of the failure, a mining man from Chihuahua, whom I was endeavoring to interest in taking over the Mexico mine, remarked that he would rather invest in my California gold mine and he nearly fell over when I offered him 3,300.33 shares in the El Ori Mining Corp. for thirty cents.

Now I had to buckle down and succeed as a hotel man. One night I was jarred from my despondency by the blast of the fire whistle. We soon learned that the Myers Opera House was on fire. My wife and I and most of the town rushed down there to watch the fire. While we were waiting for the roof to fall in, an idea occurred to me and I told my wife I had to get off a telegram. I sent Lester M. Crawford, leesee

of the opera house a message saying that it had burned. In an hour he replied that he was leaving for El Paso on the next train.

At that time the Santa Fe had a stop at the Smelter. I got on the train there and met Mr. Crawford, a small, rotund, gray-haired man who always kept himself neat as a pin. I induced him to come to the Angelus—even though he had ordered his mail forwarded from Topeka to the Sheldon Hotel where he always stopped—by selling him on the nice corner room which my wife had prepared for him. When he met her, that clinched the bargain and was the beginning of a lifelong friendship. The contact with Mr. Crawford gave me valuable business training. He had made himself a millionaire by following a few ruthless business rules. Each investment must pay, regardless of the consequences to others. The rules worked fine in business but were no help with his family of grown children who cost him thousands of dollars.

I offered him the Natatorium property for the mortgage on it, twenty-five thousand. He hopped to the offer, as the Crawford Theater testifies. I endeavored to hide my financial difficulties from him and was worried when Charles Bassett and James Marr got him to go in with them in building the Texas Grand Theater which would stimulate interest on Texas Street. In my anxiety, I took a pass key and went into the adjoining room to the conference and listened in on a row that was sweet to my ears.

Apparently Bassett and Marr had used the wrong tactics, as the first I heard from Mr. Crawford was "Go ahead and build your damn theater and I'll buy it in at a sheriff's sale. I promised Bailey to take his property and I'm a man of my word."

Now, after forty years, I have decided that eavesdropping does not pay. In my delight at finding Mr. Crawford loyal to me, I took him into my confidence and unburdened my troubles. The old fox was surprised and regretted that he had let the entire Bailey Hotel Company holdings slip through his hands. He immediately began to try to retrieve some of the easy money which he had passed up, but I still considered him my financial salvation.

My wife had me on a diet and it pleased Mr. Crawford to share our special table and eat our special food. He had opened up a temporary, open-air theater, The Airdrome, to which we had passes. Fatty Arbuckle and Charley Ruggles were both in that stock company.

We had fine times together, now that I had lifted the mortgage on the natatorium and could relax enough to know when I was enjoying myself.

CHAPTER XLI

● WHEN the architect completed the plans for the new theater, Mr. Crawford discovered that the front of his building was not suitable for the entrance and he would have to have additional footage. He suggested that he wanted to use our hotel front and our lobby for his theater entrance. He brought pressure to bear on me by reviewing my financial condition, disclosing information that could have come only from my ex-attorneys' Turney and Burgess, who were now working for the interest of my sister-in-law.

Mr. Crawford knew that she was contemplating a suit to get her remaining $10,000 out of the hotel and he proposed to buy her interest and become a half owner in the Angelus with me. He assured me this was a good deal for me as he would advance me a thousand dollars to clear up all debts on the hotel and enable us to put the hotel in shape to make a real profit.

He was twice my age, resourceful and successful, and my wife thought we should go along with him. I agreed and when the time came to sign the deed, I found that I was deeding a strip of the hotel land about eight feet wide that ran a jagged line where the stage requirements extended over the hotel property. This was so unusual that Mr. Crawford's lawyers, Turney and Burgess, in order to clinch the proposition, had a special map made to show these irregularities and had it put on file. That was an important act as it later led to fourteen years of litigation when these same lawyers tried to hand Mr. Crawford a dose of what they had been giving me. He, in the long run, gave them a bitter and expensive case as Mr. Hardy, who was Mr. Crawford's attorney all those years can testify.

At last the hotel was off, for the first time in its history, to a stretch of financial prosperity. Mr. Crawford started training me as a business partner and seemed pleased with my co-operation.

Our best corner room was rented as a bar, but it was only bringing in a hundred dollars a month rent. Mr. Pandolfo, agent for the Missouri State Insurance Company, was stopping at the hotel and was looking for an office. I suggested he rent the corner and told how I had once operated the bar and netted seven hundred a month. I said I was thinking about operating it again but would rent it at three hundred a month on a three-year lease. He offered $250 a month rent but I didn't want to appear too anxious and told him to speak to my partner, Mr. Crawford. I got to Mr. Crawford first and told him to appear reluctant and refer Pandolpho back to me. I closed the deal with him taking two hundred and fifty the first year, three hundred the second and three hundred and fifty the third year. This style of teamwork made a hit with Mr. Crawford and we went down the line boost-

ing the rent on five other tenants for a total increase of subrentals of six hundred dollars a month. It was characteristic of my partner that he was always bragging on me and yet would not allow me any salary as manager.

Things ran along fine until the twenty-five thousand mortgage on the hotel was coming due. Mr. Crawford informed me that he would be unable to finance the mortgage, and unless I could refinance or sell the hotel, it would go to a foreclosure. As we were banking close to a thousand a month, I did not worry, although he specified that he would not stand for eight per cent interest nor agree to sell for less than seventy-five thousand dollars.

I advertised the hotel for sale and got several answers but when the buyers got interested some outsider would tip them off that the hotel was going to be sold at sheriff's sale and could be bought for half of what I was asking. Mr. Crawford returned to his home in Topeka to take cover and prepared to buy the hotel at the foreclosure. He demanded that the hotel pay him the thousand he had advanced though he had given me his assurance that it was a bonus to offset what I had been out personally in taking the hotel over from Mc Dermot.

Again those familiar cold chills were running up and down my spine. The panic of 1907 was approaching and no secret about it.

One afternoon, in desperation, I went into Floyd Payne's real estate office and told him I wanted to list the hotel for sale with him. He was skeptical but listened to arguments, especially tempted by the subrentals that were coming in, the easy payments, especially the six per cent interest with ten years to pay.

Most appealing was his commission of $3,750. He got U. S. Stewart, Turney & Burgess, Mr. Bucher of Hillsboro, N. M., to go in with him. They put up five thousand each to pay off the mortgage. Floyd only had to raise twelve hundred and fifty to add to his commission, so he was very active in putting the deal through.

I wired Mr. Crawford to come on as the hotel was sold. He was grouchy and reluctant and if his attorneys had not been two of the purchasers, I believe he would have blocked the sale. At the very last minute, Floyd called me in to say U. S. Stewart had backed out as the five thousand he was borrowing would cost him two hundred and fifty dollars. I suspected a holdup but said I would pay it if that was all that was holding up the deal. When I related the details to Mr. Crawford, he went up in the air and said the money would have to come out of my pocket—and it did.

As soon as the deal was closed and I had my $25,000 in notes, my humble disposition changed. The hotel bank account was in my name and before I wrote Mr. Crawford a check for his share, I deducted twelve hundred dollars for my salary as manager and he was meek as a lamb about it. He only seemed sorry to lose out on my wife's special dietetic dishes.

CHAPTER XLII

● IT WAS at this time that I met Bob Hatton, the real estate agent in Las Cruces. We were on the train coming up from El Paso nearly opposite Canutillo. He waved his hand to indicate the land across the river and asked how I'd like to buy two thousand acres of it at ten dollars an acre.

"Why sure," I kidded. "I'll take it for a dollar down and a dollar a year."

"Sold!" said Bob. "Hand over some earnest money."

I handed him a twenty dollar gold piece to carry out my bluff. He grabbed it and scribbled out a receipt on the back of an envelope.

"Come in to my office tomorrow and get a legal contract," he said.

Still wondering where the catch was in the proposition, I went to his office and found that he had calculated my proposition by the acre, which called for a down payment of two thousand dollars and the same amount for nine yearly payments. At first I cussed myself secretly for not rustling a dollar instead of that twenty dollar gold piece which I was about to kiss good-by as it would be impossible to raise two thousand dollars at that time.

The land belonged to a defunct mortgage and loan company in Kansas. They had taken mortgages on twenty or so farms in that section at the time the river ran on the west side of the valley. A big flood had covered the entire valley from the foothills to the railroad and when it subsided, the channel had changed and ran along the railroad as it does today.

The flood had drowned out all the settlers and put seven feet of silt over the entire tract which made it wonderful soil. Even today this land is considered the most fertile of any above or below El Paso.

This land was a bargain and I wanted it. I went to the First National Bank in El Paso and pleaded with my good friend, Uncle Josh Reynolds, to advance me two thousand cash, promising to give all my hotel notes for collateral. But all the banks had agreed not to make any loans. However, he suggested that I go to Captain Woodhall, president of the First National Bank in Las Cruces as he had some personal cash and could be interested at a price. As the Captain had always stopped with me at the Angelus Hotel and I had discussed my affairs with him and found his advice good, I went to him and explained the land deal I had in mind and suggested that he take half interest in the deal with me. I would deposit twelve thousand worth of the Angelus Hotel notes with him as security; I could make all payments on my half, but he would have to put over the deal by paying the first two thousand installment in cash.

This was satisfactory to him and we soon had the county surveyor on the job surveying out

each tract, which required about two months.

When a map showing all tracts was presented to him, he sent for me to explain why I had not told him the two thousand acres were not in one solid tract. I pointed out we would have many purchasers who would want various sized tracts and we could show them anything from ten acres to two hundred acres. He didn't like the idea and suggested that I give him hotel notes for what he had advanced and take over the whole proposition. This I agreed to do, figuring to string out the examination of the abstracts which had to be supplied for each individual tract. A little delay would give the panic time to ease up and if I made no sales in the meantime, my hotel notes would finance all obligations.

My cousin, P. H. Bailey, who had been raised in the Chamberino district came up to Mesilla to see me. He was familiar with my holdings and brought along Jim Wallace, a road building contractor who had several teams of mules and was equipped to do extensive farming. I got out my map and Wallace selected a five hundred acre tract which he wanted to clear and improve. As we could not agree on price or terms without some study and calculation, I asked P. H. to represent me and work out a mutually satisfactory plan.

Our first outright sale was made to Lou Brandt and his wife. He was a health seeker from Davenport, Ill. They had been guests at our Mesilla home and P. H. took them in charge and sold them a tract of land. Many sales followed and we became so prosperous that I assigned my cousin the half interest in the land venture that Captain Woodhall had passed up. Later, I enjoyed showing the Captain what a nice profit he had let slip through his fingers.

My next venture was taking over the Bull Estate holdings which eventually included Bull's old Mesilla store building, several hundred acres over in the Picacho district and three small tracts between Las Cruces and Dona Ana. This deal included about fifteen hundred acres, all fine land, mostly covered by brush, with plenty of complications included.

Tommy Bull, the principal heir, whom I had known all his life, came to me and solicited my aid. Outsiders were buying outright the interests of other minor heirs. As these buyers were shrewd and capable, it looked as though I were buying into a law suit, but the possibilities were too tempting to pass up. With a little hard work and a lot of luck we completed the deal without going to court, thanks to Judge Parker.

My cousin, P. H. was kept busy handling the interests down around La Union and got into a lawsuit over the right of way for a ditch which we proposed to build. When the case came up in Judge Parker's Court, he was keenly interested, particularly in the land values. He suggested that he adjourn court to the site of the suit where he could see the proposition. Jesus Enriquez was the plaintiff. He owned

eighty acres that had been flooded when the river was on its rampage and the roof of his old house was only two feet above ground, showing that the flood had put almost seven feet of rich silt over the entire tract which was level but covered with cottonwood brush. Judge Parker sat down on the roof of the house, arranged his books, and opened court.

After wrangling and accusations from both sides, the Judge suggested that the best way to settle the matter was for Jesus to sell his land.

"Would if I could," said Jesus.

"At what price?"

"Same as they paid for their other land," said Jesus. "Ten dollars an acre."

"Just to clear up this mess," said the Judge, a shrewd twinkle in his eye, "I'll buy the land myself."

On our way back to Las Cruces, the Judge agreed to become our silent partner. He would attend to our legal matters and we would handle his land holdings. Our contract, which the Judge drew up to cover the Bull transaction, was complicated but binding as many lawyers learned when they were solicited by other interests who wanted to contest our contract. We certainly missed Judge Parker when he was appointed a member of the supreme court and moved to Santa Fe.

* * *

My next land deal for a six hundred and forty acre tract close to Canutillo came about through my banker. The Bull contract read that we were to put all the land, subject to irrigation, into cultivation within five years. During that time we could sell any of the land, with the first thirty-five dollars an acre going to the Bull Estate and the remainder to ourselves. As we had all the crops during the five years, we just let the land pay off for itself from the crops it produced. This it did the first three years of the contract.

I was in the First National Bank of El Paso one day when Uncle Josh Reynolds was its president and his son, Jack, was cashier. They handled all our notes taken in on land deals and were well informed about our operations. Jack remarked that he wished we would take over his six hundred and forty acre contract at Canutillo on the same terms. I readily agreed. He slipped me a sheet of paper and asked me to put the agreement in writing. I wrote a few lines, thinking Jack would have a formal contract drawn but he never did and we were saved abstract and attorney expenses. The first sale we made out of the Reynolds contract was to John Hardy—twenty acres for two thousand dollars—the first sale in that section where land sold for as much as two hundred an acre.

At that time Canutillo sported only one house and several shacks. There was no bridge and crossing the river was a nuisance. The site for the bridge was in Texas and our appeal to the County Commissioners of El Paso County met with a stony stare. One of the commissioners, Mr. Courschene, who owned the lime

kiln, was a friend of mine and he suggested that we grade one mile to the approach of the bridge as evidence of good faith and he would try to get the bridge through for us. This he eventually did and the new bridge started a Canutillo boom.

We established a general merchandise store there, as shipping alfalfa was an important item and the store took the responsibility of shipping it. The store cost us thousands of dollars during the next ten years. Absentee ownership seldom works out. My cousin and I were too busy, inexperienced and gullible to stay on the job and make the store pay. It eventually went into the hands of the Credit Men's Association. My cousin and I had individually endorsed the store's note for five thousand dollars and its other debts amounted to seven thousand.

One of the lessons taught me by Mr. Crowford was to consult an expert when in trouble. So, when the store went haywire, I went to my friend, Herman Krupp, who had a wholesale business and asked him to recommend a live-wire to take over the operation of the store. He suggested Julius Kantor and his wife. * * *

Meeting Kantor took me back to an experience I had with his uncle while operating the Angelus Hotel.

Kantor's uncle who was a prominent merchant in Bisbee, had come to the hotel late one afternoon and checked two suitcases while he went out to see about train connections. When he hurried back to reclaim his luggage, one valise was missing. I returned to the hotel in time to hear his story. He had fifteen hundred dollars in the breast pocket of a silk shirt in the missing bag, but more valuable than money was the missing want list of the purchases he meant to make on his annual trip to New York. His story sounded fishy to me so I phoned my old reliable trouble-shooter, City Detective Billy Smith.

Billy brought aother officer with him and after investigating he told me he thought Kantor's uncle was a crook was was trying to put over a blackmail scheme against the hotel. I was inclined to agree with Billy as we'd had a similar stunt pulled on us when runing the Natatorium. We had lock boxes there for the bathers and they usually put their valuables in a big envelope. The would-be swindler opened his box, with our cashier as witness, and then set up a great howl when his envelope proved to contain nothing but blank paper, neatly cut the size of greenbacks. He insisted that he had left a thousand dollars in that envelope so I had sent for Billy who promptly took the man to jail and it was proved that he had tried to swindle us.

Now, we suspected this merchant was playing the same kind of game, but to make sure we phoned Bisbee and found that he was telling the truth. We began to check on all the help. The merchant's grips had been put in the check room only an hour before the valuable one was found

missing. Billy thought someone had followed the merchant from Bisbee and knew what was in the valise.

I went to my man, Jockin, who was firing the boiler at that time. He had come to the hotel, run up a fifty dollar bill, got rolled for his money in Juarez and was now working out his hotel bill. I told him there was a fifty dollar reward if he could find out who got that grip. Jock's only clue was a young hobo who had worked in the boiler room for a meal. The hobo was gone but Jock went downtown to try to locate him.

There, in the first gambling house he looked in, was the hobo with a big stack of chips in front of him. Jock got a policeman to arrest the hobo who had cashed in his chips for eighty dollars. At the police station they found over fourteen hundred dollars on him. He said he was on his way to the kitchen and passed the baggage room just as a bellboy was putting away several grips. The boy's back was turned and the hobo reached in and took the first bag he could reach. He went to an alley a couple of blocks away, in the rear of the Tuttle Paint Store, found a railway spike and broke open the suitcase. On top of everything was the silk shirt with the roll of money right there in plain sight. That was enough for him. He dumped everything but the money down a manhole and headed for a gambling table. He had won eighty dollars before he was arrested.

The merchant was so tickled to recover his want list that he went down the line, handing out fifty-dollar rewards. He insisted that the hobo go free and that his winnings be returned to him. He even wanted to pay a hotel bill for the two hours his bags were in our baggage room.

CHAPTER XLIII

● DURING the second year of our valley land business we sold no land for less than a hundred dollars an acre. As it cost us only $10 an acre, we were soon flourishing. Cousin P. H. Bailey was so flush that he went back to Memphis and married his girl, Frederica Peacock.

Our land was so productive that we won the Silver Sweepstake Prize that year at the El Paso Fair for the finest vegetable exhibit. The Chamber of Commerce took numerous pictures of our wheat fields which averaged 60 bushels to the acre and pictures of our alfalfa fields that averaged two ton to the cutting. One year we marketed seventeen thousand bushels of wheat at one dollar a bushel and that was at a time when the river went dry in June and stayed dry until September.

Upper valley land boomed but trying to settle just where the state line ran clouded our titles and retarded sales. As I still had my orchard home at Mesilla and a bumper fruit crop to handle, I kept my spanking team of mares on the go. I had some prize winning peaches and apples, so I made an elaborate display of them at the Irrigation Congress held at Albuquerque that fall. It was a fine fair, and I got first prize on Arkansas Black apples and Wonderful peaches.

As soon as the awards were announced, although the fair was only half over, I left for home. I was ill and wanted to consult my doctor.

My wife was at our home in El Paso and my father-in-law, now a widower, was living on the Mesilla farm. As we were marketing cantaloupes and fruit, I stopped off at Las Cruces to see how things were going on the farm. Still feeling badly, I consulted Dr. Gerber and got the shock of my life when he said I had valvular heart disease. He had just examined Mrs. Maurice Freudenthal, who was similarly afflicted, and he had alloted her only one year to live. It turned out that the doctor was correct about Mrs. Freudenthal but he was at least thiry-six years off schedule for me.

Hoping he was wrong, I hurried to El Paso to be examined by my friend, Dr. Herbert Stevenson. He confirmed Dr. Gerber's report. Dr. Stevenson had just examined Dick Caples, who was similarly afflicted, and allotted him one year to live.

As I went down the street I happened to see Dick watching the excavation being made for the present Caples Building.

"So you're going to spend your last year on earth working," I joshed him.

"Looks that way," he said.

"I just got that one year sentence from Doc Stevens," I told him. "We don't have to take that lying down."

He agreed we ought to make a flight to regain our health. Dr. Stevens had recommended the

Kellogg Sanatorium in Michigan, or some springs in Tennessee or California. Dick said he would try Kelloggs, and I decided on California. In less than a year Dick was dead.

Dr. Stevenson had given me a letter to Dr. Brainard, a famous heart specialist in Los Angeles, and after a week's examination, the doctor put me on a diet and some pills and told me to report every Monday. Having a week's time to kill, I went down to San Diego to visit my Uncle Newt and Aunt Myra. My aunt said that the Seventh Day Adventists had a branch of the Battle Creek Sanatorium at National City which was in the suburbs of San Diego, so I decided to investigate.

I went to the San Diego office of the sanatorium and talked to the girl in charge. She replied to my questions with so little interest that I decided if she was a sample of the institution, I didn't want to go there. I was about to leave when the door opened.

"Oh, here's Dr. Hopkins now," said the girl with relief. "He can answer all your questions."

A few minutes' talk with the doctor was enough to convince me that he could help me. I phoned the hotel in Los Angeles to forward my trunk as I had committed myself for a month's stay at the sanatorium without seeing the place or even talking about rates or accommodations. The doctor was an unfailing source of inspiration to me. The eminent doctor's wife was matron of the institution. They were Seventh Day Adventists and our Saturday was their Sunday. They were strict vegetarians. No meat, sugar, vinegar, tea, coffee nor any kind of alcoholic liquor and no tobacco. The taboos were a shock to me and it was just as well that I was stuck for a month's stay or I might have walked out on them.

After my first week, I was very enthusiastic about life at the sanatorium. I was particularly interested in their religious services. Dr. Hopkins came to my room every night with his stethescope, listened to my heart action, and explained facts and theories to me. He said my sour stomach resulted from the absence of meat in my diet. I had been a heavy meat eater all my life and now that I had switched to vegetables, certain glands had no work to do and caused my stomach upset.

That enforced rest was one of the few times in my life when I had nothing to occupy my time. Along with other congenial patients, I read, wrote letters and visited. We often rented a horse and buggy from the sanatorium at two bits an hour and explored the neighborhood. On occasion we ventured as far as the city, but complied with all rules and regulations of the sanatorium.

As my health improved I became so grateful to Dr. Hopkins that I all but joined the Seven Day Adventists Church. I attended church regularly and made liberal contributions.

My masseur at the sanatorium was a likeable young man who took as much interest in my improvement as I did. He gave me the history of most of the staff,

not overlooking two nurses who came from his home town in Nebraska. One was a husky, friendly girl about twenty; quite a contrast to her companion, a sad-looking girl of the same age, who had the delicate face of a Madonna. The latter was grieving over a tragic love affair and her loyal friend, Rose, was trying to cheer her and take care of her. Rose had a stepfather who was a carpenter. His name was Parish—my mother's maiden name—and I got his description from the masseur.

One morning, just before sunup, I was out in the croquet yard when Rose passed. I called her over and asked her to play with me. She said it was against regulations but I insisted the regulations did not apply before sunup. The sun edged over the tree tops just then and I remarked that it reminded me of a sunrise in Nebraska. She nibbled at the bait and I added a line about having once visited my uncle—a Parish—in Nebraska when I was a little shaver.

I described her stepfather and she said, "we must be distant cousins, in a roundabout way. Rules permit a little freedom with relatives. We might even take a buggy ride sometime." I agreed, thinking we might get her hauntingly lovely chum to come along.

I made fine progress with the doctor. He taught me how to live the simple, healthful life and I taught him how to take a joke and how best to fire a gun. He went out driving with me and I took my shotgun along. He had never fired a gun and I soon had him shooting cans from the top of a fence post. He couldn't get enough of it and we were great companions.

But I had no luck getting a smile out of the sad little nurse. Rose tried to help me but it was an uphill struggle. The patients arranged a complimentary picnic on the beach for the staff, which included Rose and the Madonna. It was a gay party but nothing I could do brought a smile to that sad young face.

I got my "cousin" to sit in my buggy and we discussed ways and means to cheer up the Madonna. To emphasize the girl's depression, Rose related how the two of them had once agreed to commit suicide by drinking carbolic acid. They had access to the doctor's medicine cabinet and they took two morphine tablets, one for each, and sufficient acid which they poured in separate glasses. They were to swallow the morphine, then just before they passed out, they were to drink the acid.

Madonna set the pace by swallowing the morphine but Rose lost her nerve and ran to Dr. Hopkins. She told him she had given her chum morphine, thinking it was antikamnia. The doctor snapped the Madonna back to life, never doubting Rose's story.

I thought Rose was just romancing to impress me, but my loyalty to Dr. Hopkins impelled me to tell him the story. He was badly shocked. He recalled the misadventure and said that he had seen the two glasses of acid at the time but did not suspect

a thing. There would have been a terrible scandal if the two girls had succeeded in their foolish attempt and in less than twenty-four hours the doctor had them packed up and shipped off home. I felt a little guilty but comforted myself with the thought that the Madonna would cheer up once she was at home again.

In a month's time my heart condition had greatly improved and my spirits soared. I couldn't resist pulling a little joke now and then. I bought life-like imitation roast ducks from a candy store and took them to the sanatorium kitchen and bribed the cook to garnish them with parsley and gravy and serve them to the doctor and the matron for dinner that evening with my card attached.

The cook did an artistic job and two fine-looking birds graced the table that evening—and every patient was horrified to see their trusted leaders apparently forsaking their vegeterian diet.

The matron puffed up indignantly as she read my card and made a sarcastic remark. But good old Doc, suspecting a joke after seeing my card, tapped the duck with his fork and then opened it up revealing a cache of choice ripe olives. He passed them around and the matron laughed and begged my pardon.

The first week of December was all foggy weather which I found most depressing. The newspapers carried lengthy articles on the health condition of the hero, Admiral Schley, who had gone to Paso Robles suffering from my type of heart disease. He had been cured and I decided I wanted a try at those springs.

Dr. Hopkins let me go with a warning to stay on my vegetarian diet and to return soon.

I went to Paso Robles and tried the waters which I now know are mildly radio-active. The rush was on, after the Admiral Schley publicity, and hotel rates had doubled; the cheapest room was ten dollars a day and the doctor's examination was fifteen dollars and all other items were in proportion. I decided not to worry about expenses as I had sold the home orchard in Mesilla for twelve thousand dollars and had five thousand dollar's worth of apples in storage in El Paso, in addition to my La Union land interest.

The first week was fine, but the second week the petty gypping began to annoy me. A sign informed you that the standard tip to the masseurs was fifty cents—that in addition to the regular bath charges. When a masseur informed me that his minimum tip was seventy-five cents, I told him to go to hell and take his message with him. To add insult to injury, when I stopped at the desk to ask for my mail, a woman turned from signing the hotel register with such a grand sweeping motion that her plumed hat knocked my glasses to the floor. The floor was tile and the glasses smashed into a hundred pieces. The grand lady barely murmured a "Beg pardon" before she brushed past me with a bored look. When the clerk asked what he could do for me, I said he could give me my bill.

That night I slept in the San Francisco apartment of my old friend, the Angelus Hotel architect, Charles Whittlesy. He had made a great name for himself and was building the famous Emporium Store, the first all concrete steel reinforced building in San Francisco. That was shortly after the earthquake and Whittley was famous, but women and drink were ruining him. I couldn't take any part in his gay night life, but even then I had a hard time getting away from him in time to get home for Christmas. I found plenty to do at home—marketing the remainder of the apple crop and assisting my cousin in our land deals.

CHAPTER XLIV

● WHILE operating the Angelus Hotel of El Paso I had met people with money who wanted to get into the upper valley land business. Among them was W. C. Wilkins, a mining man from Mexico and Mr. Crawford, my partner in the Angelus. The men were close personal friends but anxious to beat each other to any bargains.

Mr. Crawford had bought one of our choice tracts and he had induced a friend, Mr. Rowly, from Topeka, to come down and tie in with us. Mr. Rowly's widow still lives on the fine valley farm which she and her husband developed on land which we sold them.

Mr. William Austin, of Austin & Marr Realty Company, was agent for a tract of twenty-five hundred acres which extended from the El Paso Country Club to the Canutillo district. He wanted to sell it off in various sized tracts at fifty dollars an acre. It was covered with brush and didn't look too good, but it was close to El Paso.

I promised to show Wilkins five hundred acres on the north end of Austin's tract on a Sunday afternoon. Knowing Mr. Crawford's avaricious appetite for land bargains, I took him up the valley to my cousin P. H. Bailey's house for dinner. During the meal I mentioned my date to meet Wilkins on the tract. I even got around to saying what a shrewd man Wilkins was, keen enough to realize what a bargain Austin was offering. Later I started off, urging Mr. Crawford to have a good time with the ladies until I got back. He grabbed the bait and said he thought he'd go along with me.

When we met Wilkins, we saw that he had been testing the subsoil with a soil auger. He said results were satisfactory and he would let me know about the proposed sale in a day or so. I warned him he'd better put up a deposit, but he was not ready to sign up. On the way back to the ranch, Mr. Crawford asked about the size of the tract, which was around two thousand acres with five hundred acres in possible dispute with Texas or too hilly to be of much use.

As soon as we got to El Paso, Mr. Crawford authorized me to offer one hundred thousand dollars cash for the entire tract, excepting the hill land and the land that was claimed by Texas. Mr. Austin grabbed the proposition and the deal was soon closed.

To top it off, Mr. Crawford offered me my choice of any two hundred acres in the tract at cost if I would devote my time to watching the survey to see that no hill land nor Texas contested line stuff was included in the survey. This was a great responsibility but I had both Texas and New Mexico field notes on the line and a very fine surveyor. I put in ten days with the surveyors—rough, hard work and made myself an authority on the location of the permanent state line.

Many owners of doubtful title bought titles from both states to be on the safe side, but I gambled and won with every one of our tracts and we had holdings in both states.

When the survey showed that the Country Club property was in New Mexico, even Mr. Crawford was skeptical. He had posted twenty-five thousand dollars in escrow in the City National Bank which would go to Zach White, an extensive land owner in that section, and had sold the Country Club a warranted Texas title. This escrow lay in the bank several years until Mr. Crawford was tipped off that that bank was about to fail. He effected a compromise with White and they divided the money and Mr. Crawford gave a deed to the Country Club.

I made a profit out of the Austin transaction as we sold White's father-in-law, Mr. Bounds, our two hundred acres for eighteen thousand. We had paid eight thousand for it. Mr. Austin paid us five thousand commission for putting over the sale. Mr. Crawford told me years later that he had never made a more profitable investment. His one regret was that he had not followed my advice and saved the money he paid White and collected a big price from the Country Club. I squared myself with Wilkins by selling him an improved farm and we remained warm friends until we moved to California.

* * *

Frank Worden had been manager of our Canutillo store for several years, and although we averaged sixty thousand dollars a year gross business, he failed to show any profit. He was a very likeable fellow, everyone was his friend and could get credit at the store. We were carrying too many bad accounts and had to have a new manager.

I was vacationing in California one summer when my cousin made a special trip out there to tell me about an audit they had made at the store. He thought if we put the store on a cash basis it would be easy to check the business, and surely would begin to show a profit. So, I endorsed a five thousand dollar note for the store and they were off again on a wild splurge.

I had only been back from California a short while and was remodeling my home at 333 West Missouri St., when here came my cousin to inform me that the store had blown up, and was in the hands of the credit men's association. There were 7,000 of debts due local merchants; the $5,000 note which we endorsed, and the store building and ground—all involved in the mess. I told my cousin I proposed to abandon it all; to pay my half of the note, and charge it off the books. The next day he came back, and told me Haymon Krupp, wholesale dry goods dealer, wanted to see me. So I went to see Haymon, who explained that $5,000 of the store indebtedness was due him; that if we abandoned the business, it would not pay 25 cents on the dollar—and we would lose the property and be stuck for the bank note. But, he went on, if I would agree to take personal

charge of the business and fire Frank Worden, he would advance whatever credit necessary to stock up the store, and take his chances on business paying out. This I finally agreed to do.

My old mining pardner Daily, from Mexico, had been appointed postmaster. He moved the post-office to the store and assisted me in restoring the business. I had no intention of becoming a store keeper very long, so soon as I had the business running smoothly. I suggested to Haymon Krupp, that he pick me out a reliable store manager and hire him on a percentage of the profit's basis, and thus relieve me of the responsibility to have to be on the job all the time.

Hayman selected a young Jew, named Louis Kantor for the job, and he was duly installed. The first month did fine.

But one day one of our good patrons, Mrs. Murphy, brought her gallon can over to be filled with coal oil. When Kantor handed her the can, she turned around to the potato bin and picked up a small potato and put it on the can spout. Kantor remarked to her he would have to charge her a nickel for the potato, but that he would give her a few more in a sack to make up her nickel's worth. I imagine Kantor was making a play to demonstrate to me how closely he watched all details. So I told him we did not charge our good customers for a potato to put on their can spouts. This seemed to displease Kantor; he replied that he was now manager of the store, and that custom would be eliminated. One word lead to another, and in ten minutes Kantor was out—and I was back as manager.

I can now look back and realize what a lot of trouble and grief a little act can lead too. Kantor went down the street a few doors and opened up a little store—just to show me how he could operate a store much more efficiently than myself. It was a two-year war between our stores, but I eventually broke him. He had to sell sugar at cost all that time.

I had moved my family up to Canutillo. World War I was just beginning. Joe Williams, who was my banker and also county commissioner, called me in and requested I accept the appointment of being made the first Justice of the Peace in the district. He explained he did not want political fusses, and that I need only hold the job until the first election, when the voters could make their own selection. This Justice of the Peace job afforded a lot of diversion, and gave me an opportunity to dispense justice as I saw it. Half of the native population were not legally married. Many were our renters, so I made a cut rate of one dollar for marriages, which proved very popular.

I did not kiss all the brides, but even today, some thirty years later, I seldom visit at Canutillo without being reminded of some marriage I had performed.

We had built an ice box in the store which held a car load of ice—but was not being used—so I made it my jail. It was ideal for the purpose, being neither too hot or too cold. I never held

a prisoner more than 24 hours; always took them to the county jail.

As a sample, I will relate one of my experiences. A recent arrival from Mexico, came to me one Sunday morning and wanted a warrant for arrest of one of his friends, who, he confidentially informed, was a bad actor. He was charged with rape of this man's wife. So I got my constable who was the village blacksmith, with his big old .45. The Mexican took pains to explain to us what a tough character this hombre was, who had usurped his home. So with all this warning I imagined my constable was duly impressed.

When we arrived at the house, the woman and this big hulk were alone. I decided to give the criminal an immediate hearing and to commit him to jail. I had the woman clear away the dining table in the middle of the room, and told the hombre, who had not suspected my purpose, to sit down at the table, as I had a paper to read to him. When I came to the part where he was charged with a rape, it all dawned on him—but he did not have his gun handy. So he put his two hands on the table and suddenly gave it a violent push—a push which knocked me back with the table on top of me. I had suspected some kind of an outbreak, and hoped the constable would hit him over the head with his big .45 at the first sign of resistance; but instead, the constable grabbed him around the neck and a real brawl was on. We realized that if the hombre got his hand on the constable's gun we would all probably be shot, so the complainant and his wife heartily entered into the fray with us, and we finally overpowered the hombre. I got a hold of his right hand, the man and his wife got a leg a piece, and even then we were flung around the room. But the constable never released his hold around the hombre's neck, and we finally chocked him into submission. I found some baling wire, with which we bound his hands behind his back, got him in the car, and soon had him behind the bars in the county jail. He eventually got eight years in the pen.

I had several similar experiences. Even held court one night after midnight, clad in my pajamas, when a drunken party of Fort Bliss officers, and the Mexican consul at El Paso, rammed their car into the big new car of Mr. Aldrich's. At that time, the county was dry, but up at Anthony there was plenty of moonshine, and consequently drunk drivers.

When I heard the crash, I put on slippers and a bath robe, and arrived on the scene, as they were trying to pry the cars apart.

When they tried to drive away, I called on them to stop. One of the officers wanted to know who I was. I told him I represented the law. He replied I was a "hell of a looking law"—so I called on the constable who had come up, to put them under arrest. This shocked the ladies—especially after hearing me tell the constable to search the car for booze. Some big officer in the party, realizing what they were up

against, called me aside and told me the Mexican consul was with them, and that his arrest would cause international troubles. But I was obdurate—when up came a reporter from the El Paso Times, who was out scouting, and knew the Mexican consul well. So I held court right there; set their bail at $25.00 each, and ordered them to appear in my court next morning at ten o'clock —and accepted the reporters check for $125 for their bail. Of course they never appeared, but an El Paso lawyer came up who paid the fines, and costs of repairing Mr. Aldrich's car.

Then there was the time my good friend Judge Eyler, and some prominent friends, were arrested for shooting ducks out of season. I had watched the Judge rule in his court many times, so I assumed his judicial attitude, and described my mortification at having a judicial of his prominence pleading guilty of so henious a crime.

In fact, I said, I could not find words to express my sentiments—and so without words I could not render a decision—and with that I took them over to my home to dinner.

With my justice of the peace duties, selling liberty bonds, and scrapping with Kantor—who with his little bag of groceries, was cutting prices—running the store was very efficient.

But business was good, and I had to hire help, and I made my young brother-in-law, Charles Newton, bookkeeper. He had just graduated from high school and was very efficient.

At this time Lee Moore took the contract to build the first cement highway in the upper valley, from Canutillo to El Paso. We had about fifty tons of second grade alfalfa which Lee wanted to feed to his mules. I asked $17 dollars a ton for it but he only wanted to pay $15. To make the offer acceptable, he would use our store as his commissary. I would furnish all his employees' supplies and he would pay their bills, and deduct the amount from their pay checks. Furthermore, he would assign us his option on six cars of flour, and as World War I was under way, he anticipated an advance in the price of flour. He expected a carload of flour the next week with a bill of lading attached that called for a six-hundred-dollar payment.

"We'd have to borrow money to make up the draft," I objected.

"I'll take up the draft," he offered. "I'll even deduct it from the commissary account due you at the end of the month."

That was a nice windfall which was virtually forced on us. The price of flour advanced before we used up that six-car contract and the profit on the last two cars more than paid for the total cost of all six cars. That profit, from his commissary account, netted us close to six thousand dollars.

My next plunge was the sale of 1,000 tons of alfalfa to the government at $22 a ton. Local alfalfa was selling at fifteen dollars a ton; but as our own farms could supply only half the desired amount, I got busy and contracted from our neighbors for sufficient alfalfa to fill our contract. I ac-

cidentally discovered that the government buyers preferred their alfalfa mixed with Johnson grass. Local buyers considered Johnson grass a pest, and when it was present they knocked off the price about two dollars a ton. When I offered to buy Johnson Grass alfalfa at thirteen dollars a ton, my neighbors snapped up the offer. This deal netted us eight thousand profit and this, combined with the regular store profits, enabled us to clean up all old debts at the store.

This was during the first year of the war when General John Pershing made his raid on Mexico. His troops marched by our store and crossed the Rio Grande on the Canutillo bridge. The heavy Army trucks cut up ten miles of gravel highway beyond the bridge. All hands had to turn out and do road work for a week, but the store did so much business that we couldn't complain.

When their first contingent, a scouting party, arrived, they brought many watering troughs which they scattered along the river bank to water the cavalry horses. Seeing that they meant to camp in Canutillo, I took our pickup truck and dashed to El Paso to buy $500 worth of candy and cigarettes. The amount proved insufficient, but it afforded us a yardstick to calculate our future needs as three similar Army detachments marched by our store during the following year.

As soon as the first soldiers arrived, a guard was posted at Spivey's saloon to prevent the entry of any private. They all made a grand rush for our store and bought every pail or container of any kind that would hold a little beer to wet their whistle. We were prepared for them. On one side of the store we had girl clerks: one sold cigarettes, one sold candy and one sold general merchandise. On the other side of the store were three men clerks and my cousin to handle the crowd. I stood watch from atop one of the counters, trying to prevent the milling soldiers from swiping small articles.

A mob of soldiers, especially new militia, have to be handled with diplomacy. Any offense, real or imaginary, can set them off. A store in Anthony raised the price of cigarettes and the indignant soldiers seized upon that as an excuse to clean out the shelves in just a few minutes. We found that women clerks were respected, got along better with the soldiers and were more honest than the men.

When it was announced that 17,000 soldiers were to make a practice march to Elephant Butte Dam, I made a few preparations which I thought would please them. It was in the fall of the year and apples were ripe. I bought two thousand pounds of bright red apples from Fort Whit at La Mesa and I had two hayrack wagons fixed up with barrels of lemonade that floated plenty of ice. When the soldiers marched by, my men sold them lemonade at five cents a glass and the apples two for a nickel. The soldiers we missed on the march we caught at the store in Canu-

tillo and we averaged a thousand dollars a day during the three days the soldiers were on that road.

The Army got no satisfactory results from that expedition and they announced that the next march would proceed no farther up the valley than Anthony. From Anthony the men would go through the gap in the mountains and return to Fort Bliss.

No other store had made any effort to cater to this soldier trade, so I decided to make a killing. Marching over that desert strip from Anthony to the pass would give those soldiers a thirst and an appetite they would long remember. My cousin, P. H., rounded up six of our best hay wagons and we loaded them with supplies: one wagon had twelve-hundred dollars worth of candy and cigarettes, one had four thousand sandwiches, one carried a ton of ice, one a five hundred gallon water tank and one was a commissary with food and blankets for our crew of ten men who were led by my cousin and my brother-in-law, Charley Newton. I was to stay at the store as I had my hands full catering to the passing soldiers.

My cousin took the wagons and crew and camped about half way to the pass. The soldiers spent the night in Anthony and my cousin knew the five-mile march to his camp would leave the soldiers hungry and thirsty. When he went out to meet them, he took along the iced drinks and sandwiches but left the valuable load of candy and cigarettes at the camp until he saw how things would go. He was on horseback and stopped his caravan at one side of the march and opened up for business. His wagons were mobbed at once and he galloped over to the Captain to get help. "Hey, Captain, call off your men won't you. They're swipeing all our supplies."

"Sorry," snapped the harassed captain. "You've no business out here. Your control of the men is as good as mine."

My cousin galloped back to the wagons and told our driver with the ice to dump it and to get the heck out of there. He yelled to the driver of the sandwich wagon to get going, but the sandwiches were all gone before the driver could take off through the mesquite and head for home. They saved the load of candy and cigarettes but when they got back, I ribbed them good about their loss and crowed over the hundreds of dollars we'd made there at the store.

A month later, one Sunday afternoon, I learned that there were two hundred soldiers camped near the Borderland Inn, about three miles down the road from our store.

"Now there's your big chance to make up your loss," I told my cousin and Charley Newton. "You can take down a load of refreshments to the boys and bring back two or three hundred dollars."

"You're so smart," they said, "we'll just let you do it all by yourself."

One word led to another and I agreed to go if they would help me out.

Time was short, so I took my

automobile and wired the tongue of a provision wagon to the rear bumper. I raised the sideboards of the wagon a foot so the men couldn't reach over them, as my cousin had warned me that everything would disappear like magic if the soldiers were allowed to swarm over the sides.

We made a barrel of lemonade and added candy, cigarettes and apples. I got my old .45 Colt in its leather holster and a baseball bat which I proposed to use on any sticky fingers that tried to swipe our stuff.

We drove up to one side of the road near the soldier's camp and started to sell lemonade. An officer came up and ordered us to drive on as he did not want his men drinking our concoction. I reminded him that we were doing business on the public highway and suggested that he order his men to stay put if he didn't want them to patronize us.

I was asking for trouble, as this particular company of soldiers had been recruited from the slum section of New York City and they considered themselves very tough customers. They heard the argument, watched their officer leave, and decided they'd better start a little excitement. Our boys were doing a lively business. I patrolled inside the wagon, ball bat in hand. Every time a hand appeared on the sideboards, I brought the bat down alongside the hand, being careful not to hit it. Finally one of the soldiers let out a great howl.

"You mashed my fingers," he yelled. "You mashed my hand."

That was the signal for a near riot. A bunch of his buddies grabbed up rocks from the road side to pelt us, others tried to unhook the wagon and others tried to push our car into the ditch. Excited and fool-hardy, I grabbed up the .45, which was in plain sight from the first, and cocked it.

"The first man throws a rock, gets bored with a bullet!" I said.

I moved the gun carefully from one threatening group to another and the men melted away from in front of it without a word of protest. Soon they were all lined up at the tail gate of the wagon, good-natured and spending their money, until we had sold out and had a take of three hundred and twelve dollars.

I had the money in a canvas bag in one hand and the .45 in the other hand. The soldiers had pushed the car so far that we had to release the wagon before we could turn around. That was bad. Very bad. I had done the wiring so I handed Charley Newton the gun and the money while I hastened to untie the wagon. Charley ran the car down the road, turned around and came back to where we were turning the wagon by hand.

Several of the soldiers were good-naturedly trying to help us while others were getting in our way and trying to keep us there. We finally managed to get the wagon turned and ready to rewire to the bumper of the car but the trouble-makers kept pulling the wagon back out of reach. My cousin was driving the car so I called to Charley Newton to come and help me. He passed the money bag to my cousin and put

the .45 in the seat beside him. He helped me get the wagon hitched on and we started for home.

I modestly remarked, "Not bad! Three hunderd and twelve bucks profit and we only left the store three hours ago." I reached for my watch to verify the time lapse and found that some soldier had swiped my watch. "Hey, wait a minute. We've got to go back there and get my watch."

I looked around for the .45 but it was gone too.

"What d'you mean 'we'?" demanded my cousin. "I wouldn't go back for a dozen watches. Don't look now, Charley, but I think our smart teacher kind of got took."

They laughed all the rest of the way home and razzed me about my wonderful way with the soldiers, but I made them fork over a hundred dollars of our receipts to pay for my watch and gun.

CHAPTER XLV

● THE Revolution in Mexico was a serious problem for our Border Patrol. United Sates troops were kept as a guard at Canutillo to prevent a Mexican raid such as the one which had happened at Columbus, New Mexico. This guard always consisted of a company from the various State Militia companies who were then taking training at Fort Bliss. No company was kept at Canutillo longer than a month but even thirty days was long enough for the men to become well acquainted in the valley. Many of them even returned later and married some of our valley girls.

A company from Ohio was our favorite. They used to trade me their standard rations of salt bacon, white beans and dried fruit for fresh beef from our butcher shop.

We had a big hay barn packed full of alfalfa to fill the thousand-ton contract that we had with the government. I carried only $5,000 insurance on the hay, although there was over $10,000 worth stored there at this time; a great portion of it was to be shipped that week.

For days I had been doctoring the inflamed eyes of a shy little Mexican girl who was about seven years old. She wandered into the store one morning about ten o'clock and stood around waiting to be noticed. I thought she was waiting for her eye treatment and, as usual, we went through an elaborate warming up period.

"Well, well, if this isn't my little friend back for another treatment," I grinned. "And how is your good pappa this fine morning?"

"He is fine, thank you."

"And your mother?"

"My mother is fine."

"And your brothers and sisters?"

"They, too, are well." But her little face was puckered with worry and I saw that the game was not going as well as usual. I waited patiently for her to overcome her natural timidity. Finally she asked, "Please, senor, is that your hay barn out there?"

I beamed with pride. "That's right," I said.

"Well," she said placidly, "it's on fire."

I let out a yell and ran to the door. Smoke was rising from the big barn and there was a wind.

"We've got to have help," I yelled to Charley Newton. "Phone that Ohio captain to bring his men on the run."

We took all the buckets and tubs in the store to use in a bucket brigade that would extend to an alkali slough that was only a hundred yards from the barn. The wind was from the west and the fire was in the east end of the barn where the smoke was dense and growing worse.

"No one ever saves a hay barn," said John Hardy, who ran our alfalfa department. "You'd best shut the doors and collect the insurance."

"The insurance won't cover half

the loss," I yelled back. "Come on, we've got to wet her down."

When the barn was filled with the alfalfa, a driveway was left down the middle aisle with the ends of the bales sticking out like giant stairsteps. With the help of the Ohio soldiers, we formed a bucket brigade to the top of the barn. My trusty constable and I took a stand just next to the roof and began pouring the buckets of water down on the fire and smoke. It was so hot and the smoke so dense that I all but toppled over. When I couldn't stick it another second, I yelled, "We gotta quit!" Going down the bale ends I was so blinded and choked with smoke that I fell at least ten feet. I landed on my back in loose alfalfa and the jolt seemed to bring me to life.

We rushed outside and I saw that the wind had changed from the west to the east and I sent to the store for some axes. We got the soldiers to cut out the whole east end of the barn, and as the wind was blowing the smoke and heat away from us, the soldiers could take out the bales of alfalfa faster than they could burn and they finally got the best of the fire, a minor miracle.

Charles Stevens, of El Paso, who carried our insurance, made a careful check and reported the loss of only one hundred bales of alfalfa, with an additional fifty bales that were damaged by water.

As that was the only hay-barn fire in the valley which had not been a total loss Charley Stevens not only made me a liberal adjustment, but he ordered a glass of beer and a hot dog sandwich for every soldier in the company, at the expense of the insurance company. That was a great soldier party that we pulled off.

I was so grateful to the little Mexican girl for warning about the fire that I sent for her and explained that she could have anything she wanted in the store as a reward. After looking the store over carefully, she selected a set of colored crayons which sold for all of ten cents. I sent for her mother and explained my proposition. The mother looked things over and suggested that I add a bag of candy to the crayons to show my appreciation. I added three yards of bright-flowered dress material and a pair of bright-colored stockings. I wanted the little girl to try them on for size but the mother said it would be vulgar for her to try on stockings in front of anyone. I managed to get a new pair of shoes on the girl and each time she started to run out of the store I would call her back and add another gift until she refused to return. It was two weeks before I could get her back for her eye treatment. We finally got her eyes clear and shining, the best gift of all, she said.

CHAPTER XLVI

● WHEN our valley farms first began to use stored water from Elephant Butte, we were not used to having all the water we needed for irrigation and we soon water logged some of our best land. My cousin and I were farming over a thousand acres which began to show spots of alkali and no way to get rid of it as far as we knew.

At an indignation meeting of the farmers, Reclamation Supervisor Lawson told us that drainage canals would solve our problem. We asked why they had not been put in at the time the irrigation canals were built. He said the farmers had to actually see and realize the need of drainage before they would be willing, to go to the extra expense of a drainage system. We were willing, all right, by then and the drainage canals went in.

A Colorado beet company proposed to erect a sugar beet factory on a ten acre site close to the Las Cruces depot, provided the farmers would sign up sufficient acreage to justify the move. In the meantime the company would assume the freight charges on beets to their Colorado plant. They pointed out that sugar beets would grow fine in alkali soil and bring us a nice profit. If the Canutillo district would sign up for 500 acres, they would send us an expert instructor to see that we grew and harvested the crop properly.

We called a farmer's meeting and my cousin and I started off with a pledge of fifty acres to be planted to sugar beets. It was a job getting that five hundred acres signed up and we had to pledge two hundred acres, instead of fifty, before the five hundred was completed. To cinch having the expert instructor, I roomed and boarded him free and had the first call on his time. Right off the bat we learned that beet growing called for special machinery and when the other contract signers found that a beet cultivator cost two hundred and twenty-five dollars, and a seeder about the same, not to mention a beet puller at eighty-five dollars, there was more stalling. We got them to side along by ordering a carload of machinery from the factory to be sold to them at cost, payable when they marketed their beets. When beet shipments finally started, the returns from the first car had a deduction charge on what they termed "tare" of twenty-five dollars on each car.

We found that "tare" meant the dirt on the roots of the beets and we began to suspect the company was running out on us. They abandoned their option on the Las Cruces site and rather than permit them to further rob us, we sold our beets to El Paso dairies for fodder. At the end of the season the sugar beet account showed a loss of $17,000. We rounded up a carload of second-hand machinery and held it a year, trying to peddle it to beet growers in other states. We

finally consigned it to some outfit in Arizona. We got a hundred dollars as a down payment and that was all.

World War I was over and the strenuous years I had put in were climaxed by a severe heart attack. The doctors warned me to slow down. We sold the Canutillo store to Frank and Sally Burnett for ten thousand cash and moved across the river to a twenty acre tract that we owned there. We built a two-story house and began improving an adjoining eighty acres with the thought of selling out and moving to California. However, land values had shrunk to the tune of a hundred thousand dollars, according to our last audit. We owed over forty-thousand dollars, half of it secured and the rest open account, and I thought I saw another depression heading our way. We produced fair crops but prices were low.

The drainage canals were in and we were learning to leach out the alkali. We could get a carload of manure from Fort Bliss by just paying the freight on it. I brought in four carloads and had them spread over the twenty acre alkalied strip just back of our home place. Then we made high borders, according to directions, to flood out the alkali. To check on the job, I had a county agent come out to take samples of the soil.

"Too bad to waste all that good manure," he said, as he made his first survey.

"What do you mean, waste it?" I demanded.

"Well, of course you know when you leach out the alkali, the water leaches out the manure too."

I was still groaning about all that manure being washed down to China when he added, "Once you get rid of the alkali, you'll have to build up your land and fertilize the soil annually to make it produce as it did formerly."

That did it. I just stared at him in silence for a time. Leaching and bleaching and feeding the old farm soothing syrup was just a little out of line.

"That does it," I told the agent. "I'm through fighting Johnson grass and alkali. I'm going to sell every acre of farm land I own. I'm going to sell out, lock, stock and barrel."

I planned on at last realizing my great ambition of moving to California, which met with my wife's hearty endorsement.

I listed all my holding for sale, as we were already feeling the approaching depression. I realized that a foreclosure on any one of our numerous outstanding obligations, "would in all likelihood clean the slate" with us. I accepted an offer of forty thousand dollars for the 300 acre Wallace tract.

In order to put the deal over I had to accept a new Velie sedan for a valuation of three thousand dollars, and after deducting the ten thousand dollar mortgage, I received 20 thousand in cash. The sedan fit nicely into my wife's plans, and with the cash I paid off all my obligations, which were our former partnership obligations.

I will never forget when I

handed Harry Berny, owner of the Myers Machinery Co., a check for nearly four thousand dollars, in payment of my half of the account due them. He was so surprised and pleased, it took him quite a while to explain his idea as to the approaching depression, and to congratulate me for "trimming my sails" to weather the approaching financial storm.

Now at this epoch in my life—I have looked back and marveled at the truth of the saying "Man proposes, but God disposes."

My very good friend, Ted MacIntyre, who had been investing in valley land, heard of my intention of quitting the valley and asked me to aid him in getting rid of his 180 acre tract. So I hesitated—and in my conceit as a land expert, calculated it would not take long, but as a result, I am still living in the valley, and that was over 25 years ago.

Ted's wife was Helen Emerson, a popular El Paso girl in her day. I always considered the Emersons as close personal friends, and my wife liked them as well, in fact we went on nearly a months jamboree, the year of the San Francisco Worlds Fair.

I had what was considered a wonder car in those days, it was the second White auto shipped into El Paso, cost me $3,200. Batteries were $42.00, casing and tubes were $45.00, but it had electric lights, self starter, and best of all a tire pump. So with such a sturdy car, we braved the trip through Yosemite valley —and that was a trip that will require a full chapter.

In my farm equipment I was going to sell was a nearly new Cle-Track tractor. It had cost me $1,800, and was considered a wonder in those days. So I figured I would send my equipment over and clear up and level Mac's 180 acres—for which I was to have one half of the net profits, over what the land cost Mac.

My-oh-my, what a mess I stepped into, and my-oh-my, what a lucky guy I was to have an associate of Mac's calibre for a partner.

I had anticipated the depression, but it had caught me. I spent several thousand dollars on that tract, getting it into presentable sales condition—and there were no buyers. Finally Mac came out, and in desperation, we endeavored to jockey out of the mess, and effected a trade with a much shrewder trader than ourselves, one Joe Chips, who owned a three story apartment house on Myrtle Avenue in El Paso. The apartments were all rented, bringing in about $10,000 to boot. I now imagine Mac had muchly overestimated my abilities as a landlord, for he rapidly closed the deal. I named the apartment house the Angelus, and was soon buried in a real mess.

The tenants all refused to remain, as other houses were cutting rent, some or probably most of them were in arrears to Chips, who realized the value of the income, in effecting a trade, and when I went to them for a confir-

mation, they naturally had to confirm Chips' statements.

The building was settling, as I soon discovered, as I did all repair work, and sticking doors, caused by the center supports settling were ample proof of the fact.

I put in the needed additional supports, with the aid of a Mexican laborer.

The building was heated by a hot air furnace, which refused to function on windy days.

I made a deal for all the crankcase oil I needed for one dollar a barrel. By purchasing slack coal by the carload and adding a liberal amount of crank case oil, and doing the firing myself I managed to get by and keep the house fairly warm that winter.

But scrimp, and labor to the limit, did not enable me to even make Mac a payment on the $10,000 he had advanced, and my prospects of selling the rest of my valley land and moving to sunny California were glimmering.

CHAPTER XLVII

● NOW TO go back to 1909 when we were living in El Paso, the year my son was born. Dr. Turner, an old time friend, remarked, "Harry, this expected baby is going to be a great event in your life. Of course you want a husky son and here's how you get him. Three months before he is due, start out on a trip with your wife and make it the most active three months in her life. It might be well to keep this advice to yourself as the most fractious human being is a pregnant woman."

Dr. Turner and his wife spent their summer in Alaska. This particular summer a number of El Paso friends were billed for the trip, among them Judge and Mrs. Beal, Mr. and Mrs. Hixon, Miss Montgomery and her mother, Miss Mamie Sexton, Charles Davis and Charles Loomis, all congenial friends and I had no trouble in signing my wife up for the trip. The baby was expected in October and we barely had time to get in the three months of activity.

Son Newton at age of nine months

To illustrate the difference in banking practices then and today: I went to Joe Williams, my banker, told him I was off on a trip and asked the amount of my bank balance. He looked it up, said it was six hundred dollars, and I asked for a hundred in cash and five drafts of a hundred each. I endorsed a $2,500 (vendor lien on the Angelus Hotel) which the bank was to place to my credit so I could draw against it. The first mail we got from home brought a note from Joe saying that he had made a mistake; instead of a credit of six hundred dollars, I was overdrawn six hundred, but I was not to worry as we could straighten the matter out when I returned.

I told my wife that we were on this trip for my health. I was going wherever I pleased, stop as long as I pleased in each place and act as I pleased. This gave me the advantage of being the supposed invalid and put her in the role of nurse.

Our first stop was at Colorado Springs. I insisted on walking everywhere, though we did take a bus for the ride through The Garden of the Gods. We spent a week in Denver. A friend of my

wife's worked in a sporting goods store there and he outfitted us for our Alaska trip as we were billed to spend the month of August there.

That was my first visit to Denver since 1883 when I ran in there as news agent over the Burlington Railroad. At that time the Tabor Opera House was the talk of the West, but now it had become a cheap movie house. I had once thought of trading valley land on a valuable Denver corner, but the owners could not supply a valid title. Having had a great deal of correspondence with the agent over the matter, I looked him up. He certainly treated us fine. Had us out to his home for dinner and drove us out to see the more interesting sights in the city. He gave me a letter to deliver to a friend of his in Salt Lake, our next stop.

My wife was anxious to go up Pike's Peak and I promised to walk up with her, but compromised by sending her up on the cog railroad. The doctors had warned me to keep away from high altitudes.

On our way to Salt Lake we met a Dr. Bayle, from Indiana. Although we spelled our names differently, we claimed distant relationship. He admired my wife and called her The Nurse. When he found that we had a stop scheduled at Salt Lake, he urged us to pass it up so we'd get to Yellowstone Park the opening day. He had been to Salt Lake and assured us there was nothing there but the big lake and the Mormon Temple.

We felt duty bound to deliver our Denver friend's letter and proposed that Dr. Bayle stop over in Salt Lake with us and we would cut our trip short. He agreed and we found the best food on the trip there.

We found a great crowd at Yellowstone. Tallyho coaches were used for the sightseers. They sat three to a seat and the middle man was out of luck as he sat all day looking over, around or above one of his companions. One of the drivers told me that there were always a few passengers left over after the twenty passenger tallyho was filled and they were driven everywhere in a buckboard which could free lance and ignore the tallyho schedule.

Dr. Bayle, my wife and I held back and we were lucky enough to be the only three who were left over. My wife and the doctor sat in the back seat and I rode with the driver where it was handy to ask questions.

At the big hotels where we spent the nights we were offered bribes by the other guests if we would trade seats. They said we were having all the fun.

The doctor, who had a weak heart, had provided some heart-stimulant pills for the trip over the divide. As we neared the 7000 foot elevation, he took a pill and insisted that I take one. He got my wife on his side and I had to down that pill.

The following day showed up the real invalids. The doctor developed a violent toothache and my wife bundled up his jaw with all the extra wraps. Then she was taken with violent cramps, a malady that often afflicted her.

She had a bottle of Chamberlin's Colic Cure along but she had to have water to take the stuff and there was none around. The driver pulled off the road at the first wet spot we saw. I had a cup but the only depression I could find was a single cow track. She'll never drink that dirty stuff, I thought, but urged on by her wailing, I dipped up a half cup of water and cleaned out the worst of the trash. She didn't even glance at the water as she poured in the medicine and swallowed it down. We urged the driver to hurry to the nearest hotel and as we passed the other sightseers we announced that we were the ambulance crew. We were soon at the hotel and made the patients comfortable.

That was a wonderful trip and someday I hope to see Old Faithful spout again and to view the grandest sight of all—Yellowstone Canyon.

* * *

My wife had friends in Spokane and we stopped off there, after promising Dr. Bayle we would see him at the Seattle World's Fair. We had reservations and the doctor was lucky enough to get a room in the same hotel. We spent only two days in Spokane and hurried on to Seattle where we stayed three delightful weeks. We surely enjoyed the sea food and the fruit there. At the Fair we spent a lot of time at the Child Welfare Department.

Alaska and the country around Ketchikan was all new and wonderful to us. We joined our El Paso friends at the hotel there and felt a little backward as neither of us had ever caught a fish on a rod.

Luckily we had excellent rubber boots and raincoats as it rained almost every day. Wearing such cumbersome garments appealed to my wife, as Dr. Turner was the only one who knew about the expected baby. Later, when we announced the baby's arrival, our Ketchikan companions wanted to know where we adopted him!

Those six weeks in Alaska were full of action. We were a jovial crowd and Dr. Turner and his wife engineered the programs. We hunted, fished and danced to our heart's content. We chartered boats for trips to interesting islands that promised good fishing and hunting. The expenses on those trips ran about five dollars each and included the boat, the skipper and a Japanese cook who really knew his stuff.

His culinary abilities led to an amusing contest. Who was the better cook, the Japanese or the women of our party? The husbands bet on their wives and the bachelors bet on Miss Montgomery. The contestants simmered down to Mrs. Turner, the Japanese and my wife. Never was there a more heated campaign. Mrs. Turner decided to risk her all on her cornbread recipe. The Japanese chose cracked crab for his entrant and my wife decided on blueberry pie. I picked the huge, delicious blueberries and the pies were just right, juicy and tasty with the crust rich and flaky. The only trouble was that everyone was too full of cornbread and crab to ap-

preciate the pie, and Mrs. Turner was crowned Champion Cornbread Queen.

The day of our arrival in Ketchikan, my wife and I were so green at the rod and reel stuff that we said we were too tired to go with the crowd on their fishing trip. As soon as they were gone, we ventured out in raincoats and boots determined to get acquainted with our rods and reels. At the edge of town we found a stream and spotted a 10-year-old fisherman. We approached him for information and found that we must have bait. A half dollar financed that part of it and he showed us how to bait the hook and how and where to fish.

A little money on the side acted as a powerful incentive to our teacher. Just around the first bend of the stream, out of sight of the main street, the boy cast my wife's line in the water and was baiting my hook when she let out a scream and the boy helped her land a 12-inch trout which she insisted was a whale. About that time I hooked a six incher and the boy suggested that I throw it back. But we said we intended to eat our fish and not to show them off.

We caught nineteen trout, put them in our new reels and felt quite conspicuous as we marched up the street. We spotted a sign "Cuban Restaurant" and upon investigation, found the place was run by a real Spanish dish expert who used to operate a restaurant in Juarez. That practically made us long-lost friends and he offered to cook the fish for my wife. We expected him to select one or two of the largest ones for our meal, but he cooked them all in three different styles on a huge platter with all the trimmings.

My wife protested that we could never eat more than half of them but we actually cleaned the platter. Later we were so sick that we were laid up for two days and couldn't eat another trout as long as we were in Alaska.

We had a real adventure the time Miss Sexton, Miss Montgomery, Dr. Turner and I went on an all-day fishing trip. We left our camp at daylight intending to round a point that would take us into a little landlocked bay that was fed by a fair-sized stream that was famous for its big trout. We traveled by boat, going about six miles. A crow could have made it in two miles but he would have to clear a small mountain to make it.

On our way to the bay foul weather set in and soon a violent wind was whipping up white caps. The two girls sat in the bow of the boat and their rubber suits served to keep the waves from swamping the boat. Our skipper whispered, "bail for your lives, fellows; we won't be safe until we round that point." He kept the boat nosing into the big waves, fighting to get around the point.

I bailed out water with everything I had and shuddered when the big waves came near flooding the engine. A dead engine would mean a capsized boat and all of us would have to try to make it to the rocky shore which was half a mile away. I studied the beach and loosened my clothing, fixing to wriggle out of boots, slicker and clothing if I had to make that swim to shore. I wasn't going to

miss seeing that long-expected baby; not if I could help it.

We managed to round the point and drifted soggily into the bay. The skipper told me that it was the closest call he'd had in his 20 years on those waters.

We fished all day and ate our lunch, but as the sun went down, the storm increased. We took refuge in a small miner's shack. There were two bunks, a small stove, two mattresses which were elevated about a foot in the middle to prevent mildew, some matches in a can, a few cooking utensils but no food. We went out in the rain and picked salmon berries for supper. Miss Sexton and Dr. Turner were picking in the same locality and she thought she heard the doctor and started to speak to him. She looked up into the face of a big black bear that was picking his share of the berries. She let out a yell and headed for the cabin. Dr. Turner said he couldn't tell which was the more frightened, the girl or the bear. Each tore off in an opposite direction. Miss Sexton hit the cabin door so hard that the lock gave way and she all but went on out the back wall.

We spent a miserable, cold night. The girls had the bunks and we men slept where we could find the softest spot.

Next morning the storm was worse. Less than half a mile across the bay was an Indian village. It could be reached by a three-mile hike through brush and tundra with a river to wade on the way. The skipper and I set out on the rough trip. The river was more than waist deep and we were thoroughly soaked but we made it and our immediate reward was a good hot meal.

We knew our folks would be worried because we had not returned and I tried to hire an Indian to take a message over the mountain to our camp. Although it was not more than three miles, my offer of $20 was turned down by the native. He said it would be a two day's job as he would have to chop a trail through the heavy underbrush. We bought food from the Indians and one of them offered to transport us and our supplies across the bay for a dollar. It was less than a half mile by water to our emergency camp but huge waves were still rolling. They were beautiful to look at but nothing you'd want to ride on, and the boatman said he would struggle back to camp on foot rather than risk the trip in that Indian canoe.

We asked the Indian not to start across with our supplies until we gave him the signal, as we wanted our marooned companions to watch his trip across the bay. Back at the miner's cabin, we lined up Captain Beall, Dr. Turner, Miss Alma and Miss Sexton as spectators and primed them full of the proper suspense. We gave the signal and that Indian paddled across that rough water with not even a slightest mishap. Hundred-foot waves would raise him up on their crest and then let him down in the trough like a well-regulated elevator. We would lose sight of him and think he was gone, then up he would bob on the next wave. He reached our beach with the provisions safe and dry. He accepted our applause with a grin and said he'd

enjoyed the trip. We saw that he actually meant it when he set out on the return trip with out the slightest hesitation.

On the morning of the third day, after we'd spent two miserable nights in that cabin, our boatman decided we would venture out at daylight. The worst of the storm seemed to be over though the waves were still giant sized. At daybreak we started out and found few white caps though it was raining as usual. A little after sunup we rounded the point into our own bay and were spotted by our folks from Hollis who were down on the beach. When they spotted our boat and realized that we were really their lost crew, they counted noses from a distance, and as two of us stood in a direct line, they figured someone was missing. As we turned to come alongside the wharf, they located the hidden one, and there were whoops of joy.

That rain, night and day, seemed to agree with me. My weight shot up to 162 pounds, 10 more than I ever weighed in the past.

* * *

Charlie Davis and Charlie Loomis from El Paso joined the crowd and every one who had ever handled a gun wanted to kill a bear. All of us, except Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Beall and my wife, set out on a launch, The Onward, for a forty-five mile jaunt to some fancy fishing and hunting grounds. We took along a good cook, bedding and plenty of provisions.

I said I had killed bear in the mountains near home but the other hunters pretended to doubt my claim. We made a side trip to a little lake that was fairly alive with trout. Everyone was busy having his or her picture taken, showing two and three fish on a line. As I did not claim to be a fisherman, I took my rifle and started up the stream that emptied into the lake, looking for a bear.

We had been warned to make for the beach in the event we got lost as no searchers would be sent after us, though they would patrol the beach to look for us. I determined not to venture far from the stream as the side country was deeply wooded and the trees covered with moss. There were masses of ferns and wild flowers and thickets of roses and berries—a fine place to get lost.

However, there was no game down by the stream and I decided to climb a ridge where I could likely kill a deer. Near the top was an animal trail that broke out in the open and I spotted a small black cub ambling my way. I had been warned that a mother bear was no fit company if you tampered with her cub so I hung back until he turned and started back up the trail and then I followed him. It was drizzling rain. I had on rubber boots and made no sound as I walked over the spongy pine needles.

The trail led to an immense pine tree that had been blown over and now lay full length on the ground. The broken limbs of the tree were like stairsteps and, as the cub had continued on around the tree, I decided to get up on the tree, shoot the cub, and if the mother showed up I was

in position to get a good shot at her.

I ascended the tree cautiously, my 30-40 Winchester ready. I was looking off to my right where I expected to see the cub. Suddenly up reared the old bear, not six feet from me. Fortunately she was looking away from me toward her wayward cub. I didn't take time to put the rifle to my shoulder. I shoved the business end of the barrel in her ear, I thought, and pulled the trigger. She whirled around and took a savage swipe at me. I went off the tree trunk and landed on my back and kept rolling downhill until I could get my breath and throw another shell into my rifle. Then, cautious and edgy, I started to look for my bear. I felt sure that I had killed her but I couldn't be sure and I took my time scouting until I located her where she had fallen, dead in her tracks. In my haste I had shot her just under the ear. She was wet from nursing a second cub and I felt pretty ornery leaving two orphans to shift for themselves, but I couldn't find either of them.

As it was summer, her hide was worthless, but I wanted to show her to the other hunters. I tore up what letters and papers I had in my pockets and made a trail down to the lake so I could lead the others back to my bear. They showed nothing but callous jealousy and were not even polite enough to climb the mountain to satisfy my pride.

As soon as we got back to the hotel I took a hot bath and called my wife to look at my bruised back, suffered in that fall off the pine tree. She was duly impressed and called in Dr. Turner. He looked me over and said there were no broken bones but when the others asked him for particulars he concocted a story that kept them laughing for days. Wish I could repeat it, but I dare not.

My wife and I wanted to go on north and got passage on the crowded Dolphin, the second week in August. There was great excitement when we sighted two huge whales between Juneau and Skagway. We admired the Davidson Glacier, among others. Seemed strange to see it holding out against all that rain. You'd think the rain would melt it away.

At Skagway we saw the pass where greenhorns died like flies trying to get to the gold fields in the days before the railroad was built. We visited the old Russian Cathedral in Sitka and enjoyed hearing the history of the famous religious paintings. I visited the Government's Experimental Station there and found that their climate is as mild as that in our own valley as it is so close to the Gulf Stream.

We made a brief stop in Ketchikan on the way back and another stop at Metlakahtla where we stocked up on the finely-woven Indian baskets to take home.

CHAPTER XLVIII

● ON THE trip to Seattle I met the Surgeon General of the Navy cruiser Pennsylvania. He offered me a cigar but I refused it, saying I had not smoked for two years. He insisted that anyone who had used tobacco as long as I would find an occasional cigar beneficial. It was a good thing he was there to square me a few minutes later when my wife came in and found me smoking that cigar.

As we were leaving Sitka, my wife and the other ladies agreed to stage a bridge tournament during the three-day trip to Seattle. Each chipped in to buy Indian baskets to be given as prizes and the hot tournament was on. Husbands were called in to substitute for overworked wives, and as I was an experienced player, my wife worked me overtime.

Some non-bridge players started afternoon dancing and tried to dance quadrilles with a musician prompting them. During a lull in the game I sneaked over to watch my doctor friend trying to dance. I coached him and called a few simple figures that seemed to make a hit. When my wife saw that I had switched from bridge expert to quadrille teacher, she was indignant, but so many of the players followed my lead that she had to agree that the dancing cut down the opposition. Thereafter we filled in our afternoons dancing quadrilles, leaving the nightly dance program to the jazz dancers. By the end of the trip they, too, were dancing quadrilles.

We had a rough sea going through Queen Charlotte Sound but the sun was actually shining when we reached Seattle. We made a side trip to Tacoma and then, back in Seattle, we went aboard the Navy Cruiser Pennsylvania with the Huletts and the Pattersons and spent many a busy day out at the exposition.

My wife's Aunt Emma and her husband, Dr. Charles Hulett, had joined us in Seattle and we travelled together to Portland. We took a steamer trip up the Columbia River to the Dallas and admired the waterfalls along the way.

In San Francisco we lost out in competition to a Labor Day parade. We left our hotel, The Golden West, to do some shopping and on our return we were stopped by the parade. It was about ten in the morning and we stood and watched the parade for an hour or more. Not being allowed to cross the line of march we decided to walk around it. We walked until my wife gave out and then we took a hack and the driver couldn't make it back to the hotel until one o'clock. We were just in time to meet my cousin Ella from Berkeley as we were taking her to the matinee at the Garrick to see "The Girl from Rector's", a Paul Potter comedy.

San Francisco had spent three years cleaning up the rubble after the big earthquake and fire of

1906 but there were still areas where the big buildings were just boarded up—what was left of them—and up on Knob Hill we saw many fine homes which had been destroyed.

We visited the Cliff House, the park and went to the Van Ness Theater to see Blanche Bates in "The Fighting Hope."

We now moved on to Los Angeles to prepare for the baby's reception. We had engaged Dr. E. M. Moore, baby specialist, and he reserved proper recommendations at the California Hospital.

* * *

Ed Howe used to say, when he came to this place in a woman's story, he lays down the book. He didn't get around to saying what he did when it was a man's story, so I'll go right ahead.

We found an apartment in the neighborhood and spent much of our time at the home of Harry Lowe Foster and his interesting family which included his wife, her two daughters, Mary Prescott and Virgil McGrath and their grandmother, Mrs. Guthery and Mary's infant son, John.

September the sixteenth was the hottest day I've ever experienced in Los Angeles; the thermometer was up to 103. The heat caught us with nothing but heavy clothing around and we rushed down to Long Beach to cool off.

October the first found us back in Los Angeles and that evening we had dinner with the Fosters. About nine o'clock my wife broke up the bridge game and we hurried to the hospital where I was parked in the expectant father's room. Five minutes past twelve the nurse came in and whispered, "It's a boy!"

Dr. Turner had been vindicated.

I subsidized one of my wife's nurses, a bright Irish girl, Virginia Gay, to see that our boy was not mixed up in the shuffle as there were a score of others of his same vintage. We became friends and she continued to write us for months after we returned to El Paso. The correspondence ended when she sent us a Los Angeles paper which reported her marriage to an elderly millionaire lumberman who had been her patient.

Fifteen years later I had a very fine woman here at Radium Springs who was operating the cafe. She used to get letters from a cousin who had married a surgeon general of the English army. Her husband was "Lord Someone" and she wrote interesting letters back to her relatives. This cousin proved to be our baby's Irish nurse. Her elderly husband had died and left her an immense fortune and she had married a second time and did not care to bring her aristocratic in-laws within speaking distance of her own family.

The day President Taft passed the hospital in a big parade, special arrangements were made for the patients to see him. We took my wife in a wheel chair, along with the baby, and found a position close to the curb. As the president drove past, I took the baby's hand and saluted the president and that gracious gentleman raised his two hands, clasped in a friendly gesture of greeting.

We moved back to our apart-

ment and our nurse dropped in mornings and evenings to supervise the baby's feeding.

One evening I started to take calomel and put the tablet down a moment while I got a glass of water. My wife thought it was a bismuth tablet for the baby and got it down him. I discovered the mistake and dashed to a lady doctor who lived in the next apartment to ask the proper method to pump out a tiny baby's stomach. She stampeded me proper when she said it was too serious a matter for her to tackle. I got our nurse on the phone at the hospital; she located our doctor and he said not to worry—that the baby probably needed a dose of calomel anyway.

I thought I'd had the scare of my life. It was a good thing I couldn't look into the future to the time he swallowed the rat poison; the time he fell from the windmill and broke his leg, and various other little accidents that slowed him down for the moment.

I wrote my friend, Allie Martin, Editor of the El Paso Herald: "Dear Allie—October the second, and I harvested my crop, just as though I were home on the ranch; only this time, instead of frijoles, we brought in a fine seven and a half pound boy."

The baby was a great surprise to all our friends, particularly to my partner and cousin, P. H. Bailey. This was before his marriage and he took a keen interest in the baby, brooding over the fact that he awakened every morning and yowled at three o'clock with what was termed "three-month colic." He made a number of helpful suggestions and I told him to get married and try out his wild ideas on his own baby. This he did, and his son, Homer, is only two years younger than Newton and he is now a professor of mathametics at the A&M College.

We had no trouble agreeing on Harry Newton for the boy's name. My wife's maiden name was Newton and my favorite uncle was Uncle Newt, and we thus killed two birds with one stone.

I thought we ought to make a high grade civil engineer of him, with a perfect command of the Spanish language. The Spanish end of it came along pretty well. When we lived in Canutillo and he was seven or so, he went to the public school where most of the pupils were Mexicans. I was Justice of the Peace and the school teacher boarded with us. She told me that I should caution Newt against so much fighting. He seemed to delight in beating up Mexican boys who were much bigger than he, but at no credit to him because the other boys always warned his opponent not to hurt him as his daddy was the law. I put a stop to the fighting by offering any boy a quarter who would lick him. That was big money and Newt soon learned that a big boy can lick a little boy and he lowered his sights.

CHAPTER XLIX

● MY STAY at Radium Springs covers twenty-four years of battle and strife.

When I bought out Reube Pankey's interest in the springs, he had already sold half interest to Old Uncle Joe Smith, a retired stockman, who had recently sold his cattle interests.

The Smiths had an extensive family. The sons were typical cowboys who had been taught that "might makes right" and after a few drinks they were supposed to be bad men. I suspect that Reube had discovered this fact and, being a typical cowman himself, had unloaded the property on me at a bargain price. My title to old Fort Selden, with eighty acres, was a different proposition. My troubles there were of a peaceful, legal nature and were cleared up after a twenty year battle.

I had a talk with the Smiths about our operating the springs as partners and they seemed pleased over the new deal. They realized that we had to have a bath house and accommodations for patients before we could operate a profitable business. But as soon as I had constructed a six-tub bath house, with modern pumps and operation equipment, we began to argue over details of service and prices. Rather than call their hands on their offer to shoot it out or go to court, I made them a proposition: they would take over the operation of the baths as their individual interest and I would have the housing and store concession.

At my own expense I ascertained the radio-activity of the spring waters and applied for a post-office with the title of Radium Springs. The Smiths began to see the possibilities in Radium Springs. They seemed to suspect that I had the best end of the bargain and planned to run me off.

At that time the highway ran over the Jornado plains to Rincon. The county realized the need of a new road and started the construction of a change in Highway 85 which called for the building of a bridge in front of our bath house. This was a long anticipated change which promised an increase in tourist travel and more prosperity for the springs.

I hoped the new prospects would encourage the Smiths to co-operate but their resentment only increased as they realized it would now be harder to get rid of me.

The contractor who was to grade the approach to the bridge was a husky, elderly man with a young wife. When he arrived with his outfit, he lived with the Smiths as they had the only house there at that time. I was living at the old Llewelyn home, close to the Fort Selden station, about a mile's distance from the springs.

The contractor's first move was to start a platform from which he would load his wagons to build up his grades. When I saw that he proposed to secure his dirt

from an adjacent level tract of our holdings, I went to him and objected. He said he had made his arrangements with the Smiths and tried to bluff me down but I notified him that I owned half interest in the land and would hold him responsible to that extent for any earth removed.

Work stopped at noon and a parley was on between the contractor and the Smiths. Later, I was sitting out in front of the bathhouse when the contractor came over and sat down beside me. He remarked that the Smiths were a funny outfit. I replied that they were old and that fact had to be taken into consideration. He called me a dirty so-and-so and hit me a back-handed blow that wrecked my glasses, broke my nose and knocked me out. When I came to, I was a bloody mess. I managed to get to the bathhouse and after a bath and a good scrub, I went out to drive my car to the doctor's in Las Cruces.

While I was cranking up, old lady Smith came out and eyed my battered face. "Why do you stay here when you know they're going to kill you?" she asked.

"We only die once," I told her. "I'm going to get in a little killing of my own before this is over."

I drove to Cruces, had my nose straightened and swore out a warrant for the contractor's arrest and then went back to my job. Later I consulted my attorney, Judge Medler, who said that I was up against a tough outfit and court action seemed the only solution. The proposition had been in the courts for the past ten years and as lawyer fees and court costs were scarce items with me, I concluded to fight it out.

At the lumber yard I purchased sufficient material to erect the first store and cafe. The Justice had fined the contractor the limit which did not improve his disposition. Threats flew back and forth between us, agitated by the Smiths. The morning after my bill of lumber arrived it was drizzling rain and I went out to see if anyone had disturbed my building material. I wore a big straw sombrero and a raincoat and had my pump gun, loaded with buckshot, under my raincoat. As I reached the Diversion Dam I saw the contractor over by the railway tracks. He thought I was a Mexican laborer and hollered at me, "Hey, you seen a gray mule?" I didn't answer and he got sore and took out after me. When he was about forty feet away I threw my shotgun down on him. "Next time you come within ten feet of me, come a shooting," I told him. He was so surprised that he just stopped dead in his tracks and didn't say a word.

CHAPTER L

● I HAD hired an old man to help me with the building and his wife was to do the cooking. We got the frame work up the first day we worked and there was no doubt that I meant to carry out my improvement program.

The second morning, the contractor was having dirt dumped close to some of my lumber and I told my helper to carry it around in back before they buried it—on purpose. The contractor's wife reported my words to him and I went inside and got my shotgun. I stood inside, resolved to shoot it out if he crossed the threshhold. My helper, carrying the lumber, could see me and he could see the contractor coming my way. He dropped the lumber and yelled, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" The contractor hesitated and I stepped outside and repeated my warning that he was to keep a ten foot distance between us. He saw that I meant business and he steered a wide course around me from that day on until the day he left.

The Smiths abandoned the idea of running me off and settled down to petty annoyances. One night one of their boys got full of booze and had me put five gallons of gas in his car. When he told me to charge it, I refused as his credit was no good. I started to siphon out the gasoline, and he reached in his car and got out a tire pump as a battle weapon. I batted him with my flashlight and that ended his efforts to establish a credit rating with me.

Business boomed and Smith realized his inability to operate a bathhouse without my co-operation. I tried to induce him to sell out and got Mrs. Rowley interested in buying out his interest. She offered him ten thousand, but he wanted more. After a month's dickering, he said he would sell to me for ten thousand if I made certain concessions: he was to get two thousand in cash and notes on the balance at 8% interest, secured by a mortgage that would include my half interest which was free and clear.

My cousin, R. C. Bailey, real estate agent in El Paso, heard about the proposition and suggested that he and his brother, P. H., purchase the Smith interest. That sounded good to me and after some negotiations we agreed on a plan. I hated to mortgage my interest but I was so confident of the sucess of our venture that I agreed to their plan. It was understood that R. C. was to handle the real estate end, which was to include a townsite and a sale of lots on an extensive scale. P. H., who had the best personality and the smoothest "gift of gab" was to be the glad hander. I was to be general manager of the resort, on the job every day at a salary which was to be agreed on after we had incorporated. As I owned half of the stock I was elected president and the three of us were directors.

I had put up a hundred dollars with old man Smith to bind the thirty-day option which he had

outlined. When we prepared the deed, we were informed that Mrs. Smith refused to sign it. As the old man had accepted my hundred dollars and signed the preliminary contract, he was in a bad legal hole and we were sure his lawyer would so advise him. The last day of our option arrived and still no action had been taken. To perfect our claim, my cousin P. H. and our attorney, Wayne Whatley, drew two thousand dollars from the bank in order to make a legal tender of our option. When they arrived at the springs about sundown, they said it was best that I did not accompany them to make the tender as Mrs. Smith resented my getting the option.

I was waiting at the cafe when they came hurrying back from the Smiths. They urged me to get in the car and get out of there as Mrs. Smith was in a tearing rage and was going to shoot me. "That's an old song I've heard every day for the past month," I told them. But my cousin was so insistent that I drove home with him to spend the night.

Next morning we went to El Paso to see Smith's lawyer. He asked for a few day's extra time. We finally effected a compromise when my cousin promised to pay Mrs. Smith a four-hundred-dollar bonus.

As soon as the Smiths were out of the way I added six more tubs to the bath house, installed a ladies' department and added new cabins. Business was fine. R. C. was busy with his promotional town site schemes and spent over a thousand dollars in surveys and maps but the Smiths had a mortgage on all the land and R. C. could not sell lots readily as long as they were subject to that mortgage. R. C. often clashed with his brother P. H. and usually I agreed with the latter.

R. C.'s failure to sell lots left him without funds for improvements and he refused to help pay the surveyor's bill. He never paid in another dollar other than his initial $2000.00 payment for which he was issued one fourth of the company's stock.

CHAPTER LI

● I CERTAINLY led a strenuous life in those days. My son, Newton, who attended high school in El Paso came up week ends, and was a valuable assistant in some of my battles.

I took in a partner who was a fine baker. He had two young Morman boys who were very competent mechanics—and crooks. I operated a garage and had plenty of work for all.

The baker soon had a rushing business selling pastry and sandwiches to the traveling public. Our prosperity seemed to have turned their heads. It took all we had in the way of receipts to pay the bills.

I had given the baker a check for twenty dollars to pay for some chickens he had contracted for at Anthony. When he returned without any chickens, he reported that he had given them the check but it was after dark when he returned, so would get them next trip. In the rush of business, I had forgotten the check until my bank sent my cancelled check, which showed it had been cashed in El Paso.

I now realized I had a bunch of crooks for associates. They had pulled crooked deals in the garage —over-charged patrons and bragged about it.

That week end when Newton came up, I took all the bills, and we spent most the night auditing their accounts, and found many discrepancies.

That Sunday morning I determined to have it out with them. They had been working on their car and reported it in tip top condition. So I remarked to the baker that it would be a good time for them to move on; that our partnership was dissolved. He swelled up, and demanded an accounting, and their share of the profits. I told him they had stolen their share of the profits—and then I flashed the check he had cashed, and not accounted for. I told him if they got away by ten o'clock, they would miss the sheriff who would be up with a warrant for their arrest. He ran to the door and called his crew, and told them we had doubled up on him. I had Newton posted behind the counter with a club, and my trusty shotgun handy. One of the boys started around the counter to the cash drawer. I told him to keep out, and picked up my gun, and Newton presented his club. To make a long story short, they were packed up and on their way long before the deadline of ten o'clock.

* * *

But business at Radium Springs continued good. I had built a string of apartments that extended from the bath house toward the cafe and they were full most of the time. We were clearing close to six hundred dollars a month and we decided to start a permanent hotel building. I had an architect make a sketch of the type of building we needed.

Soon P. H. Bailey and I were operating regardless of cousin R. C. I had taken over the old Smith

house and converted it into four apartments which were bringing in four dollars a day. I had used one of the apartments to store our towels and bedding supplies and I took out a thousand dollar's worth of fire insurance on it. That same week the four-apartment house burned and as the insurance had been made payable to Smith (because he had the mortgage on the building and equipment), it paid off the first year's note.

That experience prompted me to take out two thousand dollars of insurance on the six remaining apartments. As they were very inflamable, the insurance rate was high and my cousins were critical of such extravagance.

The apartments were furnished and the stoves were wood burners. For kindling we used chips that had been dipped in creosote, with mesquite wood as a chaser.

One day a Mexican patient came in with his elderly father who was blind. The young man put his father to bed on the sleeping porch, stuffed the stove full of the starter chips and started the fire before he went over to the cafe to chat with the waitress. The terrific heat from that overdose of chips set fire to the room and the waitress was the first to give the alarm. One of the customers caught up the fire extinguisher and rushed to the apartment. He broke in a window and was getting the best of the fire when he spied the father trapped on the cot on the sleeping porch. He was so horrified that he dropped the extinguisher and ran to the rescue. By the time he ran around the long building, the fire was out of control and the father was burned to death.

That insurance paid off the second year note held by the Smiths. It began to look as though my insurance money was paying off my cousins' debt to the Smiths, though it was their individual debt and not mine.

At the time of the fire I was at my cousin, P. H. Bailey's home planning for a new hotel building. They phoned us the bad news—a serious setback as we had to spend our income building additional apartments.

In the past, promotional offers had not appealed to us, but now we began to investigate them as we wanted to interest new capital. P. H. began to dicker with Joe Caples, one of the heirs of Dick Caples, but I recalled an unpleasant experience with Joe and wanted no part of him.

Joe now had twenty-five thousand in cash and he made P. H. an alluring offer. I argued against it but P. H. was sure we could take care of ourselves. R. C. was violently opposed to Caples and proposed that we line up against P. H. He wanted to interest someone who would let us retain management of the hotel. Caples offer stipulated that he was to be the hotel manager. I decided to stick by P. H. and we closed the deal with Caples. We thought we had competent lawyers who would protect us in the clinches, but such was not the case.

Caples brought in a crew of workmen and boarded them in the cafe. When I tried to collect the board bill, he insisted that

we had been feeding a workman who wasn't actually on his payroll. We got into an argument in the cafe and I ran him off. He went down to Cruces and got the sheriff to deputize him. He buckled on a gun and declared war on the Baileys.

P. H. came up to the springs with R. C. to smooth things out. They went over to the job to speak to Caples and the moment he saw them he yelled an insult and said no Bailey was going to step foot on his job. R. C. said no could call him names and he went after Caples to take his gun away from him. He started off with a rush, but he was a cripple and Caples got away from him. We went to Cruces and had the sheriff revoke his commission to Caples.

Life was stormy during the three months of construction before the hotel opened to a capacity business. Caples had a competent foreman who was also his silent partner, and Caples had promised that the foreman's wife would be landlady of the hotel. However, a charming grass widow from El Paso, ex-wife of Joe Segals, attended the opening of the hotel and so charmed Caples that he married her and she became the new landlady. This caused the foreman to quit Caples and to join our forces.

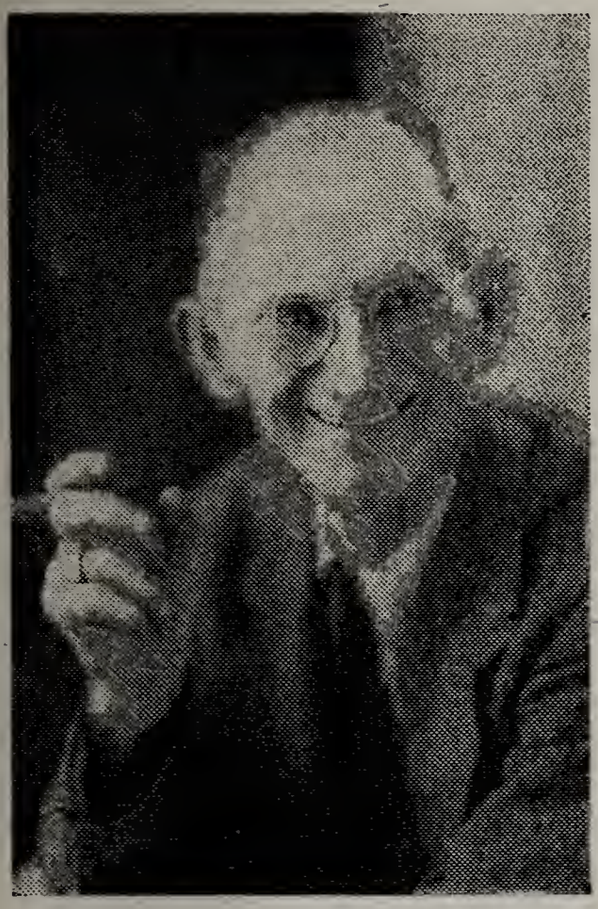
The Baileys stayed away from the hotel, but our contract gave us access to the books and records at any time. Accordingly my cousins assumed the job of trying to keep tab on our share of the profits as relations between Caples and I were strained to say the least.

Joe Caples told his troubles to his brother, Ed, in El Paso and they drove up one night, armed with rifles. R. C., who was Mrs. Caples' bodyguard, slept over at the hotel and usually had his six-shooter with him. About four o'clock that morning I heard a car honking outside my door. It was R. C. in his new Packard. He said that Caples and an armed friend had raided the hotel. They had kicked in the door of Mrs. Caples' room and beat her up. Then they had taken Caples' clothes and beat it. R. C. had left his gun in the hotel office and was in his own room behind a locked door during the fracas.

I called Elmer, a husky young fellow who worked for me. He loved a scrap and he hated Caples. Elmer got my 30-30 rifle and I took my old reliable shotgun and loaded it with buckshot. We proposed to go after Caples, but R. C. refused to let us drive his new car. Mrs. Caples called the cook, who had a car, but we couldn't get it started and had to abandon the chase. As far as I know that was the last time Joe Caples ever set foot in Radium Springs.

After that, Mrs. Caples lost faith in R. C. and aligned herself with P. H. as her chief adviser. He advised her to get a divorce and to throw her one share of hotel stock in with ours which would give us control of the Hotel company. Their plans were rudely upset by a furniture store man's suit to foreclose a mortgage on the furniture for three thousand dol-

lars. This was a blow, as our lawyers had assured us that Caples could not contract any debts without formal action by the Board of Directors of the Hotel Company.



The Author, Harry H. Bailey as he appeared at age 76.

Now our lawyers assured us that the furniture debt was a lucky thing for us as we could bid in the hotel by paying off the three thousand dollar judgment and then own it all.

P. H., enthusiastic as ever, was determined to recoup our fortunes by his individual efforts. He went to a friend, Wray, who was a cotton gin operator, and arranged to have Wray bid in the hotel and then operate with us as a silent partner. That sounded all right to me, and again I sided with P. H. and disagreed with R. C. who had a different plan.

As no one anticipated that we were not going to bid in the hotel, there was no opposing bids and the property was knocked down to Mr. Wray for the three thousand dollar mortgage and costs. Now that the Hotel Company had eliminated Caples and his interest, P. H. got busy attending to Wray, getting his title in good form. As soon as these details were attended to, he was floored by Wray's announcement that he had sold his entire holdings in the hotel to a man named Nichols from back East. Nichols had paid Wray ten thousand dollars in cash for the hotel in its entirety. Wray had violated his word to us and had thrown us down and we were completely out. It was a blow to P. H. and I, but R. C. got some slight satisfaction out of saying, "I told you so. I warned you how it would be." My cousins reminded me that the Smiths were contemplating suit for payment of their notes against the property. The cousins got into a squabble and decided that the depression was too much for them and they could not raise the money to pay the notes and I was left to my fate.

CHAPTED LII

● THE new proprietor, Mr. Nichols, discovered that the Smiths had a mortgage which covered all our holdings and he

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey and Son Newton at age of 9 months

decided to pay off the mortgage, have it transferred to him and then foreclose on us and thereby own all our holdings. I was alone in the fight now and looking for a loop hole. In order to foreclose the mortgage it was necessary to get service on our statutary agent who was our attorney, Wayne Whatley. At Mr. Whatley's suggestion, he resigned and I was appointed statutary agent. As services could only be served in the state of New Mexico, all I had to do was to keep out of the state for a while until I could figure out ways and means. I had a niece and her husband operating the Radium Springs post office. Unfortunately the young husband didn't understand the situation, and he told Nichols that he was my official representative and they served the papers in the foreclosure suit on him.

Nichols took over my equipment and sent me war-like messages. In the meantime I went to one of Caples' lawyers (a man Caples had refused to pay) and learned that the only way a suit of that nature could be filed was in compliance with our original contract which provided that in case we defaulted in our payments and he was forced to foreclose the mortage, we were to have sixty days to pay it off and recover it.

At this critical moment, Nichols was arrested for an embezzlement back East. He was taken back East to face the charges and was sentenced to the pen. He had paid off the Smith mortgage and I suddenly found my holdings with a clear title!

In the meantime, I had used my personal credit and bought six hundred dollars' worth of material and erected a four-apartment building to which I had moved the post office. With the aid of the husky, Elmer, I had dug a new springs about six feet deep in solid rock. It was, if anything, superior

water to that we had across the tracks at the original Radium Springs hotel.

When Caples wrecked my original bath house, I had retained the material, such as pipe, tanks, door and windows and lumber. Elmer and I built a hastily constructed bath house with one tub. We used an ordinary hand pump to bring up the hot water and by keeping a certain amount cooling the tub at all times, we started operations. Business was good and we soon had a cold water tank hooked up and a gasoline engine to do the pumping. Later we added a hot water tank and more tubs and toilets and the Bailey Baths were off to a running start.

My cousins had not contributed a cent toward these improvements, and as they refused to help pay incorporation, and county taxes, I declined to acknowledge their owning any interest in the holdings. I had made them a proposition whereby if I were paid my salary (P. H. had once suggested that it be $300.00 a month) and got credit for $1500.00 (half of the fire insurance money which was collected by Smith) and was paid the more than two thousand personal funds which I had spent, I would be willing to allow them their half interest. As this was at the low point of the 1930-33 depression, R. C. had paid his abstract bill with six shares of his Radium Springs Incorporation stock. The abstract man became interested and P. H. and I made a trip to Santa Fe to see if through negotiation with the corporation commission we could have our incorporation renewed. But we found there was some six hundred dollars of penalties, dues and costs which would have to be paid. As money was so scarce at that time, my cousins abandoned the idea of restoring the incorporation, and I established my title under the statute of limitation.

Carl Price, under my coaching, succeded in getting the hotel. For years I had endeavored to get his brother Dan down at Radium Springs. He had the worst afflicted case of arthritis who ever was a patient here. He was totally incapacitated—he had to have a day and night nurse. A two-year stay here completely cured him. Today (1947) he is justice of the peace at Berino enjoying perfect health.

* * *

There had been a CCC camp located just on the edge of the mesa on the old highway. This was a great boost for Radium Springs as it upped the post office earnings on an average of $75 a month, and the 200 boys put plenty of life into our daily operations. As a sample, I will relate one:

The mail train arrived at ten o'clock every evening. There was always a rush to get the CCC mail off and this particular evening they were later than usual. My housekeeper and the masseur were setting out on the front porch, and I was busy at my desk in the post office. The folks on the porch concluded to go to bed. Just as they passed through the office, I heard the mail truck coming, and thinking I would hurry matters if I would help

bring in the mail, I got up from the desk, and started for the door. Suddenly I was hit on the head by a large piece of glass, accompanied by a noise like an explosion. The boy driving the truck was in such a hurry he was driving pretty fast, and having a hole in the sole of his shoe, it somehow had hung up on his clutch, and the truck went right through the porch—wrecking a heavy cast-iron weighing scales, scattered $15 worth of pennies over the porch—wrecking a big arm chair and a settee, just vacated by my help; went right through the postoffice, wrecking my desk, typewriter and chair, and a four by six-foot plate glass window. Total damage $720.

And to make bad matters worse, the lieutenant in charge came to me and requested that I not file a claim for the damage, as it was his fault for permitting the driver —who was a night watchman and not a truck driver—to do the driving that night.

He said he did not have any money on hand, but would pay it off as fast as he could. He did—and then some. I had plenty of thrilling experiences with boys who averaged around 16, who were full of fun and devilment.

* * *

About this time I had another unusual experience, with a bum who was working for the hotel for his board and room. I had rented the gas station to a little crippled fellow, who had arrived here with a bad case of arthritis, and broke.

I had set him up in business, and he was very grateful to me. I appreciated having him around, as he was a good mechanic.

He kept my car and gasoline pumps in fine shape, and was very popular with every one. It was at the time that Mrs. Boggs was doing my cooking, and when we could get them, we kept boarders.

On this particular day I was not feeling well and was in my undershirt, pants, and slippers. Being a hot day, I went over to Shortys—as we had nicknamed him—for a cold drink.

This bum, as I learned later, had been hired by the Doctor who was manager at that time for the hotel, to beat me up. The doctor intended to dominate Radium Springs, and my presence interfered with his plans.

I was sitting at the station and as he approached I made a casual remark to him. He replied suddenly: "You are the son-of-a-b—I want to lick!" Without giving me a chance to stand up, he piled down on me and commenced to pound me. I was so surprised I could only put my arms over my face, but when little Shorty got his big arm around the bum's neck, I managed to slip down out of the chair and get away. I dashed over to the house and got my automatic. Mrs. Boggs knew that something was up, but I did not stop to give her any particulars.

When I got back to Shortys, the bum was out of sight. My good friend Mrs. Wilmeth was cooking for the hotel and she soon imformed me what the bum proposed to do to me—gun or no gun.

At that time I met the midnight train at Fort Selden Station to hang up the mail sack, and get the one thrown off. As there were no houses close by the sta-

tion, I figured that was where the bum would try to waylay me.

As the nights were cool, I wore large gloves which I could easily throw off, in case I wanted to get quick action with my gun.

This particular night, I had driven down and turned my car around with the headlights shining down the road so I could see anyone approaching the car. I was out inspecting my headlights when I heard gravel crunching; I knew someone was approaching. I flipped off my gloves, jumped back of my headlights, and saw a man approaching from behind the walls of an old house. He was the same size, had the same style of a hat as the bum, and I was confident it was him, so resolved to empty the automatic into him soon as he was close enough to make sure I would not miss my target. But since I have always had a horror of taking a human life, I concluded to give him a chance, and called to him to throw up his hands. Imagine my relief to find out it was another bum, who was planning on getting on the train. I explained to him how near I came to killing him, and that the train did not stop at the station. It was a relief to see him hot-foot down the highway.

Of course when I related this experience, the particulars got over to the hotel, and their bum was never seen again.

While I am relating some of my experiences in nearly taking a human life, will tell of another time just as thrilling:

At this time I had L. R. Dockery as assistant postmaster. A patient who was boarding with us, about Dockery's size, was a wood-chopper from Texas, named Henry. Now, Henry was not exactly normal, and when excited went almost crazy. I had bought

The Radium Springs Hotel was completed in 1931 by Joe Caples and Harry H. Bailey. Since then ownership has been transferred several times: Nichols, Carl Price, O. J. Thomas, Harry Bennett, and the O'Dells, owners this date (1947).

him a new pair of gloves, and he had misplaced them. He was over at the store and the boys got to teasing him, and told him I had stolen his gloves. I had not been feeling well and had gone to bed. All at once the front door was flung open and in came Henry in a mad rage, with an iron pipe in his hand. He wanted to know where I was, and said he was going to beat my brains out for stealing his gloves. Dockery and a patient who were with me at the time were badly scared; they told Henry I was over at the bath house, and as soon as he shut the door they turned the lights out.

I was lying in bed with my automatic handy, when suddenly the light was stuned on in the office and I supposed it was Henry with a club in his hand. As I was in the dark and he couldn't very well see me, I raised up in bed and said; "Henry if you come another step, I will shoot you." I was relieved to find out it was the patient, who a few moments previous was so frightened he had turned out all the lights.

A reproduction of the front page of an advertising folder published in 1931 on the wonders of Radium water and the new hotel.

CHAPTED LIII

● NOW to relate my most thrilling and active fight of all, and I will be through relating my numerous battles at Radium Springs:

I had leased my furnished home at Canutillo to a couple named Sprangler. Sprangler was a famous Juarez bar bouncer; he was built for the purpose, weighing over 200 pounds, with a reputation of putting his victims in the hospital with one blow. They were to pay $100 a month rent, and I had inventoried the furniture and equipment to them. In a few months they were operating a bootlegging business, much to the neighbors' disgust and indignation, so I gave them notice to vacate.

This aroused Spranglers indignation and they quit paying rent, and refused to move, although his wife kept promising to do so. Sprangler had told me to keep away, and I always took the precaution to have a husky man with me when I went to the house.

One time I had Colonel King, a big tough retired army officer who was my partner in the milk goat business. I did not tell the Colonel of my apprehensions, and sure enough we ran into Sprangler, and we had a round of argument. It so excited the Colonel he urged that we should get going, and later remarked "that guy is about the toughtest specimen I have ever met."

Another time I utilized my globe-trotting friend Blackiston, who is in the 200-lb. class, with practically the same results. I was satisfied that my two husky friends had prevented Sprangler from beating me up. Finally, I turned the matter over to a lawyer to take legal action, and he got a proposition from Mrs. Sprangler if I would refund her $100 she would vacate, and guarantee everything covered by the inventory would be there.

I had a big husky mechanic running my garage, who claimed to be a prize fighter and wanted me to arrange a match for him in Las Cruces. So I concluded to utilize this mechanic, and explained to him I wanted him to be with me when I checked the place over. That was fine with him, so I went down late in the afternoon when I knew Sprangler would be on duty over in Juarez. I arranged with Mrs. Sprangler to be on hand next morning at 9 o'clock to deliver her check and the inventory. She promised to put up my mechanic for the night to check the inventory, and said that her husband would not be around. This was one time I left my trusty automatic at home, fearing that it might lead to a killing, but as precaution I had thrown a hammer with a long handle into the car.

When I drove up in the morning I was careful to head my car toward the highway. Mrs. Sprangler was standing in the door, so presuming that all was going according to our plans, I picked up my hammer and inquired if her husband was around. She said he wasn't and, as I walked into

the dining room I saw my mechanic in the doorway to the kitchen. As he did not say anything I presumed all was hunky-dory.

I sat down at the table, pulled out my list and check, and suggested we start the inventory—when in came her husband! He roared, "You blankety blank," etc., "I told you keep away from here"—and he started for me. As I rose up from my chair I picked up my hammer, and tried to bring it down on top of his head, but he was too tall and husky, and kept warding off my blows. Realizing I could not break his arm, I finally tried a side-swipe at his temple and landed a good one. He wilted right over on top of me as I went down in a big mahogony chair, with him right on top of me. My arm was extended with the hammer and his wife grabbed the hammer from me. Just as I saw her aim a vicious blow at my head, I scrouched under her husband and came up with the dining table between us. She kept motioning like she was going to throw the hammer, and I kept dodging until I got to the door. I jumped in my car, and for a wonder it started right off. I drove over to Canutillo to get the constable, but he was away. Then I saw some people bringing Spangler to the doctor. So being sure he was not there I went back to get my hat and glasses. Mrs. Sprangler was very contrite, and assured me they would be moved by night, and without the $100 I had promised—if I promised not to swear out any warrants. To make sure I started up to Anthony where I knew a deputy sheriff was located. When half way to Anthony I overtook my mechanic—hotfooting for home. He was sure surprised to see me—he had not taken time to cross the river on the bridge, but had made a short cut to the highway by wading the river.

Then it developed that when I had seen him in the kitchen, Sprangler was within two feet of him with a pistol at his back. Evidentally my hammer had upset Sprangler's plans, because the mechanic had heard him say that if I had a gun, she was to use a shotgun and he would use the pistol on me. They planned on beating me up, then killing me—and would have killed him to prevent him from giving any evidence. We were convinced they were killers.

Anyway since that fight, I have shied off from any occasions where there was a possibility of getting into a brawl.

CHAPTER LIV

● I HAD gone to pains and expense to train my son to be able to take care of himself, and consider that was an essential part of his education, and he acknowledges it today.

When he was about 15, he was very husky and handy with the boxing gloves. Unknown to him, I had made a deal with a lightweight boxer who was a professional. He was a night watchman for a garage close by, and I paid him fifty cents every night Newton could train with him. One night Newton came in looking a little bunged up, and remarked he had a rough round with his trainer. When I saw the trainer, he told me Newton nearly licked him. It seems the trainer kept telling Newton to hold his mitts up, or he would poke him. They had been training with three minute rounds, but when he poked Newton with a hard punch, they threw the rules away, and scrapped till both were all in.

Later Newton was mobbed by a gang of roughs while passing through a park. He polished off all their best scrappers, but finally they ganged up on him, and one of them kicked him in the eye —sure mussed him up.

Next day I took Newton and rounded some of the principals, and Billy Smith, ex-prizefighter himself and a City detective was so indignant, we swore out a warrant for the bully, and while we were waiting in his office for the officer to bring the bully in, Newton asked Billy what he was going to do with him. Billy replied, "I am going to take him and you out in the yard and let you beat hell out of him."

"But," Newton replied, "that bully is 18 years of age."

"Don't worry," replied Billy, "any boy who can put up a scrap like you did with that gang, can lick him with my coaching."

But the officer never found the bully; in fact we later learned he left the city, much to Newton's regret.

As this is my autobiography, not his, I will finish up with him, with a brief recording of his record down to date (1947):

Newton attended the El Paso High School for three years and was active in the R. O. T. C. He made the rifle team and rose to the rank of lieutenant. He graduated from Fairfax High School in Los Angeles, where he majored in advertising.

When we got into World War II, he was commissioned First Lieutenant in the Air Corps. He was stationed in the Material Command in Santa Monica as Project Officer on B-25's, B-24's and P-51's. He went to the Officer's Training School in Miami Beach, Florida for two month's study and was promoted to the rank of captain. Then he was assigned as resident representative to the Ryan Aeronautical Company in San Diego. Later he was sent to the Boeing Plant in Renton, Washington, in charge of all Air Corps functions on the B-29's.

By the time the Japs folded up he had a Major's commission and was attending the Command and General Staff School at Ft. Leavenworth. He ended his active duty and retained his reserve officer's rating. This past summer he was one of the two O. R. C. officers selected from the Fourth Air Force to fly back to Wright Field for fifteen days active duty in connection with the Reserve Officer's Specialized Training Program. He has now settled down in Santa Monica with his wife and three of the finest grandchildren in these United States.

He used to keep me on my toes when he was here at the Springs. He was a good swimmer and gave us all a good scare one Sunday when the river was high. He put on his bathing suit and dived from the center of the bridge into the swift current. I didn't see the stunt, but later when I was looking for him, people who had seen his exhibition told me about it. I supposed he was down at the Diversion Dam, a quarter of a mile down the river, visiting with a friend, George Schultz, who was caretaker of the dam.

I drove down there but George hadn't seen Newton. He got excited, fearing Newt had struck a snag and his body had gone over the dam. He proposed to have the water shut off until Newt's body could be recovered. I told George not to be so hasty, that I had a lot more confidence in Newt than he had.

Dr. Nettie Satterly lived in a cottage close to the bridge and had seen Newt's take off. She had a fine pair of binoculars which she loaned me. I stood in the center of the bridge and searched the surface of the river in both directions.

Presently, half a mile or so up the river, I thought I spied a horse floundering in the water. Soon I realized it was Newton on a raft. He had gone up river instead of down river, walking along the bank part of the way. He found three old railroad ties and bound them together with bailing wire to form a raft. He found a long pole and brought his raft down stream to the river bank beside the bridge. There was quite a crowd gathered to watch him land his big cargo of firewood. He was so pleased with himself that I didn't have the heart to mention the scare I'd had.

Quite naturally, I sorely missed him many times, especially in my Sprangler battle, but he was in college getting an education. I am getting a lot of satisfaction when I visit him; his eldest son would have made an excellent twin to his dad, at his age of six years, in looks, actions, and disposition.

CHAPTER LV

● DURING the 15 years I served as a postmaster I had many interesting experiences; some thrilling, as well as comical.

I was taking a course in the "college of experience," and I found that postal inspectors are a breed unto themselves, and not to be trusted.

I had not been a postmaster very long, when I had my first tie-in with them.

A Frenchman I had working in my garage stole 14 silver dollars, and a pair of fancy boots, which my great friend Blackiston had put away in storage until he needed them. The day he left Radium Springs, a long looked-for letter arrived for the Frenchman.

The first thing I did was to steam it open, and found it was from the War Department advising him that certain charges had been cleared, and full report would be mailed to him at Denver, as per his request.

With visions of the Frenchman behind the bars, and congratulations from the chief postal inspector, I rushed the letter and particulars to the Denver office. Then I got a real surprise—a letter from the inspector-in-charge at Denver, stating that I had committed a serious crime in opening another man's mail, and he was considering what kind of criminal charges to file against me—but never a word about endeavoring to catch the thief.

Soon, a local postal inspector called on me to emphasize the heinous crime I had committed.

I then told him about an experience I had in El Paso, and a postal inspector who did open another man's mail. That incident goes like this:

We had a roomer who worked in the Post Office. Fifty thousand dollars in a package had mysteriously disappeared. This roomer was suspected, and the inspector took me into their confidence, but they did not want to arrest him until they could locate the money.

They sneaked into his room with my assistance, and made a typical Sherlock Holmes search with magnifying glasses. They found an unopened letter addressed to the thief and they opened it. It was from a neighboring widow, agreeing on a set of signals with a light. Then they put the letter back in the post-office, to let the thief think his mail had never been tampered with. A couple of weeks later they arrested him; he confessed, and told how he had taken the fifty thousand to his lawyer. I cited names, dates, and other instances of the thief's mail being read, and heard no more about my being arrested.

Then I had another experience: I had picked up a veteran, who had just come from a government hospital where they had treated him for three months, without alleviating his malady. His name was Lafe Buckels, and I never had a more competent assistant.

He was fine cook, an all-around mechanic. He made a fine assistant postmaster and I soon had him answering my mail.

Everything was lovely until one afternoon I sent him to Cruces on a shopping mission, and he returned slightly intoxicated. I was surprised, but he gave a plausable excuse, and I warned him not to let it occur again. That night I made a remittance of $55, duly registered it, and put it in the mail bag. He always carried the mail over to the midnight train. A neighbor awakened me shortly after the train had passed; he said Lafe had been acting queerly, and that he had disappeared. Not suspecting the facts, I told him we would locate him after daylight. Next morning I discovered that my automatic had disappeared, and the stamp money was gone.

I then got busy and wired the Albuquerque office to find out whether the registered mail funds had arrived. When informed it had not, the fact dawned on me that Lafe was an embezzler, and that he had left on that midnight train.

The postal authorities were alerted, and a general search was made for him. The authorities never did locate him.

* * *

I had petty stealings and threatened robberies; in fact, during my first ten years as a postmaster, it seemed quite a fad to rob small post offices, secure a money-order book, and make your own money.

The postmaster at Vinton was killed; the postmaster at Mesquite killed a would-be robber; and the postoffice at Rincon was robbed three times. My office was the most isolated of any. My slogan was, "mail served every day, any hour in the day." But I always met the patrons who got me out of bed with a gun in my hands.

I made many good friends among the postmasters all over the land, by my communications in the Postmasters Gazette.

I always made it a habit of calling on the postmaster in any city or town I happened to be passing through, and made many warm friends whom I still keep in touch with—among them, Postmaster Burlson of El Paso, Mrs. Sexton of Las Cruces, Mary McCollough of Roswell, N. M., Postmaster Wilson of Sacramento; and chief of them all, W. H. McCarthy of San Francisco — who during my term, was editor of the Postmasters Gazette.

He published many of my effusions in the Gazette, which lead to the then Postmaster-General Farley making a call on me. But I was out in California, and missed him. However, Editor McCarthy made a comment of the fact, intimating that Farley came to see me about permitting President Roosevelt to change the title of his famous warm springs waters at Warm Springs, Ga., to Radium Springs, thus nulifying my claim of having the only Postoffice in the world enjoying that distinctive title.

At this time, it seems to have been an iron bound custom that the Postmaster-General's office

was legitimate political reward and went to some capable political leader, and James Farley was no exception. In fact he made himself so popular it evenutally lead to a disruption between him and the President.

The possibility of Farley being a presidential possibility loomed bright. I wrote him a letter of congratulation, suggesting that I be considered a standard-bearer in this state.

Although, I felt sure that in case of his election, my good friend the Editor McCarthy of the Gazette would be tendered the office of Postmaster-General, the possibility of Mr. Farley not making the grade seemed possible. So I conceived the idea of having a resolution passed at our state convention, to the effect that it was the desire that appointments of all future Postmaster-Generals be made from the ranks of the postmasters. This would no doubt have resulted in the selection of Postmaster McCarthy, as his editorship of the Gazette had made him very popular with the rank and file of all postmasters.

So at our state convention that year, I consulted with our mutual friend Postmaster Mary McCollough of Roswell, a skilled parlimentarian, as to the best way of getting our resolution before the convention. However, our very first move was squelched by the chief postal inspector from Denver who seemed horrified at the idea of us "throwing a monkey wrench" into such a perfect well oiled machine, on whom all of us depended for our jobs, etc. I had irritated him before, and he seemed willing to vent his spite by remarking to me that on the first of July I would be removed from my office—and this time an appeal to Mr. Farley would be useless, as that was the date my 15 years of service was up, and the law was that no postmaster past the age of 70 could serve longer. I was really 73, but an exception had been made in my case, and I was allowed to serve the 15-year period in order to be eligible for a pension, which amounts to $25 a month.

I miss attending the conventions, but still enjoy hearing from many of them, especially Postmaster McCarthy, who although no longer is editor of the Gazette, writes letters which I consider gems in any man's letter file. One of my most valued losses when my home burned on, January 1, 1947, was the loss of his file, which contained nearly 100 of his letters. It was read and appreciated by many friends. Here is a copy of his last letter to me, shortly after I was "burned out":

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE
San Francisco 1, California

OFFICE OF POSTMASTER

March 11, 1947

Mr. Harry H. Bailey
Radium Springs
New Mexico

Dear Harry:

One look at your Dona Ana County's leading weekly newspaper, the *Las Cruces Citizen* of February 27, 1947 and I nearly took the count. Brother, you were some attraction at twenty-one and with that moustachio, small won-

der that the girls succumbed to your personal charms and the glitter of that two-carat diamond. I know where the charms have gone but what in the world did you do with the rock?

Then I read the Radium Springs Ruminations and I'll be damned if I don't think you made a convert. If those Radium Springs waters are just one half as good as you claim, then I am certainly a sucker to be whiling my life away around here. What I need is calcium, more calcium and then some more calcium. And now by golly I know where to find it in the radio-active waters of your resort.

My difficulty, of course, is that I am in sort of an Oregon boot around here and just can't get away. But I am watching you closely and I not only have gone hook, line and sinker for the cure but somehow that philosophy of yours impresses me also—"Good health, no worries, nothing to do except broadcast my blessings to others." What more could any man ask?

How about the fire? Hope the insurance company paid up pronto and that you are able to rebuild. The difficulty around here is to get the material and they surely are having one heck of a time. Read Pegler the other night and he said the migration is definitely toward Arizona. Well, don't worry, California is getting its share and I venture to say New Mexico can say the same. By the way, how is our old friend, May McCollough of Roswell? There's a gal you tried to steal away from me and for all I know maybe you did. Years roll by and nary a word, although I did manage to catch up with her at the National Convention in Miami last September.

Good luck, old timer, and blessings on the ship that brought you over. Also apropos to the hour Top O' the Mornin' and happy Saint Patrick's Day.

Sincerely, William H. McCarthy, Postmaster.

CHAPTER LVI

● AFTER I left the postoffice, I had more time to write and make improvements, which brought more business; and lived a more leisurely life—but not for long.

For several years I had been bothered with a cataract in my left eye. I had made several trips to the famous Green Eye hospital in San Francisco. I had made final arrangements to go there for the operation, and went down to El Paso for a farewell visit with my sister Myrtle and her daughter. They lived about six miles down the valley. I had spent the night with them and bid them goodbye.

While crossing the car tracks on Alameda, I was hit by a street car. Although it did not turn my car over, it was a severe jolt, which knocked me unconscious, and fractured my pubic.

When I came to, I was in Hotel Dieu hospital, with a special nurse. It seems that a good brother Scottish Rite Mason was present when I was being x-rayed, and noticing my ring, had phoned my lodge, and Secretary Wells lost no time in getting on the job. He had bought me a suit of pajamas, and seeing I was seriously injured, put on the special nurse. In fact, it was past nine o'clock that night before my sister was notified, although she was close by.

A Herald-Post reporter had got the facts at the hospital, and published the facts, having ascertained my name from my papers. That evening my good friend Sid Llewelyn in Las Cruces read it, and phoned it to Kate Stoes; who phoned it to my cousin, May Jackman in El Paso for more particulars. May had not heard about it, and phoned my sister Myrtle. Myrtle then called the hospital for confirmation, and she was soon at my bedside.

As the street car company was paying my hospital bills, and their surgeon had attended to me, and I had a special nurse, there was nothing to do but wait. I did not realize I was in a serious condition. My nurse, Mrs. Bennett, kept remarking to me that I "certainly had a lot of friends," and before admitting them, she always said, "Now, Mr. Bailey, you tell them you are doing fine, as it is up to you, more than any nurse or doctor." Hearing that so often, I finally realized my recovery was considered doubtful, so I began to joke about it—and reminded my friends of the time I was in the Masonic hospital and the doctors had said: "Send for his folks; old age, bum heart, and pneumonia . . . just no hopes for him."

When you have a fractured pubic, they pile sand bags around your legs, for if you as much as wiggle your big toe, it moves the fracture.

About the third week, I was so sick of the hospital odors — and food, and felt so much like a prisoner, that I began planning an escape. The doctor kept telling me I would probably be there for three months—as I was 78, he kept reminding me.

Just after I had been there four weeks, I called a fellow patient in, as he was passing my door on crutches, and asked him to sit down. Then I asked him to let me try his crutches.

It was my first time out of bed, and when I finally got on the crutches, I realized I was really weak. Before I could get back in bed, a nurse came in—who let out a squawk, and dashed out for the head nurse. They got me back in bed, and sent for Dr. King, who gave me a lecture: "If you were only 20 years of age I would not permit you to leave before five weeks," he said. "If you should get out before then you would be back next day, with a fresh fracture—and pneumonia."

I disagreed with him. I told him I had tried crutches and was going to order me a pair. He mollified some, and agreed to send me a pair of crutches, which came the next day. I began the use of the crutches, and got along fine.

On the next Tuesday, I would have been in the hospital five weeks—the time Dr. King said he would dismiss a 20-year-old patient. So I arranged with my cousin Pearl to get me a Pullman ticket to Odessa where my sister Myrtle lived at that time, and we laid plans on my sneaking out of the hospital on that Tuesday.

It was a mighty strenuous trip for me, but I made it; and with the excellent care and nursing I received from her and her husband, I discarded the crutches for a cane and returned to El Paso, after being away 30 days.

* * *

While in El Paso, I heard of a fine eye surgeon by the name of Vandervere, and arranged with him to remove the cataract from my eye.

Accordingly, I went to the Southwestern hospital, and was told I would be in the hospital for ten days. On the fourth day I was up and dressed when the doctor arrived, and in reply to his query, I told him I was practicing on running away, as I had done at Hotel Dieu hospital.

After examining me he said I would have his permission to leave next day, if I would call at his office every day for treatments. Next day, as I was leaving the hospital, I met Dr. King, the surgeon, in the elevator. In reply to his questions, I told him most emphatically it was not from a fresh fracture, or pneumonia, as he had prophesied—but from a cataract operation, which had been performed five days before —and to prove it, I told him to ask the nurse who was with me. She had told me I had broken a record, as being the first cataract patient to leave before ten days.

The El Paso Herald-Post had published a story about how I hopped in and out of the hospitals. Apparently some of the jealous doctors had remarked "phooey," so Dr. Vandervere said that he would remove the half-ripe cataract on my other eye, just to prove it.

Up to that time I had always been informed by the experts that only ripe cataracts could be safely operated on. But on the strength of the doctor's assurance I agreed to it. It was a foolish chance to take as I was 78, and

should have been satisfied with one good eye that would serve for my allotted time. However, it was a sporty thing to do, and I have been glad since that I took that chance, as I now have two good eyes. A lot of skeptics are still shaking their heads about it.

On my way back to the Springs, I met Dr. Allison in Las Cruces—a believer in our waters. He laughingly asked me what I had been doing to those El Paso doctors, and remarked that probably they had never had any experiences with patients whose systems were full of calcium, as mine was from 20 years' drinking our wonderful radio-active water.

During my three months' absence in the hospitals, my business here was going to the dogs, until Mrs. Blanch Gardner took it over.

I did not really realize how debilitated and blind I was, because my first glasses were not all satisfactory. But I soon discovered I had a jewel of a nurse in Mrs. Gardner, so gladly resigned myself to be one of her patients. I still marvel at her wonderful versatility which included keeping the pumps and plumbing in shape, handling the patients, and cooking for me and her family of four. She made things so pleasant I was glad to resign myself to a patient's status, and like it.

Finally the O'Dells who owned the Hotel and could not make a success of it, leased it to a Mr. Joseph. He impressed me as a fine man, but not capable to successfully operate a business of that nature, not being acquainted with all the merits of radio-active water. So when he asked me to let him have Mrs. Gardner to manage his culinary department, and made her a satisfactory financial offer, I reluctantly let her go. I believe it was her skill that enabled Joseph to build up a business that enabled him to sell out to the present lesees, L. E. Cantrell and R. J. Hollis (1947.)

I now actively endeavored to interest capital in promoting the Bailey Baths, or old Fort Selden, as a Government-indorsed museum, or even as a tourist-court proposition. My good friend Harris Walthal, collector of customs in El Paso, wrote me about interesting some of his friends to take over the development of the Fort. He was not successful with his friends, but we did manage to interest some officers out at Fort Bliss. They spent a lot of time, and some money in having proposed options and leases drawn by their lawyers, and in which Harris promptly spotted a rotten clause. After several more tricky offers, we marked them off our list.

My efforts at promotion would require several chapters if I attempted to go into details, and having lost all my records when my home burned, (Jan. 1947) I cannot recall names and dates, but some of them I will never forget. My first one I especially remember.

There was a big resort company, building an extensive hotel and bath house in Hot Springs, Ark. Dr. Parks, who had been Federal superintendant there for eight years, and was an acknowledged authority on radio-active waters, had assured them we had a better all-round health water

than theirs. This interested their manager, he came here and we made a deal; which, had it had gone over, would have made me a millionaire today.

We drew up a contract, in which he was to post a thousand dollars as evidence of good faith, soon as final contract was completed and signed.

That same week a St. Louis trust company failed, and that broke the hotel company. It was some ten years later before any one was found to complete the half completed building in Hot Springs, Ark.

Some years later, a Dr. Wintz from Mexico City arrived at the hotel here, and he was so pleased with our water and the benefit he had received, that he became interested. I had introduced him to my good friend, Dr. George Turner in El Paso. On the strength of what he heard here, he went to Hot Springs, Ark., to consult with Dr. Parks, then on to New York City, where he interested more doctors. He came back here, took an option on the fort proposition, and was to post $1,000 the next week. But just before Monday—the day he was to make the deposit—he wrote me that Dr. Turner informed him he had Bright's disease, and that he was going to his hospital in Mexico City. He died there shortly afterward.

Then Dr. Parks himself, who had been a patient at the Hotel here, went back to Hot Springs, Ark., to form a company, but before we could sign up a contract the Doctor himself died from pneumonia.

Those were my greatest and most disappointing deals of all.

I have had many offers to buy all my hot water holdings, but believing this will be a more famous resort than Hot Springs, Ark.—which has 80,000 with nothing but the hot waters to attract them—I feel sure my grandsons who will be trained and qualified to operate a resort, will follow mine and their father's footsteps, and complete our ambition: To have an immense charitable health resort, for the benefit of all suffering humanity, whether they have money or not.

CHAPTER LVII

● DURING my time here at Radium Springs, I have met many of what I might term pioneers, with whom I have discussed many people and episodes that have occurred around here during my 65 years residence here in the valley.

I was well acquainted with Colonel Fountain, whose charming daughter Kitty I have beaued; Oliver Lee, who was accused of Colonel Fountain's murder; A. B. Fall, who at that time had just been admitted to the bar, and his sister, whom I used to escort to our dances. Her brother, Phil, and I were chums.

Pat Garrett, who killed Billy the Kid, was a close friend. In fact I was waiting to see him the afternoon he was killed, and saw his body brought into Las Cruces. Mrs. Poe, whose husband was with Pat Garrett when he killed Billy the Kid, was a patient here once at the Springs. In our many talks, I learned several facts regarding the Kid, never published.

The Kid was really married to Maxwell's daughter, and they had two children. That was the real incentive for the Kid's visit to the Maxwell home the night he was killed. These two children later died of diptheria, and I talked to the man that made their coffins, and who was present at their funeral.

This man related many incidents regarding the Kid, which explained why the Kid apparently lived a charmed life. It was not the Kid's expertness with a six-shooter; there were numerous men much quicker than the Kid with a gun. It was the Kid's iron nerves and his lust to kill, as this party related.

One killing he witnessed at Fort Sumner, illustrates this fact. It occurred in a saloon where the Kid and his gang were drinking. Another famous outlaw, a rival of the Kid, who was really quick on the draw—and the Kid knew it—went up to the Kid and remarked, "So you pose as a bad man!"—and slapped the Kid's face. The Kid made no move to pull his gun so this desperado returned and resumed his conversation at his end of the bar. The Kid started out of the saloon, but just as he reached the end of the bar, he turned and saw his enemy had his back to him, so the Kid calmly pulled out his gun and shot the bad man dead with a bullet in the back of his head. He was perfectly cool and unperturbed. It was the Kid's iron nerve which was his main asset, and enabled him to escape so many times unscathed.

* * *

When it comes down to a real man with a gun, I really think Colonel Albert J. Fountain was the best of them all. He was modest and always reluctant to go into details. I used to have to dig out the thrilling parts by asking questions.

He was a graduate of Columbia College, and had lived the active life of a chronic seeker of adventure. He had been in China; was with the famous Walker filibuster

expedition. At one time Walker had ordered him shot, but he escaped by disguising himself in womans clothes, and made his way to San Francisco, where he enlisted in the army at the begining of the Civil War. He arrived here in the nick of time to wrest this section of the country from the Confederates. His outfit was known as the "California Column," among whom were the names of Rynerson, Bennett, Frietz, and Barncastle—and others whose names I cannot recall—and whose families are still prominent here in the Valley.

Colonel Fountain was active in politics; he was the speaker of the house at one session of the legislature. His great activity as sheriff of Dona Ana county did much to clean up the cattle thieves, and other criminal elements. He was a man of many qualifications in military, political, or professional movements. He was a leader, and I am proud to have known him—and fortunate in having been able to listen to some of his many thrilling experiences. His murder was cold-blooded—he and his young son were killed within a few miles of the White Sands.

I was a member of the numerous posses which searched for their bodies. The suspicion that Oliver Lee was to blame for their killing started a feud in the Valley, as Lee had some staunch friends—headed by A. B. Fall, who had just been admitted to the bar, and was already a prominent lawyer. Fall's brother-in-law, Joe Morgan, headed a faction of cool, expert gunmen, who had to face Pat Garrett the sheriff, and Ben Williams, his deputy—and most of the prominent citizens in Las Cruces. I was a great friend of Ben Williams, and aided him in courting Caleta Lapoint, one of 'Cruces belles, and later helped arrange their marriage.

I had just left Ben Williams on the evening of his famous battle with Fall and Morgan. Both factions went armed, prepared for trouble. This particular evening, as Ben related it to me, he had chosen the east side of Main street as being less liable to meet any of the Lee faction. Apparently, though, Fall and Morgan had the same idea. Ben told me that before he was within 50 feet of them, that he knew he would have to shoot it out with them, and he thought he did not have a chance to escape with his life. It is very probable that Fall and Morgan were similarly impressed, for just as they passed each other, all three pulled their guns—while elbow to elbow — and commenced shooting.

Morgan's first shot hit Ben just above his ear, and powder burned his face. Fortunately the bullet made only a flesh wound. Fall's first shot hit Ben's left arm just above the elbow, and it nearly ruined Ben's arm. Morgan was hit in his left arm. It was about 10 o'clock in the evening. Ben backed across the street to a saloon and shot out the lights, and was soon taken care of by friends.

In later years, both Fall and Williams told me they considered themselves dead men on that occasion. The only reason they offered that they were not killed was that all of them had proven

on previous occasions to be dead shots, with iron nerves.

* * *

The Fountain murder created more feeling and excitement than any previous murder case in the annals of the state.

It was the beginning of the Oliver Lee feud, in which my boyhood friend, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, was mixed up with the Lee faction.

I was just as active with the Pat Garrett faction. However, Gene moved with the cowboy faction; got to be gun-toten trained.

Colonel Rhodes, Gene's father, had been through the Mexican war and the Civil war, and his experiences and deductions always made interesting tales. One time I took one of the owners of the Canadian Club Whiskey Co., who was a famous big game hunter and story teller, on a month's hunting trip. As we were going by the Rhodes ranch, I invited the Colonel to go with us that far. That night, sitting around the camp fire, this hunter started in by relating some of his thrilling experiences. When he finished each story, the Colonel would remark, "How funny; I heard that story, but it went this way—" and then the Colonel would tell it, and add an appropriate angle that improved the story. After this stunt had been repeated several times, the hunter pouted off to bed.

When we arrived at the Colonel's ranch, we found a gang of cowboys camped there, on a round-up. When the Colonel saw them, he remarked, "Now Gene will get in a poker game and lose his shirt; he just can't play poker."

Sure enough, that was just what happened. The hunter, who had brought four cases of his whiskey along, and greatly admired cowboys, got out some of it and made himself popular. There was of course a hilarious night.

Next morning Gene came to me and wanted to borrow five dollars. I told him I did not have it, but would ask our hunter to advance me that much. When I made the facts known to our hunter, he said, "Hell, yes; I will give him ten dollars to keep his old father here." As the Colonel was home and had no intention of going further, it was a real windfall.

Some years later, shortly after Gene sold his first continued story to the Saturday Evening Post for seven thousand dollars, he came down to see me. During the visit he remarked he owed me ten dollars. When I asked what for, he replied, "It was several years ago, but I will never forget it"—and cited the instances. We had another big laugh when I explained that ten dollars was a bribe to keep his father from going along with us, and was a gift from our hunter.

Several years later when Gene was famous, some Hollywood man imagined Gene would go well in a film. I happened to be out there when Gene phoned me, and told me the particulars. He said it would look better if I gave them my version of his life. We were both the same age, and came from the same little town in Kan-

sas. This I agreed to do, and I imagine I did a pretty good job, as the movie man remarked: "That scene where he got beat up would photograph fine."

That scene was the one related in the early chapters of this story when Gene tangled up with Sheriff Anastacio Barela and got grazed by a bullet from the sheriff's gun after a terrific wrestle during which they both rolled all over the place. The joker was that Barela was laying for me and Hum Cased—and Gene more or less innocently walked into the trouble.

BILLY THE KID

Reproduction of the only authentic picture of this famous outlaw.

CHAPTER LVIII

● I KNEW Albert Bacon Fall intimately. The editor of the El Paso Times once remarked to me that he wished I would write an article about Fall, and not mention anything about Fall's having been in the penitentiary. We both knew that Fall had a "dirty" deal.

I had known Mr. Fall and his family ever since 1890, about the time he was admitted to the bar in Las Cruces. His father edited a little paper in Las Cruces; his brother Phil was a chum of mine; his sister Kitty was one of the Las Cruces belles. I used to take Kitty to the balls. In those days we always danced until sunup, and it was customary with me to go in and get a cup of coffee—and a hot biscuit. I used as a yard stick to measure a woman's house keeping qualifications, her hot biscuits; so Mrs. Fall was many times tested, and found not wanting.

He originally was a Democrat, but just before the war with Spain, he switched to the Republicans, and from there on he rapidly advanced to prominence.

He was, without a doubt the most famous man who ever lived in this section, or even this state. Within a few years, he reached the height of his ambition—a seat in the United States Senate. Before coming to Las Cruces, he mined at Kingston, N. M., with Doheny. They became good friends; but later when Doheny was a multi-millionaire, and lived in Washington, and Fall was Secretary of Interior, few people knew of their pioneer friendship when both worked in the mines for their daily bread. But Fall's prominence, his ambition to develop the Forest Department and oil for the Navy, and his intimacy with Doheny was food for a political group to point the finger of suspicion. He was made the goat, and a much more guilty party escaped. He had suffered from arthritis for many years and was in hospitals all the time during the last years of his life. He was always glad to have visitors, especially us old-timers. I asked him one day, what kind of hunch it was that caused him to change parties, and be the only politician from New Mexico to reach the high rank he had acquired.

He just smiled and replied, "I knew when to change horses."

* * *

Now comes Pat Garrett, the famous killer of Billy the Kid.

I first met Pat when he was summoned to Las Cruces and elected sheriff. He had the reputation as the most capable man in the Southwest; his job was to arrest Oliver Lee, who was eventually tried and acquitted of the charge of murdering Colonel Albert Fountain.

As I was active with the faction which was against Lee and Judge Fall, Pat and I got well acquainted. Later when he was made Collector of Customs in El Paso and I was operating the Angelus Hotel, we met frequently.

I once put it over on Pat. One

day a beautiful primadonna—a hotel guest—went over to Juarez and bought some silk undies. A custom inspector caught her trying to smuggle them over, and he confiscated them, and she was heart-broken over it. I told her to cheer up; that I had an idea that might recover the items mentioned. I took a letterhead and wrote Pat as follows: "Dear Pat: The bearer of this message had the bad luck of having one of your inspectors confiscate her shirt she was bringing over from Juarez." I assured her that having the skirt back was only a matter of having Pat see her, and sure enough it worked. When the lady found out Pat was the man who killed Billy the Kid, she was wild to meet him.

So I phoned Pat that I was honoring a lady friend with a dinner, and wanted him to attend; that there would be no one besides my wife and myself. I knew how bashful Pat was around the ladies, and I had to do a lot of talking, to get his promise to attend. The meal opened up with wine, and closed with champagne. It was the first time I ever heard Pat laugh out loud.

Needless to say the lady had her "shirt" back within a few days.

Pat was dabbling in valley land, and bought a tract on which I had a mortgage. That was the reason I was in Las Cruces the afternoon he was killed.

It was a clean-cut job which was put up to murder him, although Wayne Brazil, who was claimed to have shot Pat, was tried and found not guilty.

Later, a probe supposedly inspired by Governor Curry, Attorney-General James M. Hervey, and Fred Fornoff, captain of the state police—all intimate friends of Pat's—started an investigation. Carl Adamson, who was riding in the buckboard with Pat, told his version of the killing, but it was so indefinite that neither side called on him to testify. The real man to blame for Pat's assasination in my estimation was one J. P. Miller, a notorious professional killer for hire. Adamson was related to Miller. Miller had acknowledged killing over twenty men. About a year after Pat's murder, this man Miller, and three other criminals of the same stripe, were hung by a mob at Ada, Oklahoma. Miller, being convinced he was at the end of his rope, confessed to an officer that he had been paid $1,000 for arranging the murder of Pat Garrett.

Captain J. R. Hughes, the veteran ex-ranger, well known by all the peace officers in the West, told me confidentially about Miller's confession and the motives which brought about Pat's death. Captain Hughes had been coming to Radium Springs for 20 years, and staying 21 days as his annual visit. We had many long talks about feuds, many of which are dormant, but which could easily be brough to life. Captain Hughes was on the train on which Oliver Lee, Gene Rhodes and Gililland, Lee's partner were enroute to Alamogordo to surrender to the sheriff. The Captain was on that train with a prisoner from Santa Fe, and has told me of some conversations on that trip with

Pat Garrett, Ben Williams, and Oliver Lee; of how they kept under cover, since the Captain knew there would be shooting if Pat tried to arrest Oliver.

While on the subject of Oliver Lee, I will relate a meeting I had with him a year before his death. I was at the bus station in Alamogordo, when I saw Oliver come in. I went over and introduced myself. The bus was an hour late, so we had an interesting time.

He only knew of me through friends, and joked with me about being a Pat Garrett admirer. I finally got the conversation around where I felt safe in asking some very pointed questions. I asked what truth there was in the story at the time of the battle with Pat's posse, when he and Gililland on the roof of a house shot it out with disastrous results to Pat and his posse. Pat's deputy, Kearney, was mortally wounded. Oliver made them come out with their hands up. I told him I had heard he used the first rifles which used steel jacketed bullets; that he had riddled a steel tank that nearly drowned Pat and his posse; that his bullets went through adobe walls; and that at one point in the battle, he had called to Pat and told him there was a 50-lb. box of dynamite which he would explode with a bullet unless they surrendered.

Oliver just smiled, and said the only truth of that story was they did have the new type rifle that shot steel jacketed bullets.

He had read a good many of my articles printed in the Las Cruces *Citizen* at that time, especially where I mentioned the Falls, and he made a date to come over for a course of baths. We planned to write several articles about "them there days." I saw he was a sick man, and urged that he come soon. In a few days, however, he was on his death bed.

We both had arrived in this valley in 1884. His life was colorful, and full of action. At one time he was branded as a cattle thief, then later he became prominent in politics. He was elected a state senator in 1922 and 1924, and as a director of the Federal Land Bank of Wichita, Kansas. He had a fine personality, and plenty of friends as his record during the latter part of his life proves.

I certainly regret having missed that promised visit with him.

CHAPTER LIX

● WRITING about famous men I have met is a pleasure. I think of them often; in fact, my scrap book which was devoted to them exclusively and was destroyed in the fire in which I lost every scrap (Jan. 1, 1947) the one devoted to famous men was my most severe loss.

For instance, there was Spencer Penrose, whose fortune was really what made his famous brother, Boss Penrose of Pennsylvania, a powerful nationally-known politician in his day. Spencer landed in Las Cruces when he first came west. As I remember the incident, it was in 1890, I guided four or five prominent would-be sportsmen down close to La Mesa, to a famous lake, where about all you had to do was to sit on the lake side behind a blind, and kill all the ducks you could pack home in a day's shooting.

Spencer had just graduated, up to date in all the latest techniques in college sports—especially drinks—but was a green horn when it came to using a shot gun. Of course we had a well equipped larder and liquor department. I was the cook, and Penrose was my assistant, in charge of refreshments and jokes. One afternoon they were scattered up the lake, hunters on both sides. Spencer and I were at the end; I was below him, when here came a duck flying down the middle of the lake. Every one took a shot it —and I, on the end, killed it. But I said it was Spencer's shot that had killed it, as he had not bagged a single duck. Spencer was really thrilled, even though it was a spoon-bill, which was the lowest grade duck of them all.

We began extensive preparations to cook it. Fred Lohman, a great joker, went down to the lake and shot a shide-poke; a long-legged crane that was not supposed to be fit for food. When it had been picked, it was about the size of the duck. After two hours of parboiling, during which Spencer insisted on supervising, it was taken up. Spencer announced he could only spare each of us one small slice, but after whittling at it for a long time, and not cutting off a single slice, he got wise to all the laughing and wise cracks. After the joke was out, he mixed everyone a highball—and we all had a big laugh.

Some forty years later, when I read about the $100,000 memorial to Will Rogers which Spencer had erected close to his million-dollar hotel at Colorado Springs, I wrote Spencer. I had corresponded with Will Rogers, previously, so in my letter, written on a Radium Springs letterhead, I mentioned Will Rogers. Spencer remembered me; I mentioned the hunt, and shide-poke joke. I got an immediate reply, in which he said he had often told the joke about that hunt, and said he did not think any of his friends of that hunt was alive yet, and he wanted to sample our waters. He also said he was planning an extensive visit to us. As the hotel was under Nichols' management at that time, I stalled Spencer's visit, and by the time they had Nichols in the pen,

Spencer had died from an attack of pneumonia.

Through my good friend, Wm. J. McCarthy, who was editor of the Postmasters Gazette, and at present (1948) is Postmaster of San Francisco, I had become well known to Postmaster Farley. The Gazette had run several articles, about mail coming to my office, when it was meant for the President's resort at Warm Springs, Ga. I was endeavoring to get influence to bear on the Postmaster-General to grant the President the privilege of changing the title of his postoffice to Radium Springs, Ga. —even though that meant sharing my cherished pride of being postmaster of the only postoffice in the U. S. by that title, with the President. Even today, a letter addressed just to Radium Springs —whether any state is mentioned or not—necessarily comes here, because it is the only office with that title.

Of course this farce, under the skillful handling of so competent an editor, put Mr. Farley on the spot. He actually called on me—at this little old fourth-class office, as I have related before. Mr. Farley left me a fine photograph of himself, duly autographed. Later, when there was agitation to have Farley run for President, I had written him a congratulatory letter, and he appointed me his local political representative.

I feel that losing all my records in that oft mentioned fire of January 1, 1947, makes any future statements largely guess work. I have taken great pride in the fact that there are many people alive today who have read what I have written. This knowledge has served as a damper when I have stories of certain happenings; for example, Humbolt Casad and his sisters, who reside in the Canutillo district, was one of the first chums I had in my boyhood days, when we first arrived in the valley in 1884.

So now I will bring my story to an end, with a few remarks and another chapter to clear up some ragged ends and bring it down to the present time.

I realize the sequence of my story is ragged, but dear reader, remember it is my maiden effort —written by my peck-and-hunt technique; every page written by myself, with the exception of small parts where my daughter, Maurine, re-wrote my original scripts. She is an experienced writer so the reader will have no trouble in recognizing that part. I have never written a sheet twice; in fact, if you were acquainted with the famous Rough & Ready Gap, which is close by, just blame its rough and ready nature to this fact. I spent plenty of time communing with nature in the gap.

Another inspiring motive is the Editor Homer E. Gruver, a relative newcomer from Michigan, who has developed the Las Cruces *Citizen,* into one of the leading weekly papers of the State. So if you find any merit in this publication much credit belongs to him, because I know he has spent many hours editing my manuscripts. I have had much satisfaction being associated with him, to me, a most interesting, pleasing, and profitable—I hope—experience.

CHAPTER LX

¶ I FIND, after some meditation, that singing my "Swan Song" is a most embarrassing and sorrowful act. There is so much that I want to say and such small space to say it in.

I had envisioned at first at least a chapter devoted to the Meads, Mossmans and my cousins at Chamberino; and in Old Mesilla, to the Casads, the Griggs, the Martins, my chum's family, the Woods; the Maginnis, and Sherfey family which included Katherine Doughty, the present Mrs. Henry Stoes.

The Rhodes family spent a season in this valley and the famous author Eugene Manlove Rhodes —in those days a callow youth— was in love with my pretty cousin, May Bailey.

Then there was May DeMier, and her cousin, Maud McFie, particular friends of mine. All these good sized families, of high class, educated and refined people, formed a circle, which looking back on now, seemed like a big family of relatives. I enjoy writing and thinking about them, and some day I hope to write several volumes about them.

Humbolt Casad and his two sisters, Mrs. Stoes (Katherine Doughty) and myself are about the only ones left here in the valley spared by the Grim Reaper. (May, 1948.)

* * *

Now to come down another decade. During my 15 years in El Paso, I cultivated another group of mighty good friends, as well as getting married. I always had mighty good friends among the professional men.

Among the doctors was Dr. Herbert Stevenson, and his wife, who I had known before their marriage. Her father, Dr. Vilas, was a particular hunting pal of mine. Dr. Richmond was my family physician for years. Then some 30 years ago I chose Dr. George Turner, who now operates one of the most complete laboratories in the city. I call him my life line; I consider him not only the most competent, but the most sincere friend of all.

Among my lawyer friends still alive are Judge Price, Chas. Loomis, Fred Knollenberg, all near my own age; and Harris Walthall, present Collector of Customs in El Paso. When Harris first hung out his shingle, I engaged him in a case, more on account of my friendship for his father, the judge. Harris is my standby today, who I consult with on any of my various knotty problems.

One particular friend, A. H. Blackiston, rates a complete volume, too. I met him while operating the Angelus Hotel. I have written about him so much, already he is well known around here. He is an all-around "he man," a globe-trotter, highly educated as a lawyer; a well-known archaeologist, with his own private exhibits in Washington. I have made many trips to old Mexico with him—some thrilling, but mostly comical.

Another fine acquaintance I made at the hotel was Mrs. Alice Thompson, an artist and philosopher.

After selling the Angelus, with my wife's assistance, we induced her to live in my home, where she taught my wife china painting; coached me in oratory in my Masonic studies, and, incidentally, taught me some valuable philosophy of life; which, combined with my mother's training, instilled in me most of the virtues I may be credited with. Mrs. Thompson was my most interesting correspondent. She was president of the New Thought Movement, and was visiting me at the time of her death. She is buried close to my father, in our Canutillo burial site.

Of all the numerous friends I have made here at Radium Springs, the dearest of all is Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Davis from St. Johns, Mich. They have been coming here for years, and have induced many friends to come. The way they nursed me and took care of me after my disastrous fire in 1947 has endeared them to me.

* * *

The memory of my mother has ever been my guiding star. So I will finish my swan song, with my ode to my mother, in the form of a letter to my great-great-grand niece, who was named after her, as follows—

My Dear Grand-Niece Susan Bailey Peffer:

I have been requested by your Aunt Myrtle to write some of my recollections of my mother, who is your great-great, grandmother, for whom you were named. It is to be included in an appropriate file she is preparing for your benefit. As I was only 12 years of age at the time of her death, my recollections will necessarily be small boy experiences.

Of course, to everybody, our mothers are wonderful women.

Mine was no exception. She was a normal school graduate, and at that time, over 100 years ago, normal graduates were very scarce.

My first recollection of unusual incidents occurred in Kansas when I was about six years of age. I was demonstrating my ability with an ax, and cut my instep to the bone. She rushed me to the house, commenting what a brave little man I was not to cry. I did not realize how badly I was cut until she got my shoe off; then it was too late to cry, as she kept saying what a nervy boy I was— so I just could not let her down.

My father was a doctor, so we had many visitors, but homes were far apart in those days, and it seemed to me more women came to consult my mother over their domestic troubles than to see the doctor.

My mother was a great admirer of Benjamin Franklin. Our walls were decorated with his mottos, like, "Honesty is the best policy," etc.

The next incident which made me proud of her was when a prairie chicken lit on the fence, and she took my father's shot gun and killed it. We had it for supper, much to my father's surprise, who anticipated bacon. She was of a timid nature, but when the oc-

casion required it, she was bold as a lion. Out in California one time, just after we had moved out there and lived in the mountains, an Indian had murdered a woman, and the valley was wild with excitement. My father was off seeing a patient, and had taken his shot gun. That night, she took the pitch fork; gave me an ax, and my sister Maggie the hatchet. We went in the house barred all the doors of the house, and kept an all-night vigil. I remember awaking next morning and seeing no one disturbed, how fine the sunshine seemed.

While living in the town of Julian, I saw my first funeral parade passing by. I fell in line, and marched with the other mourners to the grave side. As the body was lowered in the grave, there was much wailing and weeping; and I cried as loud as any of them.

As I was leaving, I was seen by Al Frary, one of my sister's admirers, who took me by the hand and led me home. He told my mother about the incident. I will never forget, as she washed my tear-stained face, the fine talk she gave me, in which she explained that death was an unavoidable event all must experience at some time; that it was really a reward for living a clean life and that we must live right to earn that reward.

When we moved from Julian down in the valley, close to my uncles, we lived in a house close to the school house. As our clock used to stop frequently, she would send me up to the school house to see what time it was by peeking through the window. In my first effort I discovered I could not read the Roman numerals, so she got some paper, and soon taught me how to read the time. In fact, when I started to school I was the only scholar who could read them.

At that time and place, rattlesnakes were plentiful, and they were the bane of my mother's life. She was always cautioning me about getting bit, so we often formed a rattle-snake killing team. She always manned the garden hoe, and I the rake. One time I saw a big rattler coiled up under a work bench, where she could not use her hoe. She had me help her lift a large stone on the bench over the snake. When she poked her hoe at the snake he stuck his head out and I promptly rolled the stone on him.

Her wonderful disposition, tact and ability made her very popular wherever we lived. I never knew anyone who had so many royal good friends, as was demonstrated during the latter part of her illness when she was bedridden.

Whatever virtues, successes and merits I have acquired in my 80 years of life, she gets the credit, for her memory has been my guiding star. I have so much for which to be grateful to her, for she left three sisters who are wonderful. They had a wonderful mother to start them out in life. They, like myself, remember incidents of our childhood days which were not appreciated at the time, but 80 years have not, to me,

dimmed the recollection of the many little services she was always rendering to her flock.

Yes, I have much to be thankful for, and I trust, in a way to show my appreciation, that I have lived a life I think my mother would approve of.

Affectionately, Your Uncle,

HARRY H. BAILEY.

(The End).

EDITOR'S NOTE: This "first edition" of *When New Mexico Was Young,* has been, like some famous movies, "more than two years in the making." This book has run in serial form in the Las Cruces (N. M.) *Citizen* from 1946 to 1948, and the type has been picked up and then run in this book form — which explains the unusual style.

No doubt some readers may discern an occasional misspelled word or name. This is understandable when you consider that due to a disastrous fire on January 1, 1947, all the possessions of Mr. Bailey were destroyed, including all manuscripts and documents he had spent years in compiling. At that time the story had run less than one-third its length. After the fire, Mr. Bailey had to rely entirely on his memory.

This fire was a keen disappointment to your editor, too, because it was planned to use hundreds of the rare photographs from Mr. Bailey's collection in the book. As it turned out, only a few were used—thanks to his many friends and relatives who came to the rescue.

Only a very limited number of copies of this first edition is being printed. If this book meets with the response it is hoped, it will be re-edited; parts of it rewritten, and much more material from the old files of the *Citizen* added—and then printed in conventional book form.

In any event, your editor believes this book to be of unestimible value from the historical standpoint of the development of the lower Rio Grande valley. It will stand forever as a monument to a great pioneer of this valley—the Author, Harry S. Bailey.

HOMER E. GRUVER, *Editor*

3092